

Spirit Pages

MESSAGEBOARD

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UPON

REFLECTION

AS I CONSIDER, THE LANDS
afore my minds' eye, tonight...
I am impressed mostly, by the
real sense of expectation, and
anticipation, of the new
writings, and material, I shall

allow through my stylus, in the months to come. As the main difficulty, I have found, within my simple mind... my linear kind of 'walk,' on this earth...

having a mind of my own, problems sometimes arise, as an sort of withdrawn area of my cognitive spectrum... for example, an unconscious 'blind spot,' within, my real-world relationship, mistakenly chooses, or grabs up, an glimmer, or fleck of something

shiny... mistaking it for an
precious, or valuable
keepsake... when such an
action, then only qualifies me
as a fool. Fools' gold. But, it's
true, I feel, also, that 'One
mans' trash, is another mans'
treasure...' So, while an less
rigorous writer, or musicmaker,
might would have trouble,
passing through the eye of the
needle... still another, soul
would encounter very little
difficulty, at all... things often

hinge, upon 'where you're at' in
your living, in your
development, spiritually, your
'walk' or relationship, to
eternity. So, this is simply the
effects, of ones' 'karma
relationship...' upon his or her
good judgment... with respects,
to the future. And, to the
Buddhaist, karma, is simply
ones' attachment, unto
suffering, in life... for
example... blaming yourself,
for your still-born child, or for

your brothers' suicide. So,
ones' consciousness, of the
'present now,' picture, is more
or less realized, one is less or
more 'here,' in the now, and a
big deciding factor, I've found,
is ones' subconscious or
unconscious past-present-
future apprehension. A person,
may be present, in one sense...
while consciousness, is 'doing
time,' within the past, or in the
future. So, this blending, and
crossing back and forth,

between death, and life, is one of the hallmarks, of living my life today. And, having free-will, and a respect for boundaries, allows me to be an experimental artist. My mind, spends idle times, 'thinking hypothetically,' endlessly positing questions, and always weighing and comparing, answers... when one spends plenty time, like this, there eventually develops, an greater sense of knowing, in my

heart... it is now, that it becomes possible to speak, or write knowledgably, with authority, and certitude... onto the page. As I sit writing this, in my present, our skies are clear, with patchy clouds... the temperature, is a balmy 80 degrees. Some of our small trees, making up the hedgerow, in our back yard, have leaves that have just turned color, from a dark, splotchy green, to a blaze, of orange and red. I

think these are the sumac,
which always show autumn
colors, ahead of the other
trees, and shrubs. The clouds,
which have partially obscured
the sun, recently, have the
appearance, of nimbus, or
precipitation- bearing clouds...

I spoke on the phone, earlier
this afternoon, with my Dad, in
the next county, 35 miles
distant... he reported having a
downpour, there, while the
sunshine was bright here. Our

weather, has been this way, for two months, or more... one county seeing rain, while the next, getting little... and then reversing... with the precipitation popping up only locally and sporadically. So, the effect, this brings, is that one farmers' field, gives a plentiful, healthy yeild, while another in the adjacent county, being parched, or unsuccessful. So, overall, we sure could have used more rain. But an

unsuccessful crop, such as corn, although being parched, and dead, can be ground up, and made readily into a base, for cattle feed. So, a grower can salvage a failed harvest.

So, while I know, choosing paths can be difficult... once or twice, in a year, finding myself in a predicament, (simply, caused by bad timing, in the face, of bad luck...) such a plight, isn't the last word on the matter... through

illuminating, the darkneses, and
allowing self-healing, garnering
much insight into the 'present
ranges,' in respects to oneself,
one rises, slowly from out of
the pain of personal crisis, and
regains strength, over time.

Anyways, I am close to the
natural world, and tend to
atemper, my language usage,
in writing, with a simplicity,
and an economy. When, I
speak of misfortune, it is in the
spirit, of diminishing, and

dismantling, the 'engines of difference,' as the reader may not know me... I wouldn't wish to alienate, or intimidate, the other... as 'All have sinned, and fallen short,' at one time or another... so take home remembrance, of the partly-fallible, often-imperfect, natures of the 'human predicament.' 'I'm only human,' being both a bad, and very good thing. As I, recently have finalised, my new 2011-

2012 audiobook... am subject to the same sorts of stressors and weaknesses... and strengths, which any other published writer, might would encounter. I've resolved, since around 2004, to keep my writing simple, un-cluttered, and generally non-referential... and 'writing about writing,' is the best way to go about this. As I place these words upon my pages, I can see the strength, of my

voice... as I have a good
common-sense understanding,
usually the best path, is within
acknowledging, of the
commonplace... that is to say,
the present days writing... how
shiny, and expressive, is it... or
alternatively, how muted, or
dull, or muddy? The quality, of
joy, which I feel, as these
language symbols, are placed
on lasting media... is such
readily apparent, or must I see,
somehow, around a raft of

physical or psychical maladies,
or discomforts? When one has
affirmed, within him or
herself.... 'I feel okay,' or 'I feel
great!' then, ones' troubles,
are mostly within his or her
imagination... and just may not
have real-world relevance.
And, seeing this, then, can
allow sweeping, positivistic
mood improvement, within
ones' entire being, and 'lower
mind,' then is less likely, to
hinder one, from fully

experiencing the happiness,
which is well within reach. So,
these are just a few of the
ideas, from off of the top of my
mind... impressions, and
notions, which are reasonably
close to the surface, today... I
send this posting along to
yourself, now.

~

As I sit to write, these words
tonight, I am relishing, the
thought, of the renewal of
suppleness, and quietude,

which new writing, brings unto
my sometimes-tumultuous
mind. The weeks' discord, and
disarray, I recollect... usually
just fades away, as a few new
handholds and keys, are placed
upon the page afore me... and
my consciousness is entirely
soothed, inwardly and
outwardly. I give unto my
tumultuous inner ocean, (made
so by one or another inner
imbalance, or inequity, within
myself, or within my

perceptions,) an quantity, or
set, of language symbols,
through which to represent,
itself... I write. So, you see,
the quality, of the art of
writing, tonight, is greater than
would be that of not writing.
So, looking upon these new
language symbols, now, I am
amazed, and filled with
wonder, at the fluency, and
agility, of my writers' mind,
and consciousness; I give great
thanks, and sigh, of relief, as I

find, then a sense of closure,
unto the previous months'
writings... and I feel, a pride...
a renewal of faith, at having
transcended, the boundaries of
my own self... my sinful, fleshly
ways, and limited
understanding. It's true how
there are just under four
months, now, until Christmas.
I am beginning to get my gift-
giving together... making some
presents, is easy, with
computers, and having, a

digital piano keyboard, and camera, possibilities, are endless. We're expecting sunshine, today... although the morning sky is mottled with gray clouds, they should melt away, as the sun rises. In the bottom, of our back yard, I noticed this morning, are blooming many weeds, and wildflowers... in particular, a golden wildflower, with tassles, of many tiny blossoms, which I hadn't noticed before, this

month. Being September, now, the temperature is slightly colder, and we've had a week or two, of moisture, and precipitation-bearing clouds, so these small wildflowers, are blooming profusely throughout the weedy patch, making up an 'last hurrah,' of sunshine colors, before the drab, cold winter frosts, which make dry and brittle, all of the grasses and weeds. We people, really weren't meant to have spatio-

spiritual consciousness... such
comes, for many, later in
living, after spiritual wisdom
has had time to develop, and
grow. Without, good
awareness, of the infinite
realms, of light and peace,
about ourselves, we move
through our paths, sometimes
thoughtlessly, and without
heed... and therefore,
commonly fall victim, to the
wiles, and windy buffetting,
such beings do sometimes

bring upon our lives. Many people, lacking spiritual discernment, simply fail to live in full conscious appreciation, of the lands of intellect and imagination, which the seer perceives, all around, and so therefore, make mistake, upon mistake; few adult souls, really have a genuine peace.

For instance, once last summer, I found a large black widow spider, by the side porch, where some of us sit,

and smoke tobacco. He was down on the ground, alongside the porch. I first said to myself, 'Live and let live...' 'He hasn't bothered me, so I won't bother him.' This was the ecologist-naturalist in me, which wanted only to leave the nature intact. Then, thoughts began occurring to me... what if, I do nothing about the spider. Well, then a week later... Mark sits in that very spot, commonly... and let's say

he's bit by the spider. Well he
might could die! And then, I
would have had the chance to
kill the spider... I had ability,
and had failed to do so. I then
would blame myself, for the
rest of my life, for having
missed the opportunity, to save
a human life. See? But
indeed, it takes a healthy
thought and prayer life,
sometimes, to see... to project,
and envision beyond the
present... and to think of

consequence. But, then,
human nature, too, is fallible,
and imperfect... and must
always keep within grace. So,
work, and effort, should be a
constant, in your life. 'Truth
laboriously climbs uphill...
falsehood, on the other hand,
slides down the slope.' And
this is something that living
has shown myself. I wonder,
sometimes, how I shall find,
the spiritual discernment...
through which, I might

navigate, my years... When,
years, are wisdom... one is
thankful for the years, he or
she has lived, and
experienced... and looking,
unto the future. We know, that
living, sometimes challenges,
ourselves... remembering to
embrace, the wisdoms, living
brings... this should be
important. Do you see, how, in
living... we can grow, and
return, into the innocence of
youth... keeping, our years of

wisdom, and gaining, an
patience, an perseverance, an
humility, and an spiritual
grace? If you wish, to look
within heart, mind, and soul,
for examples, of quality
writing, upon this or another
day... if one feels empowered,
to do so... he or she can put
brush and palette unto
canvas... a few 'starting
expressions,' onto the blank
field... and just see, then, how
time, develops the work,

through your perceptual and cognitive lenses, within the present now. The ultimate one can hope for, on most occasions, then, is to find a strong, stable, cohesive future, taking shape, upon the page afore yourself. To look for simplicity and economy, within a set framework, or boundary... and to express such with fluency, and graces... this is to ascend, into ones' 'required standing.' So, to know of ones'

' future outlook,' he or she can
put pen unto paper... brush
unto canvas. That which is
present, within ephemeral
dimensions, simply comes to
light, and one sees, then, that,
the part which he sings, or
plays, in the present... 'is just
what the song needs now,' and
'another soul finds a home,'
within the future. Of this
writers future, I indeed find, a
renewal, of suppleness... an
restorative journey, into the

autumn of an year, the winter,
and yet another spring. What
will the new year bring, unto an
world, within a world... within a
world? Within, a word, of
kindness, unto a friend... a
treasure, worth keeping. So,
my simple rhyming verses,
suffice to 'complete the
picture,' for myself, tonight...
and my gladness, is complete...
I simply thrill, inwardly, and
outwardly... and know now,
that this love is real. Good

writing, then, is an allowance,
of nature, to do her work...

completing each line,
sequentially, and within the
meaning of the previous one...

from a place, of innate
creativity. As completed only
in time, and over time... and in

tempo, with the turning
heavens, such takes its place,
upon the printed page, and my
course, is established, into my

future now. So, do you see,
now how the stars and planets,

are only suggestions, unto our
lives, and they may not
necessarily show clear way
unto conscience, or moral
compass? Yet, when applied
responsibly, how 'the
allowance of nature, is always,
to find only the right follow-up
words, for a thought, or
paragraph, or essay? For,
while sometimes, accidents
and misfortune, might have
appeared, to set the stage, for
a fall... it's through our

faithfulness, however, and
good will, that the crooked, is
over time, made straight... the
jagged, returns, gradually unto
smoothness. Seeing, now, the
right paths, to take onto the
media, I choose words
thoughtfully, and
considerately... And this is, 'the
writers' craft,' as he or she
perceives it to be. So, sending
praises, unto all those about,
I'll pass this article along to
yourself, now. I hope someone

has found blessing.

**DUETS,
WITH LOVE**

AS ONE GOES UNTO THE
WRITTEN PAGE, in writing... he
or she may, have a few good
ideas, upon which to write.
Still more likely, he doesn't
have much, within
consciousness... and, instead,
just puts a few 'starting
thoughts,' upon the page... and
explores, then, the ways that
time, will work, and develop...

an new cohesive written
article, or essay. Do you have,
any novel, or inventive ideas?

Or an unique insight, or
approach, to an antiquated, or
time-worn idea? Then, one can
bring, such unto, the page, in
writing. Seeing, then, your
own unique slant, or
perspective, in an
contemporary craft, such as
new writing... will renew, your
soul... you'll find, yourself,
more alive, than you would

have dreamt you could be.
This is, really the antidote...
the answer, to the over-active
imagination... learning, to
embrace the rhythms, of an
established path, or way... so
that, going unto the page, then
is an entirely normal, and an
nominal process, for yourself...
the soul, and spirit, then flow
onto the page... in a smooth,
unbroken flowing... as writing,
is instinctual... an outgrowth of
ones own self... so, he or she

proves himself, to be
resourceful. To know, of ones
'future reflection,' he or she,
should interact, within the
empty page... this, is the
surest way, to get to know,
yourself... and to get to know,
the present-now picture, for
oneself. From my spot, upon
this bed... the almost-full
harvest moon, shines brightly,
through the ornamental
wrought iron designs, woven
into the sheer drapery, over

our window. So, a beautiful scene, is found within the commonplace. Giving attention, unto the visual field, looking for compositional, and light effects... one tends, to grow more mindful, in terms of photographic, and visual arrangements. There are examples, of ways, to engage, ones' artistic persona, throughout the world... seeing, the beauty, within the commonplace, becomes a

passion, and ones' portfolio,
begins to grow... and a
dialogue, between self, and
higher selves, has began. The
written word, fulfills the same
promise, as a study, of music,
or photography, or painting...
working, within a set boundary,
or framework, allows for very
idealistic, balanced
compositions, to take form.
This, is really, entrance, into
the field, of all time... all which
has ever been. One takes his

or her place, within the
'corridor of ancients,' and time
and distances, unfurl. To know,
of ones' 'future reflection,' he
or she, should interact, within
the empty page... seeing, then,
what comes, is enabled, thru
an conversational, easy
compass, of soul, and of
language, weighing, and
testing, then, what comes... he
or she should be able to size
up, the unique past-present-
future matrix, or field, for

himself or herself. So, seeing,
then, the right path, to take
onto the media... one is never
really lonely, within writing...

such becomes, simply, an
partnering, within future times,
and lands, and beings... letting
be, the innate spiritual light,
which one knows, to be omni-
present, in the now. Being
thoughtful, and mindful,
enough, to experience
meaning, and worth in your
living, will always, be a

partnering... an duo
performance, or dance. Seeing
this, then, is an entrance, into
richer fulfillment... an
allowance, unto that which,
one has, already. We are
experiencing low, gray clouds,
today... we're expecting
showers, and possible
thundershowers, tomorrow...
we'll have to wait and see. I
think, the growers could use
some moisture, for the winter
crops. Do you see, how the

duets one sings, within his or
her community, sometimes
reveal, unto one another, how
the forgiveness, and
understanding... the friendship,
and compassion... one feels
towards, those of his or her
group, or which self, or others,
sometimes show ones' own
being... is thinner, or more
lean... at some times, more
than others... Time is
sometimes 'tight...' in other
words, there may be, a past-

present-future relationship
issue... whether such pertains,
unto your, or mine intolerance,
or that of others... which could
show up, symptomatically, or
within the greater culture, in
the future... I mean, such is
probably a given, in today's
world. Maybe, one then sees
how it necessitates,
sometimes, a little extra
forgiveness, shown unto, one's
brother, or sister...
remembering to see others, in

the group, as mirror images, of
ones' own self... hopefully, one
has 'positive thinking,' and
ideas, for oneself... as well, as
for others... this, then, is
'Going the extra mile.'
Perhaps, then, religious
tolerance, is the main
keystone, within this modern
world... perhaps, if we focus
upon, our own intolerance, and
impatience, with those about
ourselves... within our own
community... as, such

intolerance, could be seen as 'evidence,' of some or another distant, or less distant past-present-future trauma... well, then we might could solve, at their metaphoric roots, some of the worst problems, afflicting our civilisation. Other than this, the famine, and scarcity of food and water, in many places, upon the Earth, is probably seen as a serious problem, even more so than religious intolerance... it's kind

of hard, for a people to be
compassionate and
understanding, towards those
of other beliefs, when your
belly is empty, or when you're
dehydrated, or when you're
having a bout with malaria.
So, maybe the difficulties faced
by you or I, just aren't that
serious, when seen in an global
context... when many, many
people, find difficulty, in
getting basic needs met... like
food, clothing and shelter. So,

seeing these things, today, is
rewarding... as I have certainly
transcended, mine own needs,
and desires... I have put doubt
and fear aside, and have gone
unto the page. (Or, more like

it... mine own needs and
desires, doubts and fears are
small, when seen in
comparison, unto an finished
written article... an goal met.)

As one stops, to peer within,
heart, soul, and imagination,
for ideas, and ideals,

pertaining unto his or her
'present future outlook,' he
may, feel more or less
prepared, for good writing...
accomplishing such, with
greater or lesser ease, fluency,
and grace. Depending upon,
how the 'strictures of the
moment,' are keeping him or
her within a period of stasis, or
complacency... depending upon
how less, or more free, he or
she feels, to write, in the
present... he sooner or later,

picks up stylus, and note pad,
and goes unto the empty page,
in writing. Time will have
passed, since previous writing
session... and the writer, then,
will have garnered much
insight, into the 'present
ranges,' for him or herself.

With these ideas and
perceptions, 'in sight,' then he
or she goes unto his muses...
and, importantly, he or she has
knowledge, as to just how, new
writing will generally develop...

in time, and over time, and
always starting, with just a few
words... placed upon the
page... these first few written
thoughts, then will coax forth a
more of an complete article,
and over time, positive self-
help, is within reach. While
sometimes, as others in ones'
community, may be better, or
worse, at grasping, the writers'
sometimes-obscure, or
eccentric views, and ideas, and
may have, to let go, in some

ways, of the writers'
mediocrity, or half-
heartedness... (as pursuing
such, might would be more or
less of an 'meaningless goal,')
the writer, if his or her mind is
strong, and ability shows itself
to be present... can
usually, come around, unto the
future, and transcend, the
present appearances, and just
get along, as gracefully, as he
or she knows how, and pick up,
then with newer, more

positivistic, ideals, and themes,
as such will arise, along the
way. So, as one writer, or
another, may occasionally
slip, or stumble, and find
himself or herself humbled, or
be simply made to feel
insufficient... the self-
responsible individual, will not
'take personal,' the ordinary,
commonplace perfecting, and
refining, which creatively
experimental people,
sometimes encounter. So,

since analysis, and critique, is
an constant, within our
culture... just knowing to turn
the occassional defeat, or
disgrace, into an more of a
better picture, should be
always kept up, as a goal.
Lemons, can be made into
lemonade. So, one mans'
trash, can yet be another
mans' treasure. And, this can
be an good way, to overcome
difficulty, (such inevitably will
arise, from time to time...) So,

seeing these things, is
rewarding, today. To go unto
the empty page, with an
regularity, and with an
patience, and quiet surety of
faith... in time, and in tempo
with the slowly revolving
heavens... is to make but few
missteps. Giving emphasis,
and importance, unto the
larger picture, shows oneself
that most of his or her goals,
are indeed met, and quality,
appears to be the norm, more

often than not... the writers'
path, will be successful.

THINK YOURSELF YOUNGER

WHEN ONE SETS ABOUT TO
WRITE, upon this, or any good
night... there may not be, any
set topic, he or she wishes to
discuss. But, with the
sensibility of the impromptu
free-style jazz band, jamming,
without predetermined
destination, he or she, gives
attention, unto the 'internal

radios'' controls and dials,
informing, and lending
guidance, as to the hows, and
whys, of world music
formulation... the players, then
becoming co-equal partners,
letting the balances, of both
positive and negative spatial
elements, build the session,
and with an classic sensibility,
in mind, allowing the best
music, to flow through their
hands, and imagination. The
results, are as one finds them

to be. If you wish, to write,
self-responsibly, and with the
right inner guidance, just
remember... an full-length
essay, or article, can easily
begin, with just a few small
opening thoughts, placed upon
the page. Then, the slow-
turning flow of moments, builds
the composition... as a stylus,
follows the groove... so the
meaning and relevance, of an
few simple words can
stimulate, and allow,

successive lines, of thought,
right down the page... such is
in the nature, of story-telling.
Do you see now, how an writer,
tends to take his own best
lessons? It's true... as ones'
spirit guides, will speak unto
him or herself, throughout and
amongst, his way, craft, or
hobby... if there's anything out
of order, this then, can be seen
unto. This can be an
occassional 'throwing back,
unto infancy,' of ones' own

character... life lessons... living and learning, your way through them... well, eventually they acquire an time-tested resiliency, and a place, in your heart. But this, does require, an portion of grace... and an patience... from others, as well as oneself. So, these are things, which living has shown myself. The writers' journey, from the 'starry-eyed child,' which has, no knowledge, of genesis, nor of origins... , nor,

of cause, and effect... unto the
first fearful glances, back down
the path, from whence he has
come... and his lonely
desolation, and isolated
despair, at having failed,
himself, artistically... at having
failed, in his masters' course...
if he survives, such defeats...
will begin, again and again...
learning, experiencing, growing
in wisdom, skills, and
knowledge... but, he must learn
to accept and give, the

extended hand, and to follow
only wellbeing, and good
sense, and health. The well
kept path, then is self-
responsible, and sensitive,
unto the concerns and wisdoms
of others, and faithful, in
beginning again. Time is the
best teacher, and through the
knowledge, of having 'been
there,' time and again,
returning unto craft, or hobby,
with an regularity, and an
patience... ones' portfolio,

begins to take on character,
and meaning. To know, of
ones' 'future self-image,' he or
she, can access, the empty
page, of an notebook, or word
processor. Knowing, to write,
in response, unto certain sorts
of 'places,' in your living... this
can be likened, unto knowing
to breathe, or eat. Believe it,
or not... living the 'well
adjusted life,' 'the well
adapted life,' can involve, an
practice... an presence... an

interacting, within the ever-present 'now,' in time, and over time, onto lasting media... like unto the using, of durable materials in constructing an house, or building the best foot path. So, do you see how the writers' path, too, is resourceful, and worthwhile, in todays world? Within the world, of vision, and imagination, dwells, also discernment. Ones' arts, should 'ring true, lest one be

led astray.' This can be the only way. Anything else, can be discarded as unwanted.

When, written words collide, one wants to avoid, the steep declines, and slippery slopes, sponsored, by Mother Nature.

Knowing, too, how nature, sometimes adheres, unto, so much, only the murky future, until she's shown better... such which can require, great patience, and 'adaptive self-subtraction...' to modulate,

successfully... to diminish, the
primacy, of such darkneses.

As the writers' criteria, for
successful writing, begins,
however, to appear met... as
one 'tones down,' the anima....

So then it appears, that one
has passed through, the
crucible... and steady, even
flowing, resumes, or settles in.

The worlds, within sound, and
time, are really Gods' country.

Such perceptions, can vary
widely, from person to person...

from week, unto week. Media writing, can be a lot like tossing an deck of cards into the air, and letting them fall haphazardly across the table-top... there's not much control, which the writer can claim, of the readers, or listeners perspective, nor views, of him nor her self. But an big part of writing, is in the hopes, that positive self-help will be done, within the listeners' mind, and perspectives, and views. So,

this will always, be a primary goal. Anyways, there will, usually be ways, for an writer, to assist his own self, through writing, or producing... from an affirmation, which doesn't get spoken enough, unto the formulation, of an novel, or new way, of seeing something more time-worn, or antiquated. These, are things I have found. Anyways, I'll pass this writing along to yourself, now. Have a nice weekend.

NATURES' DIVERSITY

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO WRITE,
from within his or her present
now picture, into the future, he
can pick up stylus, and note
pad, and go unto the empty
page, in writing. Taking care,
so as not to make things
harder, than they have to be...
requires an patience... and a
thoroughness... as your picture,
is coming together... don't
impede it from being the best

one it can be. Not settling for 'half-way,' thinking, one wants to be un-ambiguous... when you see, how your surety, in composition, of an new writing, can be equated, unto only successful writing... would you ever settle for any less? I may not, always know, where 'times are going,' in this world... but I can be sure, of what goes onto my media. Knowing, then enough, for myself... I find a stable, cohesive portfolio... an

strong, meaningful archive, for myself, rather than an lot of chaos and distortion. And, here, too, I've refrained, from any ambiguity, and so have kept myself free, and whole. And, this usually involves, an weighing, of the ideas, at play, within the minds' eye, and imaginal consciousness... most anything, that can be said, can be said in numerous ways, and styles... each saying something in a slightly different way, from

the next. So, in saying what
you need to say... only what
you need to say... can we
glean, insights into wide-
ranging views and
perspectives, of our 'future
reflection,' without detracting,
or lessening, the ideal. So, it
sure necessitates... knowing
where ones' ideals and beliefs
stand... knowing just what you
do believe, in your living... and
thereby understanding the
hows and whys, of what you're

comfortable with, or less
comfortable with. If you've
ever wondered, just what's
beneath the surface layers, of
your consciousness, upon this
or any night... you can go unto
the empty page, in divination.
With a sense of wonder, so will
all of creation, convey unto
yourself, its present 'zeitgeist,'
in so much as such can be
deduced, or inferred. And,
there may be no greater
factors, shaping ones' future,

than his or her own self. So,
and when a writer, can feel
only as good, as he or she can
do, onto the page, or canvas...
he would do his best, no matter
what, the weather might be
like, and be thereby equipped,
for whatever the future holds.
So, and if you're like myself...
you will always size things up...
based partly upon, how
genuinely good, you feel today,
or any time... regardless of
however foreboding, the

elements, can at times be. I

tend to view Nature, as an animate force, regardless, of whether, such is an weather system, or volcano, or active

seismic fault line. An wild animal, may seem docile and cuddly, but, wild animals, are sometimes manipulated, by strong elementals... having

more or less interest, in you, as being a tasty snack. For example, when an system, goes through any sort of

chaotic change... nature goes from being an docile pet, to really being an monster. So, the expression, 'When it rains, it pours,' is true, time and again. I wonder, if some of the recent viral outbreaks, such as the SARS virus, Hantavirus, and bird flu, may have been partly attributable, in some respects, to the perceived, or misperceived upheaval, and uncertainty, around our species' sustainability, and

such news, as of sea level rising, and ocean temperature warming, and acidification?' As

for my thoughts, on the matter... while Earth may be ahead, in time, of an period of natural, cyclic intensification, in precipitation, such as snow, and rain, and an cooling, and icing over, of much of the globe... such may yet, not occur, for another five or ten thousand years... and our humankinds' impact, is slight,

seen in light of periodic,
sweeping, cascading climate
change... which occurs in time
anyway... and always has
occured, cyclically, and in time.

As long as the sun is an
constant heat source, there will
be life upon the Earth. So,
maybe we shouldn't fret, or
worry over such things, more
than we have to... as humans,
have lived, and dealt with ice
ages many times previously.
It's just mainly important, that

we feel good, about ourselves,
in general... it's important, that
we economise, and make
efficient, our living. This, I
think, is the main factor, in
keeping our society healthy,
and resistant, to the variety of
viruses, and bacterial
pathogens, which can
otherwise, exploit our
wastefulness and spiritual
vulnerability... since wasters
can't really believe in their own
constitution... nature takes

advantage, of the thin place, or break, in the armor. So see?

What goes around, comes around... As our consciousness of the need for economising, comes out of the past... we'll gradually 'get right,' and be healthier for it. It just takes time, and effort, to straighten up. As the morning sun rises, on this cool November day, I enjoy a cup of coffee, while collecting these thoughts, on this notepad. Most of our

deciduous trees, have already
passed their peak foliage.

Since there was scant rainfall,
through much of the past
summer, there wasn't a lot of
moisture, in the tree leaves,
and stems. Therefore, the fall
colors didn't linger, for long.

Leaves went, from red or gold,
to dry and brown, pretty quick,
and so there weren't really
many photo opportunities,
around the flora near here.

Maybe next summer, will bring

more rainfall, unto our
southeast. Our evergreen
trees, too, are going through
their seasonal shedding, of last
years' leaves, and so, there's
an new mat, of dry, brown pine
needles, beneath the trees,
while, I think, the new green
leaves, have already grown
out. To get, anywhere near
unto an accurate portrait, of
where your living is at,
presently... you have got to
look at the big picture. This

should, include the clarity
sponsored, by the light of bliss,
in your living... it should be
obvious... you owe it unto
yourself, to 'keep on the sunny
side,' of the street. And these
are my thoughts on the matter.
Venturing, into our back yard,
with my camera, this
afternoon, I found a mature
wild pheasant, coming from out
of the weeds, along the back,
of our yard. He walked in the
clear sunshine, along the

weeds, for ten minutes, or so,
and I was able to take several
good photographs. He didn't
appear scared, of myself, and
fluffed, up his feathers,
appearing to puff and enlarge
himself... as I approached him,
the way any proud, healthy
bird, would do. So, this simple
bird, symbolizes to myself, this
beautiful season, of natures'
abundance, and fullness, of
harvest. Seems fitting, to find
wild game birds coming near,

this month of Thanksgiving...
and while, the summers'
drought, may have limited, the
farmers' crop yeild, the endless
diversity, of nature, will be an
constant... so, the cornucopia,
is yet flowing over. So, these
are just a few of my recent
thoughts, today... I send this
posting along to yourself, now.

FROSTY MORN'

COSMOS

'WHEN ONE WISHES, TO
GATHER his or her thoughts,

upon the empty page... when
ones' mind, is turbulent, or
appears difficult, to decypher...
going unto your note book, with
an ball point pen, gives for
yourself, an few new hand-
holds and foot steps, which can
serve as anchors to your
tumultuous, sometimes tossing,
turning consciousness...
allowing one to regain a sense
of familiarity, in the present...
where the mind is churning, the
writing stays the same.' So,

this is the beginning, of some
of my best writing... starting
from an murky, foreboding sort
of place... the writers' craft,
gradually allows the muddy,
and the confused, or dull, to
return to clarity...

translucence... and quietude.
Through the lenses, of these
first few words, upon lasting
media... the worlds within, just
come around, unto the known...
that new self being, which can
be apprehended... and

grasped... rather than
questing, upon the unknowns...
hyperboles, and stereotypes,
and delusions... which at some
times, are swirling, about the
writer, or musician. 'That
which stays the same...;' the
mind prefers, such unto
change, chaos, and uncertainty.
So, this is the value, to myself,
of this writing... having, a
calming, tranquilizing effect...
writing is an 'action
meditation,' same as any hand

craft, such as pottery, or metalworking. When you want to 'get thoughts flowing,' in the directions, of successful completion of an new essay, or article... penning an few words can bring forth the results, you wish, just, 'if it doesn't come as easily as leaves on a tree, it had better not come at all.'

So, if you wonder, as to just how, you'll be able, to compose an new paragraph, one which 'rings true,' for yourself... keep

present in your mind, then, an handful of starting, or opening expressions... tactfully placing an strong opening thought, upon the page, usually will coax forth, an more of a complete article; This requires only a patience. The willingness to express, oneself... to solve the puzzle... to make cohesive sense, onto the page... suffices, to complete the picture... for yourself... and writing is

accomplished, onto the page.

Your year-end meditations,
should include, writing, and
knowing to write... such can
allow insight, to freely play.

"A thrill of hope!! The weary
world rejoices..." "For, yonder
breaks an new and glorious
morning." The mid-winter
density, compactness, and
brittleness lifts, as all is
enswaddled, within radiant,
mothering warmth... the inner
lamp-light, which banishes all

dark. And, here's a thought:
Inner light, appearing and
coming into being, at some
times... conveys, the self-
evident power, from within the
core of everything..... even
from within the moods, the
minds, the seasons, of a
time.... is this moon light, or
sun light? Existing behind,
and beneath the surfaces of
this physical realm... step
within, and be supported...
finding shelter, within the real-

world sub-fabric, or construct...

the outer storms, are

insufferable... the way is

impassive... I stay close within

shelter. For myself, at least,

the 40 degree temperatures

we've had this week, do have

an uncommon harshness... but

as the radiant sunlight is

stronger... the chill, is

banished, and warmth prevails.

And right now, this cold

winters' night, really is pretty

deep... and still... as all

sounds, are subdued, and
absorbed... subsumed... within
this blanket, of cold... the
sense of the slow passage of
time, is entirely absent,
tonight... I am genuflect... my
knee is bent... unto the
solitude and sense of
insularity, of my chosen
meditation, this night...
unconscious of discomfort, my
senses, are attuned, unto only
this writing... its creation... the
music, in my ears... this frosty

night. Seeming to exemplify,
this season... the interior
ephemeral consciousness, is
all-encompassing... time
perception... dualistic pre-
judging... and back-talk, all is
vanquished... all is solitude,
sound, and complete command,
over, and freedom from time
perception.... and
consciousness thereof. Oh, so,
mystical experience can be,
cultivated... knowing to find
and follow, the signs appearing

at some times, within the world
around yourself... this can
bring forth parasympathetic
apparitions... such is unity
mind... bowing entirely, unto
the default receivorship... at
the feet of an unflappable
ephemeral single-pointedness
(for want of an better term,)
which remands, and brings
forth, of self, only ultimate
presence, transcendence, and
strength of being. Oh, so,
reading back over these words,

now, is just transport... the
world, far below, slowly turns,
to morning, and the nights'
energies are spent. So, this is
new writing, this night, amidst
the ups and downs, of my own
fallibility, and imperfection.
But, amidst the fleshly, sinful
human paths, stand too an
easel, and canvas... how might
ones' entire being find fullest
expression, within, the fleshly
worldly existance... soul and
spirit, soaring far above...

connecting self, with the
creative mastery... above, and
behind... just outside, and
around this physical plane...

one composes poems and
prayers, making room, for only
the best possible future self-
reflection.... all is good. So, I

pass this writing along to
yourself, now... I hope someone
has benefitted.

~

When one goes unto the empty
page, in writing, he or she, may

be more or less, in step with an
new written article, or essay.
To see, what is on your mind,
upon this, or any new day, is
an kind of an peering, within an
linear flowing, over time. If
things are in order, in your
life... if you're present
emotions, are cool, and
considerate, of the
perspectives, which can be
found within... then
possibilities, are such that, the
goal is attainable... when the

goal lies in the understanding,
of how best to meet future self-
reflection, and perspectives...

just which face, to show the
new day, and time. There will
be, times when one feels, more
or less 'under the weather...'

but through writing... and
thereby solving, upon ones'
vexation... hopeful gladness,
and simple pleasures, begin
within, anew. For, quality
writing, always makes good
sense, in the immediate

picture, and in the long run...

as answers, and solutions,
show themselves, while your
living is shown a boost in
morale, so too, your outlook,
and mood improves. So, there
will be opportunities, for
helping yourself, presented
within your day to day living...
knowing to 'take the reins,' as
they are shown, in your living...

one finds himself, only
positively blessed. To go the
distances, it takes to arrive

upon an sensible, insightful
article... remember, not to take
your readers, for fools... the
credit you give your readers, is
directly proportional, to the
credit they will give you, in
return. The only real teacher,
is time. Knowing to allow time,
for ideas to take root, and
grow... thusly, an written
archive, comes to be upon the
page. To write, in tempo with
the turning heavens, is to know
the regular surety, of the

gardener; each step, in the growing of healthy produce, is an part of one grand, sweeping expression... the constant spinning, of the earth, and the pace of the seasons, are the workings, and machina, of gears, and spindles, which, along with the rain, soil nutrients, and carbon dioxide, bring forth the desired fruit. So, stepping along, only in an graduated sort of progression, from conception to completion,

so do writings, come to be upon your pages. Knowing the patience, to trust the process, is to find results, each time. As the time for writing arises, keep in mind, the time-frame you're comfortable with. An finished essay, might not materialize, immediately... I've come to find, there's usually a three-day period, involved in the creating, and finishing, of new writing. Sifting through your notes, finding what works,

and what doesn't, this is a matter, of breathing the lines, testing and weighing each thought for rightness, balance, and clarity, and arriving upon the sense, of a completed essay. You'll find, in living, that the unknown... and the clumping of similtudes, and affinities... these seem to be the ruling powers most often, in happenstance and fate. But, empirical science, and conservationism, should show

yourself, that things, may not appear clearly, until they actually become visible, with the senses. In increasing, you can bring, the experience, and knowledge of the lows, and the highs, unto the art of building, and producing, and thereby spot problems, before they arise... your expertise, being the excellence, of your guidance compass. For, what is a life, unless tempered, with first-hand experience, and

some understanding, of both
darkness, and light. And
seeing these things, today, is
rewarding... where there was
nothing... now there is
something. The materialising,
of cogent expressions... the
bringing, of your living, through
the dark tunnel... back out into
the green pasture... this is
commonly the makings of 'the
journey of art,' for myself. As
darkness, is heaviest, just
before the dawn, you see how

the brilliance, and luminosity,
of an newly finished article,
can sometimes, be difficult, as
such comes to be manifested.

For, writing is an intimate
business... the ins and outs of
'making sense,' onto the
page... can be, a mire of
wonder. Writing is an organic
expression, of an organic
being... spiritualism, and
cineritious matter, being the
two sides of the same coin.
I've found, that an sunrise, or

sunset, isn't really remarkable, unless there are clouds, to set it off. Without the clouds, the sunset is just an hard, white-hot orb , sinking below the horizon... clouds, give the scene, its depth, its colors, and textures. So, too, it's our knowledge, of both the lowly, and the high places, which lends, unto the work, an richness, depth, and grandeur. Seen, through the lenses, of some experience, the

commonplace, becomes
exquisite. And these are
things, which living has shown
myself. As I tend to awaken
early, to get a start on the
morning... to chase the
figments, and vapors, of sleep
away... I am ready to face the
morning. I hope someone, has
found blessing, from within my
insights, upon this day. So,
having greeted, the challenges,
as they've presented
themselves, unto myself, this

good day... upon this good
earth... I send this posting,
along unto yourself, this
morning. I hope someone has
found blessing.

AT YEARS'

END

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO PUT
thoughts together, upon lasting
media, he or she, will have
travelled a distance, within his
living, from the time of the
previous writings. Such
'travelling,' is allowance, into

insights, and observations,
upon future self-image
reflection. So, the writing,
you're able to do today... this
may be all you've got, for
looking, upon the times, and
intellectual topography, of your
past-present-future outlook.
We, beings in relationship, unto
the evolving, progressing now...
always, in relationship, unto
the flow of time... want to be
both considerate, in choosing...
and strategic, in our living.

The flow of moments...
minutes, hours, days, months,
years... reveals many
opportunities for improving,
ones' own self-worth... when
we see, how our worth, is
almost always improved, by
helping self, thru way of
writing... (You may not see, a
few scribbled ideas, or
sketchings, as being of much
value, to yourself, or others...
but, with the appreciation, of
today's digital tools, and

devices... an book of childhood poems, essays, sketchings, and so forth, can readily be produced, and eventually seen, in the same light, as has always shone down upon earth... in the same light as has shown upon any other artist, or writer, who ever has lived.) So, this is the value, it seems to myself, of our uniform, generally inter-compatible, and modular digital universe. The present now

picture, only comes into sight,
as we take steps, along an
progressive future unfolding...
it's just in our foot steps, along
the unfolding, of tomorrow as
we see it, that our present now
picture moves forward. So,
seeing these things, today, is
rewarding. Now, when one
wants to get thoughts flowing,
in the direction, of successful
completion, of new writing,
onto your pages... just starting
with an bold, simplified, idea,

or invention, can in time, bring further thoughts forth. It's in the direction and angle, of the very next written thinking, that the answers, and keys to the previous, are brought to light. Seeing ones present picture, generally begins, as we place footsteps along, and into the paths, opening before us. The characteristics of our walking, show, or reveal, our understandings, of all which has gone before. So, and these

are things, which living has
shown unto myself. To delve,
into the present moment... one
looks beneath, first one surface
layer, then another... placing
cogent sequences of thought,
each within the meaning of the
previous... right down the
page. When one spends plenty
time, like this... within
discernment, upon the written
page... whatsoever media, you
work in... writing, painting...
sculpture... music...

photography... there eventually
develops, an greater sense of
knowing in your heart, and
soul... "Have done, with
faltering, abortive, blind
questing... Let the candle of
knowledge, light your way." To
look within... while inquiring, of
the beyond... is to find
answers; the time of
awakening... may come sooner,
or later for yourself... but it will
come. Concerted expressions,
of faith, in the magic, and

micro-cosmic wonder of the
spirit... tend to open ones'
interior doors. Such is the
change in perceptual
orientation... and the wisdoms,
then which grow...
differentiated from the 'Natural
' wisdoms, of the wolf pack...
are more spiritual, Godly
wisdoms... and which allow
entrance, into the fullness, of
being, and lifeways... which
you aspire unto. Today, I find
worth and value, from putting

thoughts together, upon the written page. I may not always know, where times are going, in this world... but knowing, to write, and thus to show forth, my 'future self reflection,' this is cachet, and keys, unto the future. (The seal, on a letter, years ago, helped ensure that it not get lost or mislaid. So, too, our good work, in media, tends to allow entrance, into modern spheres... whether or not, our rank, and social

standing is great... thru our expressions, onto lasting media, our ways, are yet graced, with abundance, and smoothed, in joy.) To know, of ones future self reflection , you can go unto the empty page, in writing... the essences, of the time, can be found. As I have recently completed an original solo piano album, earlier this year, I have blessings, to speak of, beyond this written journal. It's just in the chasing away, of

the blues, this day, that I find
myself writing. Frequently,
stream-of-consciousness
writing, suffices to answer,
unto my 'mystics questing...'
the questions, arising, as times
change, or shift... my
relationships, unto them. The
billowing, expanding flow of
space and time, up and out...
above, and away, from every
singular point... surely shows
us that... spatial distance, is
really an relative concept... but

the concept of time, is more absolute... more immense... an veil, most impassive. So, while we mortals, just aren't able to be anyplace, other than just where we are, now, in the present moment... those dwellers outside, or around, our space-time apprehension... seem to exist, mainly in relationship, unto the flow of moments... can never be completely within an moment... like can the mortal. So, inside,

and outside, are entirely relative concepts, which at best co-operate, and commune, within. As the calendar turns back around, unto an new year, for ourselves... we find that abundance, and commonality, isn't lacking... it's just the styles, which vary. While differences in style, seems to be important factors, in our living... such differences, appear to be only superficial...

hearts readily joining, and
communion and good -will
prevailing. So, these are
thoughts which the future, has
shown myself this good night. I
send this posting along your
way now.

ALCHEMY, AND INNOVATION

TO LOOK WITHIN, ONES OWN
MIND, AND SOUL... you tend to
distance, yourself, from the
sensory realm, about yourself...
back into your mind; finding

an single-pointedness, isn't
hard, for myself, at this time in
my life. Breaking away, from
the scripts, and screenplays, in
your living... allows for an
detached, non-biased analysis
of conversations, and
dialogues... and narratives... in
your life... and from an more or
less peripheral, or
dispassioned, sort of place.
Constancy, is found, as we
keep ourselves attuned mainly,
unto the psychic background

noises... learning ... the gentle
ways, that your 'lower mind,'
shows itself, the sort of tactile,
neuro-sensory apparitions,
which we sometimes find,
around the five, or six
cognitive senses... eyes, ears...
nose and sinus... skin surface
factors, within and around
these senses. This peripheral
'noise,' or dross, within your
consciousness, can be
reflective, partly, of your
choices... whether wise, or

otherwise... such comes to light. And, these anomalies, on the whole, are also sometimes seen as an sort of interior 'weather vane,' as in the ways of how, the onset of winter, sometimes intensifies, doubts and fears, (i.e. stressors,) around the topics of excessive snow and icing over... (as I tend to worry.) Such also sometimes appear, quite stridently, during abundant times... and this can generally

be ascribed unto 'the pushing
of the envelope,' which we as
people, sometimes tend to do,
(as not all factors, are known
of, or even knowable... family
matters, are taken in stride,
sometimes with just an grain of
salt, as 'just who's to say,
which way the wind blows...
north, south, east, or west? Or
when to grow, or to stay.)
Constancy, and staying the
same, are important also, as
qualities... as these are what

makes Earth such an ideal environment, for living... our suns, constancy, and sameness, being intrinsic, to our human species' survival here. Atmospheric water vapor, however, along with our suns radiant heat, tends to make weather happen, here, as the damage from last months' bad weather shows. With generally warmer ocean temperatures becoming the norm, recently, this means

more frequent precipitation,
falls inland. So, increasingly,
bad weather is being spoken
of, as part of an slightly
warmer planet. (Although the
jury's still out, on this, with
mainstream science generally
agreeing that Earth's rising and
falling temperatures follow
larger, natural cycles, rhythms,
and patterns;... our human
pollution thought of, or at least
spoken of as being of
somewhat little effect. But

warming planetary climate, has become accepted science... we just may not know exactly why, the oceans are warming.) The other side of our recent weather, in North America, here has recently been, the drought conditions, found in many places last summer... the hot, high-barometric pressure systems, which tended to drive moisture around, but not allow thru. So, sunshine, while being a constant... tends to create

change, from time to time, as
water vapor, interacts with our
atmosphere... we'll always,
struggle to understand both
hurricanes, and tornados, as
these spiral, twisting engines
of wind, and rain, appear at
times to be animate entities,
with our lives, and property, at
stake. Since the early 1990s,
for myself, my living has,
indeed been a 'state of grace,'
as there's no winning a
struggle, with an angel... one

streamlines, or gets 'in step...'

period. As I feel the mature understanding of Akasha, Great Spirit, and Universal Soul, is partly, one of individual self-responsibility, there's properly very little dishonesty, within adult living, as I see it. So, the clear answer, unto our Earth's weather, will always be, weather preparedness... there's no easier way. Anyways, an tempermental genius, like one which must always keep in step

with nature, feels and knows,
only as he or she stays
harmonious with the natural
order, and flowing, and
placement, of things. The
tactile, neuro-sensory sort of
impinging, we feel bearing
inwardly, demands innovative
solutions... such as the
transistor radio, or the ion
drive... these are our food,
clothing, and shelter... away
from the elements. So, our
humankind, has 'met the

challenges, as they've presented themselves.' See? It's just that our innovations, are an adaptation, unto seemingly harsher, colder winds... these days. "Difficult times, call for brilliant innovations." So, and these are things, which living has shown myself. To know, of ones 'future reflection,' then, you can go unto your 'blank page,' your notebook, and pen, canvas and paints, sculptors

stone, and chisels, or word processor, and just see, then, what is beneath the surface. As the lines from your stylus, flow sequentially down your pages... so the sculptor chips free planes, and facets, of marble, to reveal, the form within the form... the writing within the page. "People don't change... they just reveal," is a popular saying, which is reminiscent of, writing, or journaling... peeling back, lines

of thought, each within the meaning of the previous... to reveal the essence, of your article... the ethos, of your work, of literature. So, when we see how, these small things... this journal entry, or finished sketching, or painting, seen together, can form an cohesive portfolio, or archive... you see, then, how your sense of self-worth, is enhanced, through any sort of way, craft, or practice... such can be an

trade, or self-taught skill, like
can any hand-craft, such as
pottery, or leatherworking. Or
wood sculpture. So, these are
things, which living has shown
myself. Now, that I've shown
the reader that, which is within
my mind, and soul, recently... I
hope you'll see, how, we can
grow, and innovate, as an
natural, organic response, unto
the tactile, twisting and
stretching about, which we
experience, as times shift, and

change... and take on the
wisdoms, such changes can
show. So, these are the ideas
which have revealed
themselves unto myself, this
day. I hope, too, with an
inkling of discernment, that I
can continue this writing, this
retelling along and into the
future, as such shows,
sunshine, or rain. So I send
along this article to yourself,
now. I hope someone has
found blessing.

HAPPY NEW YEARS

AS ONE GOES UNTO THE empty page, in writing, he or she may have an few new ideas, in consciousness, upon which to write. He begins an paragraph, onto the page... with a few starting words... just a line or two... and lets these ideas, take root, upon the page... and watches, then, his article come to be. You'll find, then an subtle nudging, will begin...

leading yourself, gradually,
along the essay you've
started... you might not have,
clear picture, of the ideas,
you'll include... but you can be
sure, that they are there, just
beneath the surface... waiting,
to be brought unto light. So,
this is what the writer begins
to do now. As a key turns a
lock, so does your writers'
stylus allow, new thought, to
be expressed. As we dream
our dreams onward, the future

sometimes leaps ahead
unexpectedly, leaving mind,
and consciousness behind, to
remember, and cope with
loss... this being, at times, an
aspect of the 'human
predicament,' as some have
found. To go the distance,
sometimes, one wants to take
the time, to see, from the
perspective, of loss. As I allow
myself, to feel the sorrow, of
another, this is really an
allowance, unto an full

recovery, within the
community... an forgiveness, of
human limits. So, grief, can be
the healthiest emotion, there
is... to move through, these
emotions... quietly, with your
stylus, and notebook... you
allow, then your own self-
forgiveness, of a loss. So, and
this takes time... just don't fail,
to reach out to her, when at
last she opens her door... and
having a few thoughts, upon
paper, is the first step, in

this... such can allow mutual understanding, to form... and with human understanding, positive self-help, is attainable. Do you think, that 'going the distance,' is easy? No, well how could it be? As my own Atlas, in my minds' eye... the world I carry is sometimes heavier, sometimes lighter... sometimes, I just want to lay it down. So, there's really nothing better for me, than journaling. Like the placing, of

my crown at the feet, of the
master... so I find myself
relinquishing, my heavy
burden. But it takes, an
touching base within myself...
and attending unto 'square
one...' such is the right path,
unto redemption, for myself.

So, I hope you see, how
although loss, and heartache,
in living... sometimes occurs...
we can grow, throughout these
experiences, and look, and
perceive, what new vistas,

appear upon our horizon.

When in life, and love we walk,
difficult times, don't ruin, our
way... but instead bring out
new dimensions, from within
the folds, and crevasses, of
time. To look upon ones' future
self-reflection, you want to go
unto your empty notebook
page with your stylus, and just
see, then what rests within,
first one surface layer, then
the next. This, will be
revelatory, of ones' own self...

his or her 'interior reaches,' as they can be found. Such is an partnering, within future lands, and times, and beings. Seeing the distinctions, between self, and others, is allowance, into modern spheres, of living. The late December night, here, is windy, and cold. This weather instability, I hope passes, as I don't wish to see any changes, like an ice storm, or blizzard, either of which, could put us all without electrical power, for a

week or more, while lines are repaired. While our part of the land, shares the isothermal ranges, as the temperate south of France, in recent years, we've experienced, extremes of weather, such as severe storms, snow, and drought. Is this the new normal? Quite possibly... as the mean ocean surface temperatures, they say, are unusually warm. But such effect seems to be mostly confined, to the northern

hemisphere here, with arctic sea ice, steadily disappearing. At any rate, I have seen, these ideas, today, arising unto the surface... I put them unto my page. So, in looking, upon the complex information, contained within my written pages, now... I glean countless insights, into past, present, and future ranges. While weather, and talk, of climate change, sometimes can be hard to overlook, and see around... our

good sense, and intelligence, is yet squarely rooted, within our modern, western civilization... and we find reassurance, from within our own selves, in how adaptation, is Natures' own way... as long as the sun is a constant heat source... there'll be life thriving upon Earth... this is our past-present-future self-image reflection... adaptation. As times shift, and change, we can absorb, and glean countless insights, into

ranges, of the Now, as the
vanguards, of our proto-
advanced future self-image
reflection, are seen, and
arrived upon... and when at
last one goes unto his or her
notebook, with stylus... you'll
marvel, at the new thinking,
and its coherency, and
intactness. So, this is the main
way, I know, to transcend
strife, in living... as 'always will
there be wars... pestilance...
conflagration...' knowing to

work through, your particular
inner relationships, within
writing... you'll return, again
and again, safely home. And
these are things, which living,
has shown myself. So, seeing,
the natures, of my journeys,
these days... times are pretty
tight, and narrow... and the
cushions, aren't always
comfortable... I'd sure 'Better
be good, or be good at it.'
Because old bones heal so
slowly, if at all. And these are

things, which living has shown
myself. Anyways, I'll pass this
writing along unto yourself,
tonight. I hope someone, has
found some comfort. Happy
New Years.

~

When one desires, to look
within, mind and
consciousness... he or she
picks up his stylus, and note
pad... finds a quiet,
comfortable place... and
bringing creative spirits inward,

places the first eloquent thoughts which spring to mind, upon the page. He should have, comparative mindsets close within consciousness... thru which to size up, the initial starting words... his or her physical investiture, being more or less important... as ones' willingness, to be an lucent sounding board, can rise unto, and meet, most any experiential day, or night. (Lack of willingness, to reflect,

upon a time, suggests that he or she is simply not ready, willing, or able, to write. More willingness, means better work. As times, are more stressful, or trying... the person, may require longer time, before he or she is willing, to write well, upon them. But, by the same token, some of my very best writing, has been done under the most stressful, trying conditions... as such can readily bring forth the most

adept writing.) When, one wants to 'get thoughts flowing,' in the directions of new writing, he or she picks up pen and paper, and allows himself, to be receptive, unto classical stylings, and expressions. Simply thru attuning, oneself unto and within the universal background, so he or she, expands to archetypal, mythic dimensions... and exhibits then only timeless artforms. This, then, allows for subtle

alterations, to be made within
ones' self image... as
redefinition, or reconfiguration,
or re-expressing of ones'
elemental relationships, within
an established, set artform
practice, can help one to see
all, in an new light... from a
new perspective. This
requires, sometimes, brain-
storming, and questing, for the
new meaning, or
understanding... thru which to
perceive. Within the English

language, are found the right mechanisms, to see most anything anew... as time and again, one searches, for novel answers. To sound, the depths, of ones' soul... usually involves an pushing of the envelope, unto the present expressive maximum, beyond present scars, abrasions, and bruises... into the 'home free,' elysieum which awaits beyond. But just don't lose sight, of your present wisdoms, as these, are

the actual signposts,
delineating, the new surface
boundaries, which living has
shown yourself. (The surface
membrane, or boundary, being
spoken of as like unto, an
hyper cortex, of imaginal
similitudes, and apparitions,
serving to suggest, present
interior apprehensions, and
aspirations.) So, one 'pushes
the envelope,' while not losing
sight, of his 'root,' or 'home.'
So, and sometimes, we really

want to avoid 'over-thinking,'
things... Writing, to make
sense, should flow, mainly from
an ecstatic, visionary sort of
place... like the thrall which
pours forth, while looking over
a valley, from the perspective
of the mountaintop. There
should really be an rush of
language... an verve... within
new writing, as the thrill, of
looking out across, is set off by
an poetic zest, and the
immense worth, of new

literature, coming to be, upon the page. Anyways, when this ecstatic quality, is lacking, words of this sort, are probably not worth writing. To know, of ones' 'future self-image reflection,' he or she looks upon, first one thought expression, then another, onto the page. Being 'drawn from my present,' means that these words, are relevant, pertinent, contemporary ideas. As my recent four months, or so, have

been somewhat more of a challenge, to get beyond... than usual... my perspective is most inclined, to embrace both the positive, and the negative spatial elements about myself.... As front is only front, by virtue of back... top, is top, by virtue of bottom, and so forth... I feel, that I'm acquainted with, 'taking the bad with the good,' and so I endeavor avoiding imbalanced mind. You might not see, your

scattered mind, as being able
to compose an insightful
paragraph.... But the
chemistry, that comes with
seeing your thoughts
externalized, 'lends a weight of
authority, unto written
endeavor,' and so your writing,
may well make more sense, to
you, than your thoughts, alone.
This is important to see, as so
often, I've thought how,
writing, or music production, or
sketching, or painting, is easy

enough to do... the distinction, being willingness, or gumption, to do so... It's not for everyone.

So, once you really learn, the actual benefits, which can come from an new essay, or paragraph... you'll really make time, for yourself, to write. As this is often the main way, through which one works thoughts out, and grows; you'll find you offer little resistance, to new writing... you'll see its intrinsic value. To go unto your

empty notebook page, with an
ball-point pen, is to find
answers, from within ones' own
self. This practice will be an
discernment; upon, and
amongst the arena, of 'all that
is,' one is readily able, through
a method of positing questions,
unto ones soul, and weighing,
then, and comparing answers,
to size up, or come to terms
with, the information
subconsciously at play, in the
present. So, and when one is

able to see 1) an self-intactness, and 2) an freedom from external threats, then the questions retire themselves, for a time, as the writer is given room, to breathe, and thus compose his or her new essay. To know, of ones' future self-image reflection, you can put thoughts, upon the page, and see, then, how ones' future

'God concept,' is treating yourself... do, then, you feel comfortable, in your present

writing? Anything written,
upon lasting media, in the
present, speaks directly of the
future... your ball-point pen, is
guided, by the future... by your
future 'God concepts,' and self-
image reflections. So, in
seeing these things, tonight... I
find an transcendant uplift, and
buoyancy, in the whole ease, of
writing, and my consciousness
is entirely soothed, inwardly
and outwardly. To look, upon
ones' own thoughts, as they

are expressed, onto lasting media, is to glean insights into past, present, and future lands.

As consciousness, feels the contrasts, and congruencies, between these three realms, within the domain of the present, this present Now becomes simplified, and amplified, and takes on lasting characteristics, and a classic feel... one writes, or records, or paints, or sculpts... he or she is becoming an artist... such is

the world, brought in, through
an fifth dimensional stream-of-
consciousness practice, such
as journaling, or sketching. Of
my impressions, of the natural
world, today... the weather
here is damp, and warm, for
January, with highs expected to
be around 70 degrees
Fahrenheit, and plenty of rain,
for the next two or three days.
Our weather, for the past few
weeks, has been an sort of
'reverse drought,' with only a

few sunny days, and plenty of drizzle. These Gulf systems, are very common, in our winters, as unusually warm, damp Gulf air, interacts with the seasonal colder air from the northwest. As long as the water temperatures in the Gulf are warm, the contrast of warm with the much colder winter air produces a lot of precipitation, throughout the southeast. If only our summers, could enjoy this much rainfall, when the

farmers and growers most need it. But the summer Gulf water temperatures, are so congruent, and similar to the warm summer breezes, the water doesn't form much precipitation, from the Gulf.

But the temperature differences, in the winter, are more conducive, to evaporation, and precipitation.

So, I guess our winters will always be wetter. Well, anyways, all for now. I'll send

this posting your way tonight.

Have a pleasant weekend.

ON JOURNEY

WORK

AS I SIT TO WRITE, THIS RAINY
saturday afternoon, I look
within, the surface, of my blank
notebook page, by starting an
flowing, of these expressive
language symbols, onto the
media. I see, from the feel, of
my writers' pen, as I begin
writing, that I have an interior
fullness, and strength of

intellect... there's not anything
wishy-washy, or half-hearted,
about this genius... these
ideas, within my writers' mind,
and consciousness. Presently,
I have an great deal, of belief,
in this new essay, its
completion. So, scanning my
inner realms, I see how,
through choosing this moment
to write, over any other pre-
occupation, I have entered an
brave realm, and an capable
one. Having an superior kind

of verve, today, I feel that
there's nothing between
myself, and this brighter, more
effective writing, and its
creation. In thinking, of how I
sometimes go spaces of time,
shut within, my limited
worldview, and outlook... while
neglecting adjacent worlds, and
higher realms, just beyond, and
outside my mind... I can see,
days are spent, sometimes,
within an narrow, or
constricted consciousness,

before I simply allow myself, to
slow down, and experience, the
innate fullness, of spirit, and
wholeness, which comes about,
as I let go of my need to
control, understand, and
categorize, the unknown. As I
find, my acceptance, of that
which is, already... and in the
underlying unity, of being, the
ease and grace begins anew,
and I find myself, coming
through the darkness, of the
experiential tunnel, back into

the sunshine, and fertile, lush
greenery of the pasture. Do
you see, how, while our interior
journeys, are sometimes
somewhat consuming... leaving
only little time, for well
rounded contemplation... this
way, of questing, and
searching, builds an wealth, of
expressive exuberance... which
comes forth, when at last, I
make time, for writing. Today,
I have an excellent faith, in my
ability, to use the gradual

flowing, and progressing of
time, to unlock the inner
meanings, within my
sometimes clouded, muddled
consciousness, and mind. As I
have an circumspect overview,
of this article, coming to be... I
can easily make subtle
alterations, to anything which
comes forth, and look across,
and perfect, then, any facet of
its beginning, middle, or
ending. So, the writers'
perspective, I notice, is like

unto that of an ghost, or spirit
being... who, having an clear
view, of past... present... and
future, edits, occasionally, the
flowing of time, for the desired
effect. Seeing this, today, is
rewarding, as such an
perception, suggests more
creedance, and possibly
successful showing of my
writings, and audio work,
within my genres... which is an
fulfilling, exciting possibility,
as the role of 'creator,' or

'messenger, is one I've entertained, and enjoyed, since childhood. All in all, while these words, are of some little objective value, the promise, and truths they suggest, are much more richly fulfilling... and point unto the immensity, of the times we live in. As an kind of an allowance, of my simplest writers' mind, to dream brilliantly, this writing, in its verve, and its zest, serves as counterpoint, unto

these sometimes stressful,
trying experiential days, like
today has been. And, as I find,
at the end of the day, myself a
bit better, for my time, and
with good perspective upon the
weeks struggles, I see, I
couldn't much ask for more,
today. I wonder... as my
consciousness, of the present
time, rights itself, coming into
its own, and taking its place, as
this newly completed article,
how I shall feel, about this

essay, after having it seen, and shared, in an global light, in the world environment. While, twelve years ago, as a novice writer, the posting of my new ideas, seemed often to send myself spiraling, upon some or another more or less profound, tumultuous odyssey... today, I seek always, to keep good grip, upon the ordinary, comfortable consciousness-awareness, I've cultivated, and grown accustomed unto. So,

and this means, 'staying close to home,' being written in an common vernacular, and avoiding overstepping, or crossing boundaries.

Sometimes, however, an hidden, underlying belief, adjunct to consciousness...

shapes, or dictates, the content of the surface material, which is sprung from my stylus.

This effect, of unintentional revelation, of an submerged cultural pathology, can trip the

mind, and lead unto an
regressive journey. But, this is
infrequent, today. (I'm more
concerned, with the
perfecting, of my character,
and in avoiding short-sighted
decisions, in my personal life...
my writers' voice, I feel, is
quite sane, and well
controlled... which is to the
credit, of my good upbringing
and cool temperment.) So,
while sometimes my
expressions, are a bit like, an

'much ado, about nothing,' the strength, of my expressive intellect, and reasoning ability, is most athletic, and agile, and it seems, that which I want to say, I can usually say, without struggling, or blundering. So, in completing, these thoughts, into this essay, today, I do have an confidence, and faith in this which I can do, and this is an source of great strength, for myself. So, hopefully the reader can see how, while

there sometimes obstacles in
living, and those which
carelessly betray, the
relationships, which the child
knows are sacred, in living...
through going the distance,
and keeping writing simple,
today, anyone who cares can
find, outstretched hands given,
and regain, good footing, and
attunement within, anew. So,
I'll send this posting along your
way now... I hope someone has
found blessing.

PEERS, AND SUB-CREATION

AS I SIT TO WRITE, THESE
WORDS, this morning... I scan
back, over the recent days, and
weeks. As I have recently
completed, an new chapter, of
my audio journal... I am at last
finding, the work, to be
generally good. There are
things, I can do, to better
myself, while new work, is
being seen, and analysed...
such as re-organizing, and

most anything, I've meant to see my way unto, lately. While the aches and pains of living, and attachment, are sometimes quite profound, during the longer days, such stressors, appear to be mostly handed unto myself, by those around... peer pressures, and such other experiential days, and nights, which come with having chosen these distinctions, of my self-creation. While such times, can be an effort, to plod my

way through, the early morning hours, prior to the awakening, of others, in the domicile, are usually, the most transcendant, and fulfilling times, and are almost always the most meditative, sometimes ecstatic, times of the day. So, I awaken early, most days, and find plenty of solitude, and study time... such times, are eleysieum... the regular waking hours being for work, and ongoing... the metaphoric

earning, of my keep; But
before the sun arises, I find
solitude, and self-nurturance.
What are peer pressures? Peer
pressures, can be the outward
expressions, of your
relationships, unto yourself.
How one sees and finds others,
is, in actuality, how one finds
oneself. So, peers, are
priceless... it's just that my
self-critiques, can be a bit
paranoid. And, that's all
around, ones' attachment, unto

suffering, in living. See? So, we always, get what we want, in living, it's just that, what we think we want, and what we get, based upon what is right for ourselves, are sometimes, two different things. And, in reconciling, these two, we find harmony, balance, and companionship... the fruits, of our togetherness, and home life. So, I want to get thoughts flowing in the directions, of creation, and completion, of

new writings, onto my pages...

there are many approaches,
which may be taken. There is

an facet, of the writers'
consciousness, which can be
described, by its action:

Imaginal sub-creation. Another

internet writer, shared this
with myself... In writing, it's
seen how, the dynamics, of
ones' group, are illustrated,
within my mind, as something
like an circle, of sages... the
muses, and memes, which

represent my real-world relationships... the imaginal parallell unto my actual real-world relationship group. An astrologer, will repeat the maxim, 'as above, so below.' This is an good guideline, for the understanding, of our inner realms. As planets, revolve around, the central sun... and moons, around their planets, so we find, such harmony, and our inner consciousness. The interstellar winds, reflect ones'

larger relevancies, and
significancies... suggesting,
sometimes, at insecurities,
fears, doubts, stressors...
seismic instabilities, within
ones' region, being an example
of how such effects, can be
harrowing, in an most
immediate, undeniably real
sort of way. As I sit writing
these thoughts, now, the night
is cool, but not cold, and we've
lately enjoyed, finally, some
clear skies, and sunshine,

during the day. Two weeks, or more, without sight of the sun, nor clear blue sky, had left myself feeling a bit unfulfilled, and anemic, but our recent clear skies, have allowed my internal clock, to reset. So, and with more sunny weather, in the forecast, there's at last a sense of 'business as usual;' I've again, found my groove. Looking past, this night, into the coming early spring... our recent rainy weeks, have surely

proven beneficial for the trees,
and other flora. Without
moisture, a trees' growth,
becomes stunted, and living
wood fibers, become parched,
and brittle. So, as we in the
south depend upon healthy
forests, as the biggest parts of
our ecosystem... we see
natures' way of taking care of
its own, at work. So, with
thoughts, of the spring time to
come, I compose this article. A
popular song, states, 'there are

so many, many paths to
(emotional) release:' thinking
upon this is a study... is an
entire science, really.

Perhaps, the desire, to live life
anew... to drink cold water, to
your contentment, and eat
savory food, to give and
receive affection, and
attentiveness... trumps all
other desires; Having a
habitable planet, to live upon,
and amenable patterns of
night, and day, and seasons of

the year... In my view, such desire, to live life anew, upon a habitable planet, in an livable part of the universe, is the essence, of all mysteries. Such desire, I feel, is intimately interwoven, with human perception... seeing and wishing, being two sides, of the imaginal sub-creation, underlying all becoming. So, the act of seeing and believing, is antecedant, to becoming. Seeing, this today, is an

reawakening, unto this
multidimensional cosmos... this
solar system... and the human
planes, of birth, and rebirth.
All of my experiences, within
this continuum, are but the
sunlight, through one window,
upon a planet of windows,
looking out... within a mansion
of windows, looking out...
bringing unto one unified
consciousness, the unique
views, and perspectives, found
throughout. So, this is living,

on Earth. And, in seeing, these things, today, my mind is rewarded, and soothed, by the closure, and sense of accomplishment, such written essay signifies. So, thank you, new day, for the inner clarity, and self-command, to write, these words, today. I'll send this posting along your way now. I hope someone has found benefit.

**MYTHOS, AND
ADAPTATION**

WHEN ONE SETS ABOUT, TO
WRITE, from within his or her
heart, soul, and imagination...
there are many, many paths,
which then may be taken.

While we may not always, be
sure of future times, there are
some things, which can always
be ascertained, of the past.
So, if you ever wonder, as to
just whom, or why one is, or
why things are the ways, they
are, you will know, to an
extent... just reference your

past memories. Anyways,
there will be clear paths, to at
least some understanding. The
extraordinary experienter
issues... the stressors,
complexes, fissures, buckles,
and breakdowns, found within
reconciling past, and present,
with future, are nothing... if not
seen through the lens of ones'
own critical thinking faculty,
and adaptive ability. While
past realities, may be
immutable, present lands

super-react backwards and
forwards, simultaneously, and
new beingness surges
downward, from out of that
same flowing. So, ones' own
blindnesses, or mental blocks,
as to his or her own particular
past history, present natures,
or future tendencies, seem to
compound themselves,
especially as your ignorance,
fear, or anger muddles or even
fragments, your personality,
creating an schizophrenic

outlook... an distorted
worldview. So, surely, I can
see, the need, to take my time,
in matters... to avoid pushing,
or forcing things, in
composition. In thinking, of
how best, to positively
influence, the future, I see the
need, to cement my
relationships, unto the past.
So, to change my future, I can
change, or amend, my past.

"Perhaps, my future is
somehow defined, by my reach

into the past," "To have an ancestral subtext to your life, is to be able to predict future realms." -Anon. These thoughts, echo the sentiments, found within most all of the timeless literature.... to influence the future... change your appreciation of, or relationship with, the past. So, you see the worth, of this present... and, the importance, of attending unto the small things... this being, an

entrance, unto an genuine
fullness, of being, and
harmonious relationships. So, I
at times, am led to think, over
this sometimes anachronistic
pop culture, I find myself
within... and as to just how,
balance, can be attained, and
maintained. I'm reading, more,
these days, and this morning
listened to a talk, on how our
culture is indeed most inclined,
to look at the underlying
causes, and reasons, for

anamalous phenomena, rather
than repressing, or
suppressing, them. Take the
crop circle phenomena, for
example. Rather than
repressing, suppressing, or
denying the existance, of such
happenings... photographs, of
the formations, are widely
published, and viewed by the
curious, hoping for inklings of
the truth, from within the show.

So, far from being an
repressive culture, ours has

made anomalous reports, a
topic of open conversation.
Mental illness, crime, poverty,
disease, natural disasters, like
earthquakes, storms, and
volcanoes... all such
phenomena are looked at
closely... their underlying
natural, and pathological
causes, and excuses, for being.
So, our culture, has moved,
since the Renaissance
Enlightenment, away from an
mythological, superstitious

consciousness, into and along,
an science, and consciousness,
of rational, empirical
observation, and study, for the
furthering, and improving, of
our human welfare. I can see,
how, with our culture of arts
and entertainment... cinema,
music, stage representations,
and so forth... the legendary
ancient elemental myths, and
superstitions, are
acknowledged, and placated...
and made to be content, from

week unto week, with their
roles, within our minds, and
entertainment industry... at
least, this is the hope. So,
aside, from spinning, a good
yarn, our culture, has really
acknowledged, and shown
attention unto, the issues, and
entities, suggested, from within
our culture laboratories, and
from with the minds, of our
directors, writers, and
producers, whom sometimes
experiment, with techniques, of

light, sound, or color, for the best effect... No topic is off-limits. So, the demigods, of antiquity, needn't feel repressed, or denied, a place... they, indeed, are portrayed, within cinema, electronic music, and countless evocations, (sometimes made all the more affective, and powerful... by their spartan simplicity, and crudeness, or naivete) within boundless folk arts, traditions, and decor...

(some of which, by their very nature, are defiant, of convention, and tradition.) So, there's no lack, for innovative artists... anyone, can partake of fame... only, can you take the adulation, and paranoia, and wickedness, of an narcissistic 'cult of personality?' So, while I've chosen the relative obscurity, and anonymity, of an internet-only, conceptual, abstract-impressionist surrealist arts

program, for my podcasts... I
all along, have had to reconcile
myself, with my own sub-lands,
and culture, of my
personality... such, however,
has always been somewhat
more obscure, in nature, tone,
and derivation... than say,
most any published authors,
with at least some readers... as
not-for-profit, I can focus on
other matters... and hold unto
my simplicity, and my
spirituality. So, and having

seen firsthand, some of the strange fruit, and attractions, of present-day 'weed,' culture, both within the internet, and elsewhere... anytime, you fudge, or encourage, the breaking of the rules, to suit yourself, or your readers... if you don't go by the local law codes, you're going to have strange manifestations... you just are. And, this is just an example, of how, often boundaries, are stretched, or

crossed, or twisted. So, while ours is not as liberal, as say, some of the European countries... we've yet had far less civil unrest, nor serious issues, within the youth, as perhaps in the more ethnic, European neighborhoods, where world-views crowd one another... and friction forms. So, there may not be, a great deal of mythos, or phenomena, in these things – but what if, by chance, there were? Well,

having indeed found my own
niche, and audience, however
small... and having been
acknowledged, in my view, in
countless small ways, in not
only family, and home, but in
the broader arts community... I
have little, to do, but find my
blessings, and participate, in
the simple plenty, and
fulfillment, of good health.
And, should health, or beauty
ever fail, I can know, the words
and sounds, and visions, are

each with unique purpose, and meaning, and the relevance, unto myself, and my callings, is lasting, and worthwhile. To know of ones' future self-image reflection, he or she can pick up ball-point pen, and go unto the empty page, in writing... he or she knows that, no single stage, in the art of growing, and producing, is more important, than any other... and healthy produce, can be the guarantee, which follows

naturally, from the fertilizing,
and preparing of the soil,
planting seeds, and watering...
weeding... each distinct step,
being an part of one sweeping
motion, which is the bringing of
the seeds in the soil, to
fruition. So, he or she should
have faith, in the expanding,
billowing flow of moments, with
respects, unto his or her self-
being, over time... and that an
completed essay, a bountiful
harvest, can and with patience

will, come to be. So, starting this writing, this evening, I look within, the within, of my moment. There's no better feeling, than when one has began a session, of writing... and knows, that good ideas, are just beneath the surface, of consciousness... An hot cup of tea, can induce an trancy state of mind... and when novelty, is found, within ones' inner soul consciousness, in appreciating of the magic, of the art of

writing, herewithin the
progressing flow, of moments...
he or she knows, the work, is
already accomplished, in at
least one other plane. So, an
sacrement, like coffee, or tea,
is often intrinsic, unto good
writing. It's sometimes easy to
lose sight of the wonder and
amazement, of the ordinary...
in favor, of whichever linguistic
crutches, and props, and
pretenses, one has developed
in the recent months... losing

sight, of the 'sacred ordinary,'
is common, and insidious, and
an hot beverage, can be just
the right antidote. But, as the
temperature, and atmosphere,

in this room, is presently
comfortable, and the evening
light, through the drapery, is

bathing, my abode in an
luminous glow... I need but to
take notice, of my wonderful
pleasant moods, and abundant
blessings, tonight, and in doing
so, see that an real

appreciation, of aesthetic truth and beauty, is only possible, after having thrown off, the shackles of discomfort, and discontented thoughts, and feelings... physical, or spiritual suffering, being the worst enemies, to creativity, and free-expression. We often tend to lock up, or seize up, and go about our way with our jaw set, as eye irritants, and annoyances, seem to preclude ourselves, from contemplation

of the here and now...
consciousness, seeming to be
inwardly searching, and
questing... delving... upon
some or another unwanted
future... I frequently find
myself, trying way too hard...
but this is the natural reaction,
unto the challenges, and
conundrums, this 21st century
sometimes presents. So, and
an work day, for myself, is one
in which writing, is
accomplished... only then, is

one allowed entrance, into the
fullness, of being, and lifeways,
which one already possesses.
As the light music, in my ear
buds, grows more exultant,
and exuberant, in this
present... as such sound
appears, more timeless, and
unfettered... I'll begin feeling,
more fiscally in the black, and
confident, in my economy, and
my usefulness. So, do you see
how, in the writing, of an
article of literature, one

sometimes begins, from an
brash, or brazen, or
iconoclastic place,
intellectually, and then works
back from, or solves upon, such
anachronism, and difference,
across the remainder of the
article? So the written essay,
is sometimes an sort of
expression, of returning... the
beginning, of the article, being
an precedent of, or an
exponent, of, or intrinsic unto,
its middle, and its ending. It's

just the way one tends to
perceive, in an artists' path...

as in the ways of how, one
works, and labors, for the goal,
of unity of beingness... 'All is
one,' being an way to express

this. But, from personal
experience, real life, and
getting by, for some, has more
in common with endurance,
and survival, than any art.

There were at least seven
years of my life, of which I
would just as much rather

forget, and never ever return unto. For, I was suffering. So, you see, the ways that some journeys, of life, and living, have little or no qualities, of health, and wellbeing, per se, but with an fifth dimensional way, craft, or practice, one begins, however feebly, to entertain, the landscapes, of both his or her distinct past history... while, simultaneously, eventual future benefit, is brought unto the realm, of the

possible... and I reckon, this is why some get so lost... as they are confronted, with a past, they are incapable of dealing with, let alone transcending, and getting beyond. So, the good work, of literature, and art, is not to be taken lightly, as it evokes both past, and future... while present times, are allowed to be entertained, and kept, according unto whichever particular tradition, or path, one follows... and, as

long as he or she doesn't lose
grip, on the moderate, it will
always, be an balance, within
past, present, and future....
present, being an antecedant,
and allowance, of the other
two. So, anyways, just some
thoughts, this good day. I send
this posting along your way,
now. Have a nice weekend.

NOTES UPON

WRITING

SITTING DOWN, TO COLLECT MY
thoughts, this evening, I see

how my experience, of the
time, today has been both
pleasant, and renewing... while
our outdoor temperatures, are
quite cold... not much better
than freezing... indoors, is
comfortable, and the amenities
of this dwelling, make staying
in an inviting prospect... any
time spent outdoors, and I'm
ready for the cozy room. We're
getting a bit of wet snow, this
afternoon... clumps as big as
my thumb nail, dropping

silently from the sky, onto the
ground. But tomorrow's
forecast calls for sunshine,
which should continue into the
new week. It makes a great
deal of sense, for me to keep
this journal, as I find so many
little memories, can be
compiled, and filed, this way,
with much better
permanance... in my mind...
whereas, without writing things
down, looking back, is
something of a twinkling, but I

can't so much remember many details. It takes an external reference point, like a journal entry, and my memory fills in the rest. I can't think of any endeavor, I would rather engage in, on a night like tonight, than writing, or journaling. As I'm glad, that today is Monday, and almost always find a new work week, and my relationship unto it, to be a nice change, from the 'weekend,' sensibilities, I keep

myself awake, and alert, and
settle in, to work upon this
writing. Looking within, my
mind, and soul, to bring the
wisps, and strands, of
inspiration, found within my
higher mind, onto the page, as
an essay... I see, that, my
progress, this day, is very
gradual... three or four days,
for this writings' composition,
should be fine. My
consciousness refreshes itself
better, as I think of stanzas...

when I don't push myself too hard, or strain. So, I go and come back, to my writing desk, frequently. As none can know the future, other than what's set in stone, or remains flexible, through adversity... I value any time spent, with my pen and notebook... for such cues the deep mind into whatever ephemeral insights are present within the mind, already. So, as I write, I frequently scan back to the

start of the article, to see, how
it seems to read... with
patience, some common sense
ideas, will come forth,
revealing cohesive direction,
and flow. The sameness, of an
new week, is made so much
more joyous, and engaging, as I
find, new words coming to be,
upon my pages... so, there's
just no complaining, nor
squandering, of the time... all
is as new. Do you see, how ,
although adversity sometimes

bears down, upon our minds,
and puts us under the weather,
for a time... with mindfulness,
and attentiveness, there will
eventually arise, an clear path,
up and out of gloom... and as
one looks back, upon a time,
you'll do so, with knowledge,
and experience, as to the right
paths, to take, next time. So,
the minds, and
consciousnesses, we bring unto
experiential times, in our lives,
are really organic, living

computers... quickly assessing,
and consciously and
subconsciously internalising,
an vast realm, of expressive
subtleties, and nuances... an
time, of experiential days, and
nights... then, simultaneously
knowing just which direction,
and angle, to place next
footstep... the co-relative
paths, to take into the future,
is clear. Without wavering, nor
swerving, I make and keep, the
even furrows, across the entire

field, as my mind, is stayed,
upon the mountain valley, in
the distance. To know, of ones'
future self-image reflection,
you can look within, the
unfolding, of expressive
language symbols, onto the
page. Such is skimmed, from
off of the surfaces, of
consciousness, yet is always
suggestive, of time-spatial
relationships... as the written
words used, point unto
meanings, and significancies...

abstract locales, within the
intellect. So, the art of
reading, and text, is really
theatre, for the imagination...
such is unique, in that
representation of all
conceivable forms, and realms,
is possible, using only the
twenty six characters, of our
English alphabet. Those that
believe in books, know just
what I mean. From about age
five, I was immersed in books,
and reading... through teen

years, my consciousness was expanded, and elevated, within fantasy, and science fiction... but the real advancement, from this, was vocabulary enrichment. Most anything, I can visualize, within my minds' eye, I can readily put in words, without having to try too hard.

As I then see, the written pages accumulating, by my side, I can know, that my good sense, and thinking, is sound.

Having an good eye, for

composition, I usually can visually tell, how written words, will be received... by sizing up, the subtle energy exchanges, from the page, into my mind, during reading, and re-reading. Without my visual faculty, I would have to compose, verbally, into an voice recorder, and go back and input, with an word processor. Checking for input mistakes, would have to be done thru an text-to-speech

software, upon a computer. It would be effort, but it could be done. But, my eyesight is fine, so re-reading, and checking is easy. As far, as one might journey, within the world, and over the oceans, and lands... I can travel as far, and farther, within my mind, in these four walls. As the English alphabet, and language, is limitless, so too, the permutations, and landscapes within the mind, are unlimited. For instance, in

heaven, the daytime sky, which we perceive to be blue, is seen instead, as an continuously changing, rainbow hued, kind of continuum, of spectral patterns... when Gods' mood, or our experience changes, ever so slightly... such appears as an subtle change within the hues, of the sky. Our mortal existence, tends to drown out these subtle gradations, and shifts, of color, such that we tend to chemically enhance,

and alter, and amplify, our
consciousness... at which
point, we strive to return to
normalcy. So, the goal, then, is
both to become conscious, of
our self-detriment, in
chemicals, habits, and
crutches... and begin to refine,
our minds, thru purity, and
sobriety... but some get hung
up, along the way, and might
never make it back. Today, I
have found, a ray of light, in
this bleak midwinter. Those

who know, the 'creative
impetus,' or have inclination,
to record, thoughts and visions,
onto lasting media... as words,
musical notes, or in graphics...
surely find renewal... as new
work, reveals the old, in an
whole new light... I shine, my
lamp, always into an shadowy
interior. So, these are a few of
my thoughts, upon writing.

Today, is Tuesday, the air
temperature outside, is
pleasant, and skies are gray.

Hopefully, clouds will thin, over
the course of the day.

Anyways, as I sometimes wish,
that I had just the right words,
to say, to make everyones'
experience better... but I don't
always have such words...

writing is often a function of
the humility, and insufficiency,
I feel, as sometimes times, on
this planet, are so
problematic... nonetheless,
through patience, and 'not
settling for mediocrity,' I can

usually arrive upon, a few good ideas, in writing... which, (far from slipping through my fingers, or evaporating) go with me, across time, and stand as meaningful comments, upon my life, and times. But as for much having great, or important thoughts, nor writing that way, well, these writings, are doing good, I feel, to just describe an kind of 'unspoken vernacular,' which may never have any place, in any great

hall, or venue. Just those thoughts, and perceptions, which make up everyones 'back pages.' Well, anyways, these are a few of the ideas, I can come up with, today. I'll send this posting, along your way, now.

~

Writing, producing, sketching, photography, and so forth, crafts, they are, in essence, are progressive artforms. That is to say, drawing at least in part,

from linear progressions, of
ideas, the images, and
meanings you place therein,
are given of an evolving,
forward-thinking
consciousness... in time, and
over time, capturing the
essence of an day, and time...
into the future. Applying, the
wisdoms, of your years, unto
such an craft, or way, you'll
see the contemporary ideas,
and themes, present within
culture, about yourself,

surfacing, within such writing...
your impressions, and views, of
such features, will come
across, as well... and you'll
come to know yourself better.
So, there are plenty of reasons,
to begin again... so, entering,
the stream anew, one gets with
his or her flowing, and slips
along, into the future. In
reflective divining, ones' higher
mind, and consciousness
attentively oversees, the
unfolding, of expressive

language symbols, onto the
page... this evolving,
progressing moment, or
simulcron, of your writing,
becomes the recorded
signposts, and trail markers,
which are read, conveying your
future 'self image reflection,'
onto the page. Weighing, then,
and testing such factors as, the
rates of energy exchanges,
being written, onto the page...
and when read back... the
nearnesses, and distances, of

information... onto the page...
and when read back... the
writers' 'physical investiture,'
in writing, being important,
also, in sizing up, feelings...
pleasant, or uncomfortable...
interested, or restless... trancy,
ecstatic, or blissful... or sullen
and withdrawn... you'll come to
solidly guide yourself,
throughout each written
endeavor. Having a few simple
'starting ideas,' to get work
rolling, can be important... one

seldom has new ideas, close within conscious mind, but starting with a few riffs, and licks... like unto catchy lead guitar lines... such bring an atmosphere, and ambience, of their own, unto the piece... the writer then elaborating and filling in, the rest of the composition... letting reflections... subtleties, and finesse, come to the fore, to carry the essay, where they may. Writing from an passive,

reflective sort of place, allows
for much to be seen, of present
appearancies... the more
universal the language used,
the more transcendent, the
time. If the period, of time for
yourself is confusing, or
misleading... if you feel
confused, as a result of some
anomaly, in your recent past
memory... you should probably
not try writing, until some
greater understanding, has won
the 'battle of unknowing,' and

you feel more surety, in
context with the world you
inhabit... this way, your writing
will be a lot more universal, in
quality, and thereby timeless.

So, and this is of great
importance... you'll know just
what I mean, if you've ever
mis-stepped, or mis-judged, in
writing, and found your self
feeling broken, and
dysfunctional... or if your own
mediocrity, or half-
heartedness, has come in

between yourself, and the fullness of being, which we all need to be happy. And, it's as simple as that. In the world, today, people are competitive... with the haves, and the have-nots, being measured mainly, in happiness...with this being the main commodity... not wealth, nor material possessions. Being an have-not, particularly can be a serious heartache... as injuries, become compounded,

and heaped up again... keeping
on the sunny side, should be
intrinsic, in all you do. If you
feel uncertain, in something,
well then, don't do it... don't
write it. Because that
uncertainty is a flag, alerting
you to a blurry future. Even in
illustrating, onto the written
page, of your views, on living...
you can find yourself, then, re-
learning, those very things... as
you have but illustrated an
unmanifest societal issue,

which soon becomes. So, writing, can be tricky business. And, it's so important, to write from your own heart, only... your own perceptions, and experiences, and not those of others, as one wouldn't wish to risk entanglement, which can be total failure, for yourself, and your writing. So, keeping these guidelines in mind, the writer adventures, onto the written page. Not every time, I go unto the empty page, do I

feel led, to write. Most times
my mind is either too empty, or
overwhelmed, or
underwhelmed, to fashion
words into sensible paragraphs.

So, but with patience, and
persistence... new thought, will
arise, unto the surface, of your
mind, such that it may be
grasped, and written. And, this
is, in actuality, usually an
direct answer to prayer... as
your desire to write, is great,
writing will come your way... an

entire boon, may come your way... and the season, may produce a book. But this takes a great, concerted desire, on your part... such that the assistance you need, surely arrives. And, you want to have faith, in the infinite realms, of light, and color, around ourselves... such knowledge, and faith, lets an writer partner with the beyond, in some respects... if your pen moves... down the page... without effort,

on your part, the questions of
explicit authorship, tend to
evaporate, as with faith, all
things become possible... even
great writings. Finding your
way, unto such, is really a
matter, of many attempts, at
the goal... with failure,
ultimately not an option.

Maybe writing will come today,
maybe in three or four days...

but you know it will come,
because you already have
some faith, in yourself, and the

creative process, having
learned the discipline, to be
relentless, in coaxing thought
forth... and in avoiding being
deigned, by societies'
expectations, and views, of
yourself... and in not being a
victim. If you feel called, to
write... if the spirit moves
you... then you can be
successful. But forcing, or
muscling your way down the
page, can leave many
important considerations,

unattended to. So, three or four days, for composition, is usually, a safe bet. As I sit writing, this mid-February morning, our outside temperatures are mild... probably in the low 40s, and it has been raining off and on all night, only with morning, tapering off, into this gray sky, saturated, gray landscape. I guess the flora, and fauna are happy. The green frogs, and bull-frogs, in the bottom of our

yard, and in the adjoining field, which has a pond, have really been chorusing most nights, since late January... I think, this means spring will be early this year. Some of the trees across the back, beyond the weeds, have taken on a slight purplish hue, which means spring is just about here... as this color change, comes about, as leaf buds, begin growing on stem tips; By mid-March, these trees will be

covered in deep reddish purple leaves. We also have trees, which bloom white blossoms, in early-mid March... they look so much like dogwoods, only these flowers have five petals. I had thought they might be Bradford pear trees, but they don't make fruit. Guess they're a common woodland tree, though, nothing fancy. So, when these are in bloom, we always know it's spring. While this time of year sometimes brings strong

storms, I still always look forward unto spring. Anyways, just some thoughts, to chase these clouds away, this morning. And, sure enough, sunshine is at last coming through, so I'll pass these thoughts along to yourself now. I hope someone has found blessing.

~

To access, the depths, of ones' subconscious mind, and intellect... to tap the

reservoirs, of ones' inner
resources, and higher powers,
you can go unto your empty
page, and with a style, and an
verve, place an few opening
thoughts, upon the blank page.

One scans, the interior
landscapes... and responsibly
applies, his or her own best
judgments, and reasoning
abilities, unto the tasks, of
writing. Tonight, I find myself,
within this commonplace
writing art form... and know,

that I am truly conscientious...
that my mind, is good. There
are times spent, within an
muddled mind, and
consciousness... but as I
return, unto this writing art
form, I lift, the veil, on the
recent past, present, and
future... and an interactivity
begins. Going unto the empty
page, is indeed like unto, an
exploration, as to the who's,
what's, how's, and why's, of
your recent living. As an

example, do you see how, the
natures, of the reasoning
behind some recent interest...

say, an fine art painting, is,
let's say, an unknown.

Through covering such topics,
in writing... through subtlety,
or through overtness... the
writer can, more or less readily
size up the same... the present
ranges, and degrees, of such...

and importantly, the
nearness's, and distances, of
such insights, and

observations, and their specific relationships, unto yourself.

So, you see, too, how writing can be an discernment... into the depths, and extents, of an thing, say for instance, an phenomena... will it repeat itself, or reoccur... or will it affect yourself, today, or ever... and most importantly...

will you find the lasting solutions, and answers, unto such an problem, and in which ways, will you continue finding

triumph? Answers, to questions, such as these, are readily accessible, within the evolving, progressing, flowing of time, and ones' written relationships, unto such... in time, and over time, finding an completed essay, and fulfillment, of ones' best human abilities, and capabilities. Finding results, each time, one is reconciled, with the usual terms, for successful writing... how an

full-length article, or essay,
may not materialize, over only
one night... and knowing to
think of creation, as given thru
an measured, steady, even
graduated progression, of time,
requiring a surety, and
patience. For instance, if your
sense of insecurity, is more, or
less... you may feel more, or
less like 'finishing in a hurry.'
But you can always be sure,
that longer composition time,
for an article, makes for

greater surety, in the sharing,
of such. So, these are just a
few of the ideas, I have found,
upon quickly assessing things,
tonight. There are really three
domains, within ones' sensual
living ranges. Firstly, there's
the material universe, of
corporeal forms, and
sensations... the realms of
wave-particles, and matter,
and of physical forms, and
emotions. Secondly, the
timeless, golden, underlying

lands, of the afterlife... the
eternal... the unchanging, the
lands, of symbol, metaphor,
and meaning... the lands, of
memory, and akashic records,
and the lands from which all
changes and manifestations
arise, and to which they
surely return. Thirdly, our
appreciation, of the ever-
expanding, billowing wash, or
flow of moments, up and
throughout, and beyond, our
consciousness... into the

worlds above. Seeing this way,
this triad, of natures, one
knows also an lasting way, an
creative art form. So, this
written word, to be true, should
have some qualities, of each,
of the three natures... and
should be given, only as in
symphony, of all three... this,
then can be an timeless, yet
evolving, and progressive...
real-world art form, which is
then replicable, to others, and
serving as real commodity of

benefit... as in entertainment.

So, this, to myself, is the
value, of writing, this night.

Serving as counterpoint, and
balance, unto these sometimes
stressful, trying experiential
days, this writing, more than
meets my criteria, for an goal
met, another inch, in space-
time, and toward eventual aim,
of finished podcast. So, this is
how I'm counting my blessings,
this good night. Now, that
winter is beginning to loosen

its grip, upon those of us in the
northern hemisphere... and
visible signs of spring, are
appearing, as buds, on stem
tips, and with robins, flocking,
in the fields, grazing for worms,
for their chicks, I'm feeling, an
generalized unbinding, of the
dross, and smog, within my
neural network, as rivulets, and
currents, of expression, are
finding their ways, unto the
surfaces, of my consciousness,
and I'm finding more quality

time, is spent outdoors. So the world reawakens from the slumbers, of winter. I am never, really lost, or aimless, in this path; those times of division, or soul searching, are always soothed, and smoothed, by thoughts, of the regular turning, of the seasons... the lilting, passage of weeks, and months, into the future... and the circle, the cycles, of the natural universe. Knowing, the constancy, and sameness, also,

of our most lasting, permanent
star, the sun... and our regular
sun-earth environment... yet
knowing, also how across
mankinds' development, there
have been visionary writers,
speaking of future anomalies,
in the sky, and land, and sea...
you see, there's no lack for
prophets, whom have spoken,
or predicted of astronomical
anomalies... so, there really is
nothing new under the sun, and
one is not alone, in

experiencing, sometimes
unusually precocious
anomalies, and tales, of
anomalies. And, this is really
the best, which this writing,
has shown myself, tonight...

But, now, as the Earth's
revolving slowly brings the
golden Sun, into view, I read
back, across these words, and
find, an intactness, and that
my good sense, and reasoning
ability, is fine, and that I
needn't look far, to see how

past times, within antiquity,
have had miracles, epiphanies,
and anomalies, like our present
ones... only, today, we tend to
look for the scientific meaning,
and explanations, behind such
things. So, if you're looking,
for prophets, of doom, as such,
you'll only then have to take
your search unto the
established, antiquated,
spiritual literature, and art
forms... for I don't think that I,
as a modern writer, nor that

any thinking writer, today,
could claim that title, at all...

In fact, I think this modern
time, would wish only to put
distance, between such
anomalies, and ourselves... as
there is not really any
similarity. And an literature,
like the Bible, or of any of the
Earth's main faiths, and the
ways, which such, as classic,
are really unquestionably,
among the most timeless, and
lasting monuments, unto the

powers, of the printed word,
and the main mythic
precedent, of truthfulness,
style, and liberty, here in our
Western lands, today, as in the
East. So, you see, how the
classic album, or literature, is
an precedent setting standard,
within all of the fine, and
popular arts, and how we
today, as writers, or re-tellers,
of ancient truths, are given
respect, and freedom, to really
dream, perhaps, mostly, by the

most established, antiquated,
conventional scriptures, the
beyond has ever shown, unto
this our human civilization. So,
with these thoughts, I send this
posting along your way now. I
hope someone has found
blessing. Have a nice
weekend.

~

When one wishes, to look
within mind, heart, and soul...
for answers, pertaining unto his
or her present outlook, he can

pick up stylus, and note pad,
and just then look within. He
or she should be able to see,
from these first few words, the
present course, to take. I've
noticed, before, how some
times, can make me feel a bit
like an ghost, or figment... as I
sometimes exist more in the
mind, of the reader, or listener,
than within my own self... it
can take effort, at some times,
to really find oneself, and rise
above, amidst the elaborate,

and richly textural landscapes,
within the mind... and writing,
is an excellent way to go about
this. So, keeping, these first
thoughts in mind... and
remembering the definition,
which one knows new writing
can bring unto the self... the
graspability, such lends the
diaphrenous mind... you'll
choose this way, time and
again. As times shift, and
change... the chemicals about
the mind, can be an

disorienting whirlpool, of chaos and distortion, but to place a few words, upon the page, can be effective in aligning, the ideas within yourself, into an more of an cohesive, solvent unity, and you'll glean countless insights, into your own particular past-present-future outlooks, and perspectives. So, the benefits of writing, or journaling, are numerous. There will be times, in your living, when you feel

betrayed, or cheated... knowing
how to be decisive, and
assertive in your living,
through writing... one betters
him or herself, through being
unambiguous, and distinct,
from those about himself, and
in the world. So, do you see,
how the time one spends in
writing... when your good will,
and self-support is intact... is
an part of a conversation,
between yourself, and those
about yourself... between

yourself, and your deity. So,
the need for sobriety, and
conscientiousness, should be
clear. With the struggles, and
conflicts of the day, put aside,
you'll go unto the empty page,
with insight, into the depths, of
the moment, and an accurate
future self-image reflection,
comes along as well. To peer
within, through writing, is to
bring symphony, unto your
mind... inwardly, and
outwardly... and to see surface

boundaries, and consciousness,
or such, fade into an much
more of an non-dualistic,
outlook... and, if this is the
best goal, which might be met,
then writing, or journaling, will
be rewarding. So, and through
the entertaining, of only an
classic style, and allowing, the
universal background, to
express timeless ideals, and
themes, through your writing,
music, and art... becoming an
receptive, articulate sounding-

board, can be equated, unto
only an meaningful portfolio,
for yourself. So, these are just
a few of the ideas, which living
and writing has shown unto
myself, recently. When I
sometimes feel confounded, by
events, and developments, in
the greater cosmos, returning
unto the empty page, with a
ball-point pen, is admission,
and allowance, into inklings of
ones' present 'state of affairs,'
within his or her living... the

hows, and whys of the present
appearancies. This will always
be an partnering, within your
higher mind, and
consciousness... and an
expansion, into and blending
within ones higher powers, and
sensibilities. The time one
takes, to create, is the time
spent with ones highest ideals,
and aspirations... and in
communion, with that which is
below, surface appearancies....
The lands, of the past, or of the

future, as they pertain unto
yourself. So, to take the reins,
in your living, through writing,
usually brings an renewed
sense, of self-authorship, and
sense of belonging, within your
living. As then, you see your
own free-will, and good
choices, as being of
importance, in your living, you
then, find yourself liberated,
from an stagnant, or
complacent mentality, and
completely reassured, in your

personal sense of beingness,
and self-worth. To know of
ones past-present-future self-
image reflection, he or she can
go unto the empty page, with
ball-point pen, and just see,
then, the ways, his thoughts
look, and feel, as they are
being written. Through this
way, one acquaints himself,
unto the present ranges, and
degrees, of and nearnesses and
distances of information, and
begins, to step along, and into

the fullness, of being, and
conscious awareness, of the
time. When once one sees
space-time, as an continuum,
of fabric, unifying all of life and
matter, in one ever-connected,
inter-evolving field... the vast
Now... one then becomes open
unto the astral plane...

travelling, at times, within
such, as upon a footpath... and
experiencing other worlds, and
consciousnesses beyond
oneself. This can then allow

for time-travel... the subtle changing, and altering, of ones relationships unto specific past times, or future ones. So, this is really the writers' path, as he perceives it to be. As sometimes others within ones collective, and culture, may take stances, more or less in favor, of ones' self, you can really, through an genuine mindfulness, win back, the affections, of an antagonist, for as times show for some better,

or worse, an relationship, of
resentment, can be smoothed,
and rekindled, through
homages, pilgrimages, and
devotions, unto that one, and
thereby prevent the increase of
strife, through coming to
peaceful terms, with the other.

So, do you see, then the
balances, we must keep, in our
living? It is thought, by some,
that an imbalance, within the
microbial, or bacterial biome,
within our digestive systems,

can lead directly, unto
imbalance, within the brain,
and nervous system, even to
such problems, as major
depression, or schizophrenia...
an imbalanced body chemistry
can not only lead to ulceration,
or cancer, but can add up unto
personality disorders, and
situational predispositions.

The idea, of pro-biotics,
includes the ideas, that we are,
our souls... our souls, are we
ourselves... in the flesh, we

begin as an tiny embryo, our
light body then gradually
developing our soul
outwardly... and upwardly...
expressing into the material
world, as an fully developed
human being... just as intricate,
and complex, as our reified,
multidimensional
consciousnesses, and dream
life, ever was, in any realm.
So, if you think, your life is
meaningless, or insignificant,
in Gods eyes... then you're

probably mistaken... so if you live in the world, never sell yourself short... always uplift your own self. Sometimes our collective insecurities, do in actuality, reflect real-world addictions, obstacles, and foes, which can and might affect ourselves, in the future. So, keep this in mind- your worries aren't meant to harm yourself, but instead, to speak, somehow unto, and to help insure yourself, in an ever changing

cosmos, where security, will
always be important... maybe
more so, even than
happiness... as in the instance
of our nation... the founding
fathers sure knew the
importance of secure borders,
and so made provision for an
standing army, and militia... for
without defence, a nation is
open to invaders... without the
local and federal law
enforcement, and national
guard, the highways, and

neighborhoods aren't safe,
from anarchy... and, how ever
can you raise an healthy strong
family, with worry of home
invasion, going unattended to?

The most successful , and
happy peoples, are the ones
who are the most secure... the
two traits, are intertwined, and
interwoven. This morning,
before sunrise, it occurred unto
myself, how our worlds, could
be described, as candles
shining forth, in a dark field...

small lights, and not glaring
ones, and flickering at a
distance, in the early morning
breezes. Nourish, your small
flame, into an crackling
campfire, which lasts the whole
day long, providing important
warmth and amenities, unto
those about. A radiant heat
source, for cooking, staying
warm, and drying out wet
shoes... a candle flame... a
fire... is of great practical use.
Seeing, this truth, tonight, is

rewarding. Well, these are just a few of the ideas, which, with patience, can be apprehended, and downlinked, from my higher mind, tonight. I'll send this posting along your way, now. I hope someone has found blessing.

IDEAS ABOUT WATER

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO LOOK WITHIN, his or her unconscious, subconscious, and conscious mind, and imagination, for

insights, into the evolving,
progressing moment, about and
within himself, he goes unto
his notebook, or word
processor, and allows
contemporary thoughts and
ideas, to flow through his
stylus, or fingertips, onto the
page. Allowing, the mind-eye-
hand circuit, of coordination, to
lead the article, where they
will, ones' words flow down the
media... words, lines,
paragraphs... each within the

meaning of the previous, right
down the page. The inter-
reflective language ocean, laps
gently against his or her mind-
brain union, on all sides... the
writers' stylus, or keyboard,
upon the page, allowing the
subtlest voice, to find a way,
onto the canvas... both
luminous hues, and sullen. The
writer, in the course, of
allowing a new written essay,
to take form, onto the page,
catches glimpses, of both easy

paths, and difficult... taking the
smooth, easy ways, and
describing, the most
transcendent time, he or she
gently moves, along the best
paths, like the seafaring
vessel, just along the coast.
Prior to the eighteenth century,
in North America, going any
distance, usually meant
travelling by water... with the
lack of roads, at that time, any
amount of passengers, goods,
equipment, or supplies,

travelled much more efficiently
over water... rivers, streams,
lakes, and seas.... water was
the element, which figured
most prominently, in thoughts
of travel, during this time.

You've just got to understand,
the significance, of water, in
those days. And, in this
present, our star, the Sun, is
providing an warming,
expansive, influence, in this
late March cold snap. I've
been outside quite often, this

day, and have gotten a bit of a
tan, on my face, and hands...

with my part-native
constitution, which tans easily,
and lastingly, I don't worry
much over skin disease.

Anyways, sunlight, air, and
water vapor, make up all of our
weather, here on Earth...

together, they're the drivers, of
our climate. To know, of your
future self-image reflection...
just look upon the story you're
telling, in the present. Earth,

wind, water, and fire, were once thought to be the four substances, comprising the manifest heavens. Today, the periodic table, we know has many elements, which together, and in combination, make up the world we know.

But the four basic constituents... the four elements, are still spoken of, in describing that which our dwellings, shelter us from: Wind, rain, snow, and heat...

these factors, have led us to always insuring, that we have an roof over our heads, and warm clothes, for the winter months. "Maybe, the best, that one can hope for, is simply to allow the natural, organic flowing, onto the page, with his or her stylus." When one looks beneath, the surface layers, of his or her mind, onto the page... he or she will be connecting, and inter joining, cogent language expressions,

into an more or less linear fashion. As your interface, with your workstation, is less or more responsive, and multidimensional, your evolving expression, will come to be upon more than one levels, simultaneously... the horizontal, linear dimension, given substance, and permanance, by the vertical dimension. This, can easily allow for an full-fledged creation, to emerge... and with

the fluency, and agility, of our modern digital tools, software, and devices, it's not hard to see an artistic idea... one with depth, and multidimensionality... from concept, to completion. While we may not always know, of future times... the expressions, and keepsakes, we're able to capture, onto lasting media, do indeed have a permanance... while times always change, and shift, the work we're able to do

today, has qualities of
endurance, and impact... and
fades not, with the passage of
time. This insight, should be
intrinsic, in your values, and
ideals. As the morning sun
rises, on this frosty, late March
morning, I sit quietly working
upon this essay. While we
sometimes dwell, within
landscapes, given of an
malaise, of spiritual
materialism, with its attendant
dross, and physicality, its

shadow projections, and
neurosis... its obsessive-
compulsive habits, and
paranoia... which within the
sometimes changing
contemporary mind, can be the
most discouraging, and
confounding aches, and pains...
this may, or may not be
attributable, unto psychic
prescience... (the fore-sense,
or anticipation, of future
difficulties,) most commonly,
the sorts of aches I've had over

my living, and arts, are usually
resulting, from past strife, and
sometimes half-hearted
choices, in the recent past...
which then are compounded,
and made more worrisome, by
prescience of any future strife,
stressor, or anomaly. So, the
past, and resentment, around
past times, and anomalies... as
well as choices... weaknesses...
and fallibility, are highly
subject to the winds, of any
future change... period. Such

is usually 'not the end of the world,' more like... the stressors of getting old, and becoming 'out-moded'... social blunders, and gaffes, sometimes disturbing myself for days before they actually happen. So, you see? There's usually nothing to worry about... but worry itself! And, worry, for myself, often comes, as my mind starts spitting out a lot of junk data... like an overloaded computer... but this

is most respective, unto times
of natural change... the onset
of winter, or spring, for
example, usually creating this
sort of effect... with their
somewhat greater risks of
weather-related issues. So,
this sort of weather-related
prescience, is magnified, and
amplified, by the presence, of
any sorts of past issues. So,
and it can really be an
important realization, to see,
that 'one is more, than ones'

emotions, and the notions,
which play through the mind...'
"the whole person, is just such
an linear, expressive being,
seen over time." When we
follow our higher ideals, and
keep, an wholesome self-image
concept... we're able to find
solace, within our craft, hobby,
and avocation... onto the page.
So, and then, what we have, in
time, is an valuable, well-
thought through, and cohesive,
portfolio, which can be

representative, directly of real-world security... as, the arts, and media, are in our culture, considered commodities... intellectual properties, which have value, and significance, beyond the value of the material, upon which they are printed. With, the morning sun, beaming down, this morning, it's just about as much good, or more, to be outside, as inside. Sunlight provides vital vitamins, and

always improves ones moods,
over time... and the sorts of
animalia, which approach
about, while outside, are
curious... and full of whimsey,
and humor. So, I enjoy any
time spent outdoors, today.
Anyways, those ideas, about
water, express some of the
human issues, and worries,
which thoughts of 1) the
temperature of... 2) drinkability
of... 3) excesses of... or 4) lack
of, water, bring on. In times of

drought, when precipitation hasn't happened, enough, woodland, and grasses, have been in recent years shown to be highly susceptible to wildfire... life, and property losses can and have been enormous. Also, an contemporary worry... melting arctic ice, for whatever reasons, causes sea levels to rise respectively... and this ocean brine, it has been said, can flood entire aquifers, with

saline, undrinkable water...
creating water shortages,
throughout coastal lands. The
increasingly warmer
temperatures, of our oceans,
lately, have not only caused
small fish, which depend, upon
the cooler temperatures, to
die... coral reefs, have died,
from excess warmth and
acidity, of our oceans... but in
addition, to sea life dying,
warmer surface ocean water
temperatures, creates much

more frequent, and worse storms, coming inland, and losses of life, and property, can and have already happened, from warmer ocean surface temperatures. So, to know of future flowings, and directions... just be rational, in appraising, that which is known. As the American economy, is one of the strongest in the world... second, I think only to China... but the dollar, is weak, in

value... there's greater risk, of
deflation, and economic
depression... I think we're
already in a serious recession...
prices of goods, and services,
are greater, than the value of
our dollar can economically
afford... weather-related stress,
and worries, and thoughts
around natural disasters, and
such worries, as earthquakes,
volcanoes, and solar flares...
such are really much more
intense... so, changing

seasons, of the year, and seismic activity, of any sort, generally produce, a great deal of strife, these days... more, than we should have to face, in our day to day living. So, but on the sunny side... If I feel good, I can do good. Most any sort of creative work, or design is within reach, for many. What may be lacking, for some, however, is gumption, to build, and create... the main criteria, for quality writing, being

willingness, or gumption, to write. As any new writing, is essentially new development, and with thoughts recently surfacing, around topics of ecological sustainability, of our western, industrial worldview... new development, is often, initially frowned upon... in most instances, it never gets off the ground. So, but most people, do want to read, contemporary writers... when an article, of literature, or book

was written, being perhaps of more importance, than who wrote it. So the need, for contemporary writers, will be an part of any human day, and age. And so, for myself, being at times an writer - musician is an very good thing, and an rewarding one. Anyways, all for now. I send this posting along your way, now. Have a pleasant weekend.

NOTES

ON MYTHOS

AS I WISH TO LOOK WITHIN, MY mind, and consciousness, I can go unto the empty notebook page, with my stylus, and just see, then, the ideas which come to light. As we always expand, and fill, the spaces we inhabit, there should be plenty of local intelligence, about yourself... and as to the ideas, and ideals, which are affiliating themselves, with yourself, today. As these peripheral

voices, are channeled, through
your ball-point pen, onto the
blank page, there'll be clear
and unambiguous distinction,
between self, and others...
knowing to make all extraneous
ideas, unto yourself, give
respectful acknowledgement,
unto the center-point, of self,
which authors, any writing...
none other, should have claim
upon your heart. So, and with
this cohesive hierarchy in your
writing, your integrity will

remain intact, throughout the winds, of change. Do you see, how we may not always know, how our deeper selves see and perceive ourselves... without starting a dialogue, self with others, onto the empty page, or canvas. As the self, is a multiplicity, of sorts, there will always be greater concert, which we may, through balance and equanimity, arrive upon. This should be plain, to see. As I listen, to the wild animals,

conversing, in the nature,
about myself, I'm reminded, of
the idyllic lands, found within
classic literature... Middle
Earth, comes to mind, and
especially the Shire. I always
see and think of nature, as
inhabiting, a timeless world...

the habitable, blue-green
marble, known as Earth. There
may not always be good things
to say, within the human
culture... with our tragedies,
and dramas... we're often so

distracted, by news from
distant lands, that we fail to
glimpse, the simpler truths,
found within nature... "As this
good Earth, is habitable, and I
feel fine, today... this day, is
just as wonderful, as any other
day, which ever has been.
Ever. So, I shall not be sad, in
this world, nor toil, and fret,
over shades of gray, nor of
things unseen." There is just
the one habitable planet we
know of... neither antiquity, nor

modernity, having any particular claim, on nature's splendor. So, this is the perspective which I tend to bring unto my writing, these days. Having no need, to speak of suffering, I instead let the mountain valley, in the distance, be my guide, and goal... and thereby make the even furrows. To know, of one's 'future perspective,' you bring your comprehension, of 'the constants,' in living, to

bear upon most any saying, or
telling. This might be, the
knowledge of the expression,
which goes something like, 'If I
feel good, I can do good.'
Knowing this, has been key, to
finding contentment, in my
living. When one wants to 'get
thoughts flowing,' onto the
lasting media, he or she can
allow, a stream of thoughts, to
begin, onto the page. It's in
the direction, and angle, of
ones' very next footsteps, that

the keys to the recent past, will be seen. The subconscious mind knows, by default, just which paths to take... and to speak, somehow, unto all that which has gone before... from the perspective of the vast well, of collective experience... in the Now, we might choose only the safe roads, through quickly sizing up, the present appearances. The forthcoming paths, then are revelatory of our own walking... and can

even form inklings, of things,
which one has no experiential
knowledge of... somehow
reflecting, the broader day, and
time... the 'state of affairs,' in
an larger sense. Through
concerted expressions, of faith,
in the magic, and micro-cosmic
wonders of the spirit, and
soul... ones' perceptual
orientation, or at least an large
portion of its spectrum,
anyway, turns outwardly.. he or
she then grows acquainted,

with the nibbanic, deveachaic
lands, about all life, and
consciousness... the collective
unconscious, or collective soul,
of mankind. "When the search
is over, one quests no more."
Getting an good handle, on this
multi-dimensional
consciousness, was not
something, that occurred, in
only a day... or even in only a
year... poetic wisdom, is an
life-long pursuit, and as there
will always be new puzzles, to

solve, one should never stop
learning, and growing...

becoming, the fullest
expression, the day can show.

When one wants to 'get
thoughts flowing,' onto the
empty page, one brings his or
her mind, to stillness, and
grows neutrally attentive, unto
the subtlest impulse, and
direction, within the mind.

From this still-point, of
consciousness, one is able, to
respond, and react, unto the

wafting breezes, thereby exhibiting, that which one is, and which he or she sees. In trying to decypher, the surface appearancies, which my minds' eye perceives, tonight, I look into this linear flowing, of random thoughts, onto my page. Sometimes, when the interior work-load, has been great, I'll find time, to write. The first ideas, which spring to mind, after times, spent 'under the weather,' so to speak, can

seem full of wonder, and possibility. I might not have, an clear idea, of where the essay is going, but my enthuse, is great... as the work, we're able to do, today, has immediate positive results, in the future. This is the idea, which underlies, all of this writing... with patience, all good things become possible. In writing, we're able to grasp, the variables, currently at play... and in effect, to 'take

the reins,' of our living... and with an more full sense, of self-authorship, then, there's an empowerment, which comes... and thereby, one rises above, the usual sorts of illnesses, and symptoms, which plague the mind... one throws off the inclination, to any blaming pathologies, and positive self-help, is within reach. When one wants to 'get thoughts flowing,' onto the lasting media, he or she places an few

starting, or opening words,
onto the page. Through
beginning this way, you can
overcome, most any sort of
'writers' block,' and with
patience, an new written essay,
comes into view. So, through
'starting small,' and feeble, the
passage of time, allows for
numerous small expressions, to
come to mind... placing each
upon the page... gathering, and
conjoining them, into an linear
flowing... I always enjoy

looking back, on a new written essay. To know, of your future 'self-image reflection,' go unto the empty page, in writing... your pen, or stylus, will be then intrinsically guided by future times, so it should be clear, how you will tend to see, and feel, then. Being always 'on your mark,' means, that you lean always unto inaction, and passivity... this way of 'playing the feminine role,' builds the strongest composition, and,

then, rather than making any
missteps, your writing will
express only surety, and be
purpose filled... and this will be
important, in not being
outmoded, or made to appear
meaningless, or useless, by the
passage of time. So, the small,
gradual work, we're able to do,
for ourselves, today... has
lasting, positive results. And,
just how would you ever be
able to look back, and
remember, without setting

forth some hand-holds, and
footsteps, onto the page... as
these reference points, are
used by the memory, to help
you to annotate, the passage,
of weeks and months into
years, and decades. While
sometimes, our view narrows
down, into an constricted
point, of consciousness...

Always keep, and have faith,
that time will open out, again,
and the expansive, spacious
breezes, begin anew. 'Making

oneself content,' in living,
usually involves some passage
of time... as the youth, is
indecisive, moody, and
tempestuous... given, at times,
to fits of hopelessness, and
despair... the mature adult, will
remain still, calm and
unimpressed, and with an
measured surety, will know just
what are his abilities... and
limitations, and boundaries...
and so won't find himself 'in
too deep.' So, see the

progression? Times of difficulty, or strife... for a younger person, can in some ways, prove so disruptive, or upsetting... while the older soul, has simply much more life experience, and so therefore keeps his balance, better, and doesn't slip into panic, or despair. But it's the knowledge, of ranges... of the ways that 'things commonly will always go,' and of what ideas, and emotions, a person

can generally expect, to be seen, in most circumstances... you're not the only one, whom has ever slipped, or stumbled, and encountered strife... in fact, if you're reading this, you're experiences, are probably very common, amongst those, about yourself, and in your culture. So, age, and maturity, equals knowledge, and wisdom... this will almost always be true. The more times, you experience a

thing, the more familiar, and
part of yourself, such a thing
will become. To the
'transpersonal voyager,' just
beginning the 'journey of
maturity,' at age 19, or 20...
with twenty years of
experience, in navigating the
'waters of your mind,' and
heart, you'll see, how your self-
confidence, will grow, over the
years... until the 'raft of
failures, and self-doubts,'
you're finding doesn't

consume, so much of your free
time, and you haven't any
need, for alcohol, nor
narcotics... you will have found,
yourself... your time, is secure.
So, seeing these things, today,
is rewarding. So, if you ever
wonder, as to just how you'll
manage to keep and maintain,
the readers interest and
attention, across years of your
writing and journaling... you'll
find the interior topography,
occurring within your mind, and

expressing in your writing...
when feelings are good, will
usually be in time, and in
tempo, with where 'things are
at,' in your land... and in
publishing, your writings, will
nestle into the spiritual, and
intellectual landscapes, like an
hand into an glove... this is in
the nature, of esoteric writings.

So, if you ponder, over how
your key, will fit the lock, and
of just how your new writing
will be received, by the

reader... you're probably, in writing, always speaking back, through time, unto the present... from an future locale, in time. So, the reader shouldn't have any trouble, in grasping, what is shown... nor will he or she quibble over it... its worth or value. So, and this is like unto the euphemism which states, "Good speaking, leaves nothing to be picked at." So, and consider just how much more this should be true,

in writing... as an essay, is an
lasting comment... and as
times always are shifting, and
changing... far better, to play
the feminine role, in writing...
minimalism being the fullest
expression of this, in music,
and design. So, if you wonder,
as to that which is beneath the
surfaces, in your mind, and
consciousness, this content can
be nudged, into expressing,
onto lasting media, by 'getting
your pen moving, down the

page...' you'll see your
contemporary subconscious
mind, and unconscious mind, at
last having a say, in your
conscious styling arena. And
you'll thereby grow more in
step, and in tempo, with just
who and what, you're thought,
by culture, to be... if this is
enough, for yourself, you'll live
with greater insight and self-
knowledge... but, if you find
incongruency, with such ideas,
you'll then be able, to speak

more directly unto such ideas,
upon the 'level playing field' of
writing... onto the page, and in
time, bring about greater
unanimity, and concert, within
yourself. So, and these are a
discourse between yourself,
and your own higher mind...
without symphony found, and
nurtured, between these levels,
of consciousness, one meets
failure upon failure. Bringing,
yourself out from the darkness,
of the subterranean tunnel, out

thru the narrow opening, and
back out into the fertile, lush
greenery, beyond... requires
faith, patience... and with
practice, will become more of
an part, of how you go about
things, in general, in your
living. So, with these things,
internalised, and incorporated
into your way of thinking...
you'll be so much better
equipped, for handling
changes, in this twenty-first
century digital landscape. So,

to the reader... do you know who you are, where you have come from, and where we one day will go? This to myself, is the knowledge, spoken of by the mystic seer, as being of the 'origins,' of living, and of the rites, into such knowledge. So see? Crucial unto the playwright, or dramatist... this understanding, of the Earthly plane, and the heavenly plane... and also of the underworld... as in of how the

star, or planet is seen at times,
to descend, out of sight, below
the horizon line, into the
underworld... and with passage
of seasons, emerge again, into
the visible firmament... such is
symbol, and metaphor, also,
unto the 'rebirth,' into life
anew, made pure, and
sanctified, into life Eternal... as
also, of the human journey,
which everyone begins life by...
from conception, and
embryonic development,

through the narrow birth canal,
out into the world, as infant.

And these simple ideas, will
always have deep significance,
in the collective psyche of all
of mankind... and all of Nature.

The day is Wednesday. The
weather, here is sunny, and
mild, with chances for rain
developing, for the coming
weekend. This rain, would
benefit the farmer, or grower,
as spring crops, are beginning
to sprout up. Sometimes,

there's just not a lot of good things to say, about the recent past... as at times, there's just such a sense of inadequacy, and powerlessness, in thinking of how to help everyones' mood be better, and not so bitterly cynical; our minds' try to make sense, of the day, and time, and this is just not always possible... as negative events, have occurred. But time can heal, and does heal. And, as this writer finds time

spent as an sailing vessel, from
time to time... upon the waters,
of the mind... the harbor, is an
welcome sight... the lighthouse,
shining its constant beacon,
and illumining, the presence of
the rocky inlet... it will be good,
to be on solid ground, again.

Well, having seen these things,
today, has been rewarding, and
although the world picture, is
sometimes fractured, and split
by difficulty, our land, here is
fine, as the graces we know,

are generally good. So,
counting my blessings, in
general, is usually not so hard.
And so, with these ideas, I send
this posting along your way,
now. Have a good weekend.

PATHS

UNTO

PERCEPTION

WHEN ONE SETS ABOUT, TO
LOOK within, the surface
layers, of his or her mind, and
consciousness, there may not
be any topic in particular,

which he or she wishes to write
around. Instead, the writer,
sits afore the empty media,
and begins scanning, and
weighing the ranges, of
impressions, which come forth,
in hopes of finding the right
ideas, and writing upon them.
Then, thru really looking, at
ones' own feelings, and
allowing only those ideas, upon
the page, which most closely
represent the writers views...
the beginnings of an essay

start gathering, upon the page.

When, your self-regulating filter is good enough, to always keep your written words, non refferential, and close unto your heart... speaking only from ones' own best views, of him or herself... this usually makes for the best essay... one which is entirely self-similar, and which makes sense, in light of the person you know yourself, to be. Many times, I have gone unto the empty

page... and have found, ideas surfacing, which say that which

I would say, of an time... important writings, have come forth, which define, myself, in the best ways, I could ever have chosen, in the present.

So, through brainstorming, upon the empty page, or canvas... thusly I find myself more complete and more self-actualised, and I think, one of the best things about writing, is in how you can readily make

subtle alterations, within your
self concepts, and in
partnership, with your higher
mind... improving your
personal identity, in only ways
you would choose. So, any
opportunity for writing, or
journaling, I will not pass up.

Knowing to be patient, in
allowing only the best essay, to
come forth, is an matter, of
trusting, the process... letting
the gradual passage of
moments, build the

composition... letting it 'write itself.' Since it's in the nature of time, to gradually unfold...

Nature does the work, for yourself... reflecting only that which one is, at best. Do you see, how that which one feels, then will be drawn through the lens of your personality, as the flow of moments passes up, thru, and beyond yourself... like an sail, billowing as the wind blows across, thusly shaping up the most fully

representative views, of
yourself. This, then will be
your future outlook, and the
inklings, of future self-image
reflection, which describe, your
future self, and sense of self.
With the midday sun, shining
brilliantly, this good day, I
ponder, over direction, and
flowing for these writings.

"Maybe, the best that one can
hope for, is simply to allow, the
natural, organic flowing, of
language symbols, onto your

page." Before I think, I know
this, or any day, I will look
within, my stream of
consciousness, onto my page.

In seeing, the general
goodness, of an time, there'll
be much less doubt, nor
anxiety, around your own good
work, and the emcompassing
spirits. As we all dwell, within
landscapes, given of our own
immaculate pallate of
visualization... you should see,
how you want to keep around

yourself, only the best ideas,
and ideals, and associative
tapestry. While, I may not, can
change time... I can indeed
make room for a friend... and
as two, or three are together,
as friends, then there's an
higher, awakened presence...
and that makes the soul sing,
and resonate, in unison. To
know of my future self-image
reflection, I can go unto the
empty page, in writing. That
which comes forth, will be

representative, of my own
choices, and good will, and
bathed, in the light of the
gladness, of pure striving, of
pure intent. When, we 'follow
our bliss,' we're able to step,
within, from a place, of
coarseness, unto an place of
softness... then one will have
come from a place of limited
choices, unto an place of much
more infinite possibility.

Seeing, these things, today is
rewarding. As I always seek, to

emulate, my own highest
ideals.. hopefully making new,
the worlds of language, sound,
and time, within my life...

there's just no way, I would
miss out on an opportunity, for
writing, and thus improving
myself, along only ways I would
choose. "The artists' mind has
to breathe, or else he or she
will wither." Knowing to
breathe, new vitality, into your
work, through the developing
of new literature... this keeps

the process happening... and
the cogs turning. To allow only
the best ideas, for the day, and
time, thru your pen, ... you
should pay attention, unto only
the gentlest contemporary
ideas... none other, should
have voice, within your own
mind, and heart. In the same
ways, as how you would allow
into your house, only the
friend, to yourself... you should
guard, and keep your heart, in
the same ways. And, since

your mind, keeps itself fixed,
upon any new writing, or
music... you shouldn't be
contrary, in writing, or
generate strife, or division.

Because, you would only later
ask yourself, "How could I have
written that?" When the world
has worn me thin, I return,
unto my notebook, or canvas,
with brushes, and paints... and
take shelter, within the
bountious plenty, of my own
soul. We here are given so

many good mornings and evenings... we should multiply our resources, and fortune, by seeing unto the 'journey of art,' and thus entering, into the fullness, of spirit, and the best relationships, that the contemporary path can bring. Only then, will you experience the present, within its fullest, most authentic power. As people, our consciousness floats, upon the surface of the collective unconscious, like an

frog, upon a lilly pad, at the
surface of a pond. The waters,
of the collective psyche, of
mankind, are tranquil, and
placid... when there's minimal
splashing, and ongoing, upon
the surface. As fish, frogs,
insects, birds, and other
animals carry on in living...
moving and jumping around,
upon the surface....

innumerable ripples, and waves
criss-cross the surface,
creating motion... bobbing and

rolling, for the frog upon the lillypad. This is an metaphor, for the sorts of prescience, of the passages, and ways, of others, in the culture... their comings, and goings... their progressions and arrivals... all make ripples, and turbulence.

So the common feeling, of pressure, upon and about the senses, of the face, and head, is proof, of the lives, and living activity, of others, and shows how we all share, the waters of

the same pond, as our home...
and as there's ultimately only
so much consciousness, to go
around... economy is
important. Seeing this, then,
one should feel less insularity,
and loneliness... as others like
yourself, are just across the
way. I struggled, for years,
with despair, at my headaches,
and hardships... I would have
done better, to rest within
knowledge, of how maybe I'm
'just a little bit, like everyone

else,' and many people live,
and deal with anxieties,
tension headaches, and psychic
prescience. Maybe, my mind,
can allow, itself, to rest, in
good company, with others
about myself... and not feel
such separateness, and
difference, as times shift, and
change. My best hopes, for the
day, and time, will be given,
and allowed, as I am able to
see, and feel concert and
symphony, self with others.

Seeing this should be of some value, and worth, to yourself.

It's after dark, now, and outside, the perfectly full moon, is illuminating, the surrounding landscapes, in an almost sentient glowing, seen thru my window pane... the presences of gentle spiritual beings, about, bring echoes, and remembrance, of forgotten times, unto myself... the indellible limbic memories, which have such power to

captivate, my mind. As we all
experience hardship, and
strife, from time to time...

don't neglect to find, the best
meanings, each time you fall,
through self-analysis, and
stream of consciousness
journaling. The days and
nights, have many, many
messages, and reflections...

knowing, to tune in, with paper
and pen, is the best way, I
know, to really experience, the
passage of an evening, or an

day, and there's no one on Earth who will think very much over good ways to see, things in your life, if you don't care enough to at least do this for yourself. So, see? Little things, can mean a lot... and it's just through 'every little thing,' that we improve our living, over time... rising forward, and not slipping back. Anyways, all for now. Have a pleasant weekend.

NOTES

ON NATURE

AS I SIT DOWN TO WRITE, THIS

beautiful sunshiny morning,
there's an gladness within my
soul... the nice cup of morning
tea, I enjoyed, has satisfied,
my sweet tooth, and I'm quite
ready, to begin writing, anew.

With old man winter suredly
behind us, by now, there's an
precociousness, in the air... I
myself, have grown close, in
heart and spirit, to the natural
world, about our house, and

the others surely see, my complexion growing better, and the willing smile I carry, seems to stand, for the nearby rabbit dens, and bird nests, wherein new life, is eating, sleeping, growing, and learning about the world. A brief walk, along the weed line, reveals far more life, and ongoing, than can be seen, from the porch... an thriving, bustling avian community, is just the beginning, of the story. I think,

that within the natural world,
animals tend to settle and live,
mainly where there's a niche,
and a place for them. As their
mores, and societal norms,
include defending their turf,
from outsiders... when the
resources support only so many
examples of species per acre,
they can't much make a home,
where they're not welcome.

But when there's a good
harmony, within the
community, everyone stays

happy, and respects and keeps the conventional boundaries, of the people... the hedgerow, separates yards, and animal families, live in this yard, or that one. So, but most animals, are quite sociable, and so go frequently from one yard to the next if the food is better, next door... only in the evenings, always returning to their own den, or nest. Most animals aren't much like gypsies... they call one place

home, and lines continue, from year to year, over time. Small ant hills dot the entire backyard, here. The queen ant is at the nucleus, of an ant bed. Worker ants, attend unto and feed her, from the small beginnings, of the nest. As the colony grows, the workers, who, at the beginning, had a privileged role, feeding and keeping the queen, gradually get pushed out, into menial, peripheral roles. (Like in the

corporate world, where
younger, smarter workers tend
to push the older, into
retirement.) Dandylions rise
three inches above the grass-
tops... like milky, translucent
orbs, hovering just over the
yard. I saw my first honeybee
today... they're eluding me...
trying to stay out of sight... but
bumblebees, come closer, and
are quite abundant. Wasps,
and hornets are found around
the house, and I've seen

fireflies, and some winged beetles, also. Our rabbit population, have been showing themselves, hopping around, in the yard, and eating the tender greens. They like being around people, and bathed in the light of the peoples' consciousness.

They are playful, and play games, in pairs, startling one another, by jumping straight up in the air, so both get an adrenaline rush, by seeing if one can surprise the other...

they get all worked up, this way, chasing one another, and leaping about. The small oak trees, here, now are verdant, and bright green. Their leaves grow darker green, the longer they're on the tree. These are pin oaks, and the acorns they produce, are about as big as English peas. Blue jays and squirrels, eat these, but our yard doesn't have squirrels. I've seen them come from the neighbors yard, though, to eat

our acorns. So, these are a few
of my recent observations, on
the nature, here. We're all
fortunate, to have gotten
through April, without a bad
storm, (knock on wood!)
although the regions had some
good rain, recently. Writing, or
journaling, can be a lot like
walking, or hiking an rugged
trail, in the rainy wintertime...
one goes so far, along an
featureless plain, with cold
droplets of water, running

down his or her face, and
dripping off of the tip of his
nose, and into his shirt collar,
and down his back... when one
finally gets to sit down, and
write, or really discern... this is
when the way starts getting
interesting. Finally getting to
work... one comes into his or
her element, and puts forth,
the insights, and clarity of the
preceeding few weeks. So the
writing, one is able to do,
today, reveals the inner vistas,

and panoramas, of recent past,
present, and future... and so
then, one comes around, in a
motion, unto 'all that is... was,
or will be,' as it pertains unto
him or herself, in the present.
This is, the path, through which
the world of technology, and
innovation, finds itself a bit
ahead of its time... and finds
real application, in the modern
world... stepping out of the
husk, of last years'
realizations, and into

tomorrows advances. As the rising tide, of saltwater, sends me to the higher ground, of an new essay... or of any lasting expression... the fresh, breathable air around my face, and ears, seems to rush back, down and away from myself... leaving me gasping for air, and struggling to survive. So, but putting one foot, in front of the other, I return unto my empty media, and place an few ideas, upon its surface. Any cohesive

imagery, at the beginning of writing... I've found, is real definition, which placates the changing mind... setting themes... direction, and flow, and solving the puzzles of quietening, my doubts, fears, and insecurities, and setting forth strong, positive trailhead, taking me unto the rest of the writing. So, these 'opening thoughts,' set the mood, and tempo, for the rest of the article... and shows the reader,

or listener, and definite,
graspable scheme. The rest of
the writing, then, flows, and
unfolds more suredly, and
takes its place, with your other
words. Understanding, how life
is only what you make it... in
the present... you'll be less of
an phantom, or figment,
proportional unto your own
good effort, on your own
behalf... one commonly feels so
formless, so invisible... writing
is the bridge, or channel,

through which one comes into
being... leaving, incrementally,
the lands, of non-existent
figments, and manifesting,
upon the written page. So,
see, then the value, of self-
expression? Allowing, ones
mirror, to be reflective, only of
'that which is really there,' and
not distorted, nor blurry... is
the gentle work, of self-
nurturance... for, seeing the
best in ones' own self, one
sees much farther, and sees,

the best, in others. With
balanced partnerships... in
your living, you'll find so much
better future... the story you
relate, will reflect only the
best, and the collective, moves
forward, as one. When I wish,
to know more, of interior
wellness, as it can be found, in
the present... I can go unto my
empty page, with my stylus...
positive thinking, leading the
way, unto wholeness. To know
of my future self-image

reflection, I can go unto the
empty page, with my stylus,
and give it my best effort.
Time... and my recent pages,
are an constant presence,
within my mind... and new
work, can be accomplished, by
tapping into, this presence, and
letting it be my 'guiding light.'
So see, then this sort of free-
energy harnessing? By placing
an few language symbols, onto
the page... the steady, turning,
flowing of moments uses these

'roots,' to anchor new ideas from, and the spinning, orbiting, cyclic natures of our material cosmos, 'turns out,' new material.... but first, the artist wants to get on top of the processes by which different media, are worked in.

(My college art professor, showed me that the process, of art, includes, closing the gaps, in your belief system... in your own ability to produce, within time, and over time, good solid

work. Cleaning your workstation, and the tools used... knowing the nature of each and every step, in the making of the art... this is your process. Your process can include, for the artist, keeping good records, so that any work you've done in recent years...

is labeled, and dated, and copies are filed in a safe place.

This way, lets you relinquish the sort of faltering frustrated rhythms of the teen-ager, and

replace, these with smooth follow-thru, and faith in your ability... and understanding, also, of your limitations, and boundaries, and not doubting yourself.) Self-blaming, you'll find, is not an effective coping strategy... unless such admission comes replete, with good ideas, and better strategies, which don't deface the person making them. We all grow old, and decay... but we'll never really be any older,

than the hills. Seeing this little truism, today, has been of comfort, and of cheer. As an relationship with nature, is cultivated, keeping an garden, or an animal, like a canine, can be an good entrance way, into love for the wilderness lands, our country has protected, for the purpose... but you can find plenty of nature, right in your own back yard. "Freedom of self-expression, can be equated, unto a heart-felt

compliment." "Knowing the ins and outs of staying aware, of 'where the nature is,' today or this week... can be likened unto an conversation, with a friend, in the cool outdoor breezes." See? As an aspiring writer, learns the ways of minimalism... when he unlearns, the animal natures, within his mind... and learns instead, to write, from only an considerate human voice... 'economy of expression,' being

another name for this... an
sparseness, and respect for the
reader, and the medium... and
seeing both the positive, and
the negative spatial elements,
within the composition... then
he or she will have tamed the
mind, and learned the ways of
good writing. Without good
balance, here, the effect can
be like unto an mindless, and
dense, filling of the song, with
unnecessary notes. As I've
recently published an new

nature photography video, with original music... I feel, I'm happy with the quality of this work, and can rest, in it. But, the first week, or two after completing it... I thought it was a total failure. Shows what a little time, can do. 'If you want to know what children think about, just look in, on the natural world.' This is the best way, I know of, both to return unto 'dreamtime,' and also, to keep your feet on the ground,

from year unto year. For, in
changing times, endless worry,
over human dramas, just
doesn't reflect, the nature, of
the good people in small towns,
and in the country... nor does it
suffice, to speak unto the
beautiful, cosmopolitan
outlook, found today in the
cities. Maybe, there's nothing
better, that I can do for this or
any writing, than reading, and
re-reading its pages... until I've
remedied, its textual

weaknesses. Going behind myself, before publishing, with re-reads, is an great way to pass the time... And, so I've managed, through this way, to save this essay, from the defeats, and traps, of imperfection. "Perfection is easy.... imperfection, is really what's difficult." Anyways, all for now. I hope someone has found blessing.

NOTES ON 'THE NOIR ARENA:'

Telepathy, o.b.e's... astral

travel... these are generally not
real. The mind of the one
cannot look over, across
distance, into the mind of
another. Meanings may be
opposite... dissimilar,
disparate, distant... never that
which is thought of. Astral
projection, and telepathy, in
some states of mind.... can
seem so real... so irrefutable.
But this is folly. Ghosts, have
not been shown to be real...
Some say, that the surfaces of

walls, objects, and framed portraits, are portals, into non-dimensional omniscience, but I don't see how this could be.

Energy... motion, in space time... requires motion, or energy to happen. Physics shows, how $e=mc^2$ is the prevailing theory... in energy and mass conversions... the ratio stays fixed... multiplied by the speed of light, squared. You can't really create mass, energy, or motion, without

starting with mass, and visa
vis. This is why the mind of
the one cannot peer across
time and distance, into the
mind of the other. See?

Exchanges, usually aren't in
real-time, but different times.
Everything has a shadow... and
a time, of its own. Seeing this,
is important. All for now.

EARTH ENERGY

WORDS

WHEN, I GO UNTO THE EMPTY
PAGE, in writing, I am

discerning, in selecting my opening thoughts. "This is an quality, idea, or not... or more or less so....," and in allowing the best essay to come forth. This discernment, can also be analytical... in looking at specifically how the past, present, and future picture, however it appears, ultimately, is complemented, by the unfolding writing... The time, being in an sort of partnering relationship, with the new

written words... they will
always, be interwoven, to an
extent... an literature, with its
respective contemporary time.

Do you see, how the past,
present, and future, are an
more or less smoothly
connected continuum, one with
the other? Can my future self-
image reflection, be inferred,
from the present times' new
writing? This is what's most
interesting, to myself... as our
minds, are organic, living

computers, of sorts, do you
see, how your future footsteps,
being placed, onto your page,
in the present, are inclusive, of
both past, and present... and I
find, in writing and discerning,
I glean countless insights, as to
future qualities, this way. Our
human souls, within the
collective mind, or soul, or
Great Spirit, inherently include,
and act from the subconscious
apprehension, and perspective,
of all ascertainable

information, from distant, and
more recent past... and
present... in complementing,
the future, with an new essay.

And to myself, this is just so
fascinating to look at, and see.
So, right away, you should see,
how this writing, is built upon
the previous times' answers...

upon the previous building
blocks... those of earlier today,
or yesterday, or yesteryear.

See? This is an innate latency,
or characteristic of human

consciousness.... Our souls can
be holistic, in micro-cosmic
representation, of the
pertainant all.... Just as such
can be followed, or allowed,
within our views, and outlooks,
of things. So, seeing, the
beauty, and meaning, within
the commonplace, is
allowance, and entrance, into
the 'collective dreamsphere,'
as it can be found. It can help,
to just see how, the well of
past human history, just about

has no beginning.... habitable
Earth, is very nearly eternal...
So, this allows you to see, how
'There's nothing new under the
sun,' is no trite expression...
how the ocean seabed, the
world over, is set off by
countless mounds, and
earthworks... pyramids...
checkerboard patterns... and
perfectly straight elevated
mounds which run in a
direction, for many stretches of
miles... often intersecting,

other earthworks, and
mounded lines, at right
angles... you get the sense, of
how our mortal time, here on
Earth, today, is but an tiny
span, in an vast continuum, of
time... and how it very well,
may be that the best is unseen,
or yet to come. For, I have
learned, how this present
epoch, virtually began, with
written human records, stone
carving, and cave paintings,
somewhere around 14

thousand years ago, with the melting, of the last ice age. (Earlier, ice and snow, I have seen, was layered upon the continental shelves, the world over.... All this land-locked precipitation, left the present day sea bed, dry and habitable... I think, the eventual flooding, of the seabed, within an warmer global climate, wiped out what was perhaps, a grander epoch, and created an vast die back...

and left, then the continents,
dry, and habitable) So, and I
think, things are cyclic, and
flip-flop, like this... only the
extinction event, set us back,
in numbers, and left us
somewhat amnesiac... as to the
previous 100,000 years' time.
Anyways, it isn't really hard, to
share these understandings, for
myself, personally... such only
wants, to be seen, in the right
way... and, as there may yet be
five or ten thousand years,

ahead, to go, before the next ice age, this reading should show one that there shouldn't really be any rush, to prepare for, nor worry about, these things recurring. So see? Having an more well-rounded view, of the vast depth, of antiquity... I think, is an healthy way to be, and, can free consciousness, in a way, from the trammels, of the ordinary. Anyways, there are so many ways, to see things,

today. Another idea, which has recently occurred, to myself, is of how, science tends to see, that which it wants to see. To get good readings, you have to have non-biased researchers... and in 'forbidden archaeology,' as I have spoken of, there most likely, isn't enough evidence, of the right kind, to really see, submerged monuments, in the right light... but such, I think does form definite Earth-energy nodes, and loci, which are

useful, in accessing ancient mythos, and in studying such antiquity... but, might it just really be our own selves, we're getting to know, more than some fantastical historical panopoly, or narrative... our imaginations, of the past, being just as important, as the facts, concerning the past history, of humankind... because the spans of time, are just so vast... and the records, so out of reach. So, and seeing this

way, leads one to perceive,
how there may be a great deal
of truth, in science fiction, and
fantasy genres... but it can be
found mostly, in the human
characters, and dramas
developed, within the
literature, and in the portrayed
interactions, amongst the
characters, and within their
portrayed thoughts,
imaginations, and dreams,
human being, of greater
importance, than human doing.

So, it's not hard to see, how
drama, and theatre, can
become such a passion, for
some. When, 'beyond
knowledge,' wasn't so long
ago, geologically speaking...
it's just nice, to have modern
satellite observations, at our
fingertips... as this seems to
slow down, or parce down, or
square away, some of the rush,
and imminence, of history. And
I appreciate, the human
mirroring, which we see, at the

juncture, of the known, and the unknowable, and in the surrealist conversations, self with its own imagination. To know, of ones' 'future self-image reflection,' it can help, to really look at the feel, of the words, being written, in the present. When, there's a sense, of grandeur, or majesty, in the ideas, being used, you see how, your writing begins to be evocative of, and look beneath the surface, of an

planetary consciousness...
which then, can be accessed,
through these ideas, and felt,
and appreciated, within the
solar plexus. Turning the
pages, of this level of
awareness, brings an bounty,
of earthly bliss, and inner
connectedness, self, with the
encompassing Soul, and the
local Galaxy environment. This
effect, is like an lowering, of
ones' latitude, from out of your
head, and into an more of an

heart-centered consciousness.

Seeing, the accessibility, of this sense, you'll return, time and again... to feel the same oneness, and union, with the

All. Talk of the depth of antiquity, here upon Earth, is an good example, of how this can be accessed... and through

this understanding, there should be an improvement, in ones' moods, in general, and

an release, from the usual aches and pains, found in 21st

century human society. Then,
'lower mind,' will appear less
bothersome, and more of an
native, unitative
consciousness, self with
nature, enters your life... and
with it, an creative energy, and
freedom of expression, brings
an more full sense of
contentment, and joy, into your
experience of the ordinary.
Thoughts, of the natural world,
and the web of life about our
living, have been such of an

reprieve, from the 'status quo,'
and through the cultivating,
and nurturing, of an
relationship, self, with nature...
the days and nights of writing
have much brighter colors, and
nature seems to rejoice with
myself, in the liveliness, of my
'artists path,' and my ongoing,
is greeted each morning, by
the spritely emmisaries, of the
natural, wild Earth. To see,
what is beneath, the surface
layers, of your mind... to look

into your linear flowing, of
moments, onto the written
page, this allows, for one to get
an handle, upon whom he or
she is, in the present now.
While, there may sometimes
appear, to be an distance,
between yourself, and your
own intuitive flows, you should
see, how through putting effort
forth, an more cohesive
direction, can begin surfacing...
put forth, through the lens, of
ones' own expository styles...

additional ideas, coming along,
as well... and becoming
possible to be written. Once
you're familiar, with an definite
modality, of relating unto the
mind of the reader... not
pushing, nor preaching, but
enfolding, in the gentle flows,
of rhyming truths, and
sequential observations... that
which can be found, in the
present now moment... you'll
have found an template, within
which to explore, and stretch

out, and grow. Many times, I
have found conversations
emerging, from within my
writers' mind... voices, and
visions, rising and falling back,
into the encompassing ethers...
like an circle, of sages, passing
an conversation, around an
table... one truism, leading
logically, unto the next, right
down the page. As your
'expository style,' can be seen,
as an 'creative impetus,' gently
stimulating, and encouraging,

the younger writer, towards self-expression... you'll find semblances of yourself, frequently appearing through the voices, and expressions of others... your own views, and perspectives, speaking back, unto yourself, like an reflective mirror, as to the ways, you feel about yourself... whether positive, or negative, these views, you'll find, will be important, in your mind. I think, it's in how we're able to

keep, and maintain, positive views, of ourselves, that we're able to appreciate, the world about ourselves, as being, an good place, to live. See? So, these are just a few of my ideas, as to man, and how, he or she finds the world about himself, or herself. While these things, make up an part, of how we think, and perceive, today, the real aspects of self-responsibility, are in how we can partner, with our own

higher mind, and power, and
through this way, avoid
becoming prisoners, to our own
fears, and self-doubting. So,
but an big part of 'being free,'
rests within our relationships,
self with others... and in
keeping positive views, of
ourselves, which are commonly
found throughout, our co-
relative spirit, in the world, and
of how these lights are
themselves, wholesome, and
well kept... and well

intentioned. So, there are many, many journeys of life, which can take one upward, into exaltation, and joy... knowing to journey only along these ways, you'll find companionship, togetherness, and harmony, all about yourself. So, ones' intentions, are of great importance, in 'dreaming our dream onward...;' You'll find this to be true. With our backs, to the cold, and damp... we get along,

into the coming summer.

Maybe what the sage said was

true... how by placating, and
ministering unto the spirits of

nature, those in lower
stations... we'll be able to find

an quality of inner peace, and

contentment, that isn't so
antiquated, nor old fashioned...

but instead will accompany
ourselves... today, and for all

our tomorrows. On the drive

back from my parents place,

recently, I spotted an entire

field... 40 acres, at least...

which was evenly, and completely, and densely filled, with golden wildflowers. The farmer, had sown the entire unused field, with these tiny blossoms... I'll bet the flying insects... honeybees, bumblebees, and butterflies, and others, came from miles around, for this nectar... was this farmer, an honey grower... or was he just giving generous alms, unto these vital, intrinsic

pollinating insects... only through which, our corn and soybean, and other crops, are allowed to produce, and bear fruit? Whichever answer, is right, I can easily see, the value, of this kind of collective bargaining, with Mother Nature, for the best all-around benefit. Not allowing self-doubt, to take the place, of common sense, I pass along this little country story, in hopes of how you'll see this 'commonplace,'

principle, and emulate it in
your own living. You'll be
thankful, unto the farmers and
growers, for the values, and
holistic wisdoms, they
represent, and for keeping
these holistic values, intact,
throughout these changing
contemporary times. While,
sometimes, doubt surfaces, to
challenge, our ways of
thinking... and to create the
most representative images...
one should take comfort, in

how... as real, as 'imaginal sub-
creation,' can sometimes
appear, to our sense
perceptions... this method, is
an technique for writing.... It's
not meant to hold you back, or
confound yourself, or show
cruelty, unto yourself. Our
views of friends and
companions, are usually
steeped, in such great sooth,
and providence, that such may
occupy a place within
ourselves, which our real-world

relationships, have a hard time coming up unto, or matching.

You should see how the imaginal world, while not necessarily being real, in any sense, does in actuality represent real-world energy ranges... which might and can, have bearing upon the real world... as in, of how, the dynamics, of space, within thought of one or another associate, tend to, emulate such behavior and attributes,

as which are seen, sometimes,
within the mind. Group
dynamics, sometimes follow, or
parallel, or pay homage, unto
the spatial dynamics, of an
scene... each giving rise, unto,
and allowing the other. To find
an compositional flair, within
your views, on living... this
shows, an mastery, and
command, over the written
media. To know, the ways of
grace, and gracefulness, is to
have the power of self-

creation... and the ability to
create, and recreate ourselves,
in the eleysial planes, of living,
freely dancing, within the
intellect... the collective mind,
of mankind... this is cachet,
and keys unto the imagination.

Hopefully, these written
imaginings, won't be seen as
unwelcome, or untoward, but
will instead be seen as the best
musings, of my sometimes-
sullen mind and consciousness.

Can you see how positive

thinking, has been my main
criteria, for all these writings,
and how, while I might not can
change time, nor see the
future, I can let be, the chaos
inherent, at times, within
nature, while never really
conceding unto such chaos?
Just some thoughts. Have a
nice week.

~

To really just see, what is on
my mind, tonight, I go unto my
notebook page, with an ball-

point pen, and step within, the
surface layers... like unto
putting a boat, into a stream.

As the progressing flow, of
moments, is sometimes
annotated, by an interior
thought conversation, this kind
of simulcron, of language
factids, likes nothing better,
than to have the task of
writing, put afore it... many
times, my writing, has
functioned, as an kind of
unifying exercise, like an track

meet, or an football match-up... around which, my consciousness gathers, and pulls together. And as the regions' weather, on the previous night, showed a deadly tornado storm, three states to the west, from here, I know that many people are working, on clean-up and rescue operations, there. I wish that I could do something, to help. So, rather than sit on my hands, I'll stay my mind, in

writing. As the sadness, of an
major disaster, like tornados
sometimes are... so tragic, and
terrible... so much death,
trauma, and devastation...
such an event reaches into the
depths, of our consciousness...
we had a similar disaster, that
completely obliterated a big
part of our own town, just over
two years ago. These things
are horrible, and I have no
idea, why our North America,
should ever have to see them...

other than that the frigid North Pacific jet stream, which snakes from north-west, to south-east, across our land, just doesn't get along well, with the much warmer, moist Gulf winds, often starting to the southwest, and these two guys, are always trying to tangle, usually in the midwestern states, and as far south, and east as where we are, and farther. Just not very nice, to think about, for myself.

Also, as mortals, we don't really have much conclusive information about the afterlife.

Those whom have ever experienced an profound perceptual hallucination, or an time-slip, will tend to develop more exotic ideas, on the matter. I myself, think only, that heaven is an higher land, or an subtler plane, of consciousness. I think, the plan of life, is a long duration thing, in general. If you don't

live today, you'll live
tomorrow... the living years,
being the main attraction.
However I may think on the
subject, it's clear that
memories, make up the back-
drop of all our endeavors...
some pleasant memories...
some not so pleasant. What
does the term Byzantine mean,
in today's world? According to
Websters, the word Byzantine,
usually means, 'characterized
by complexity, or deviousness,

as in the government of the
Byzantine Empire.' This same
term is given modern usage, as
meaning, in internet
technology, Byzantine
Agreement: The noise, and
erroneous information, which
tends to enter into any three-or
more party digital
communication network,
especially as in when one
party, is a silent, unseen
observer. I think, that this
noise factor, is an passive

principle, which should never
have control over anyone's
heart... it just appears, to dwell
amidst people, in the spaces,
between. I thought you might
find, that interesting. When I
wish, to know of my past,
present, and future
perspective, and self-image
reflection, I can easily go unto,
my notebook, or word
processor, and divine, or
discern, how the best essay,
would read. You see? We may

not can see the future... but we
can surely see, the dwelling we
build for ourselves, to inhabit,
in the future... in this present.
This, of course, for myself, is
this essay... its 'mansions of
glory.' I look toward the
heavens, it seems, sometimes,
to perceive, the wispy, tenuous
strands of inspiration, far
above... and to somehow bring
them, into an cohesive essay,
upon my page... which then
suffices, to sound the depths,

like an sonar, illuminating the submerged topography, far below. So, this is the 'art of writing,' as I see it. As our west-to-east jet stream, is affecting some people down here on the surface, this week, there was a steady cross-wind, all day long, today... only growing still after sunset. The waxing moon, which rose in the east, tonight, will be a full moon, in three or four days. Hopefully, these recent winds,

will have subsided, by then, so
that the lands, within the mind,
will be more tranquil, and
placid... this is my hope.

Anyways, I'm glad tomorrow's
Wednesday, and that we're on
our way, to the weekend.

When I start to write, my mind
really comes to a complete
rest, and 'gets into,' this sort
of scanning, and questing, onto
the media. So, I go unto the
empty page, in writing. There
may not be anything better, I

can do for myself, tonight, than dwell in discernment, with my ball-point pen, and paper.

Writing, is an action meditation, like wood sculpting, or pottery... a standing, perfectly still... and accomplishing... the hours pass... and the essay is complete. Is this a sort of planetary alchemy, or something like crop circles? Well, I think, it's a concerted effort, by those in higher

places. Mainly, for myself, I think this voice, represents, certain of my familys' views, and perspectives... which otherwise, might never be heard, nor seen, much of by myself. So, there... and I think, each family, in humankind, is unique, and distinct, and partakes of this wonder, in infinitesimal ways, for all time. Well, and these thoughts, have occurred, to myself, in the past 24 hours, or so... whether or

not anyone else finds them, or reads them, I don't really know, or care. But none the less, these are my best ideas. Well, we're expecting partly sunny skies today, with talk of rain showers, and maybe thunder, and lightening. I add these little personal environmental notes, mainly to help me to annotate, the passages, of weeks, and months... and so that my memories, will be something more than just an

gray wash, of impressions, with
passage of the years' of time.

So, this is the way, good
writing, is a lot like
scrapbooking... adding a sense
of local perspective, unto all of
the writers' little memories.
After a tragic storm, I just wish
to 'harmonize, the lights,'
anew, as the sage wrote.... as
everything, and everyone, feels
so fragmented, and fractured...
this is what I remember, from
our bad weather... and the

trouble is, this 'smoothing back down,' requires passage of time, to take effect. So, this is reality. Anyways, I may never know how I feel, about things in my life, today, if I don't consult my writers' mind, and look into my own heart, and soul. And this might not happen, over only one days and night time... an essay, may require 2-3 days, to be complete... and this passage of time, and of attentiveness, and

effort, is a good thing, which builds the best essay. Only, my tendency is to rush it, and put my thoughts forth. But this should be avoided. An adiabatic chemical reaction, is one in which no change in thermal energy occurs... neither rising in temperature, nor dropping. Does seeing, this information, help to square things away, for yourself, today? ? The sages' message, then, is probably truthful.

What is the sages' message,
you ask? "I can't tell you
anything you don't already
know, on the inside." Just
some thoughts. Anyways, all
for now, have a good week.

ART

APPRECIATION

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO look
within, the surfaces, of the
empty page... for answers, and
insights, as to the gradual,
progressive unfolding, of
moments, in your living... just

place an few ideas, upon the
media... just an opening line, or
two... and observe, then, how
your writing develops, over
time. Seeing, then, the
characteristics, of these first
opening words, onto the media,
should show yourself, a good
sense of the ranges of, and
nearnesses and distances, of
information, in the now, as it
pertains unto yourself. There
may be nothing better, that
you can do for yourself, than

writing, or journaling.. as these scribbled notes, can be resourced, by yourself, in years to come... ideas, which could take their place, within a work, of literature. So, saving everything, you write, or create, is important, and computers, I think make this easier, and not more difficult. You'll find, your balancing of representations, of positive spatial elements, with the negative spatial elements,

seen in the dialogue, and conversation, at the surface juncture, of these two, will become, an ongoing narrative account... as to the whos, whats, hows, and whys of your living... and just peering beneath the surface layers, brings an wealth of understandings, over time.

The time, of writing, for yourself, might be distracted, or muddled in nature... but it's in the giving, and sharing, of

the creation, that the good qualities reside, and shine forth. The 'Golden Age,' of an art form, is in the eye, of the beholder. Artists' lives, can be hard-scrabble, involuted, even painful... But with real appreciation, of the readers' or listeners' spark, and enthuse, at the new book, of literature, or album, there's an forgiveness, of impoverishment, and emaciation... such which are

sometimes the surface
attributes, of what is in
actuality, a much deeper, more
meaningful, lasting, joy. So,
these are the writers' thoughts,
upon art appreciation. To know
of ones' future self-image
reflection, look within, onto the
empty page, along lines of
'stream of consciousness'
divination. Such is the way, of
finding bliss, peace, and
contentment... cultivating, and
partaking of heavens

cornucopia, while yet alive.

So, in the readers' view, just what does the term 'heavenly,' suggest? Thru the showing forth, of your own ideas, of what you would call 'divine,' or heavenly, you'll gradually find, semblances of perfection, within your artform practice, and then the sharing of such, is more rewarding, as you find the listener or readers' satisfaction, shining thru. So, and this might take the form,

of an wholesomeness, or an idealism, or in an ordering of design elements, which makes you like it... evocative, rich colors, and hues... textures... the styling, of presentation, of an simple line drawing, may be your forte, or qualities, and authenticity, of the materials used, or media, or of the instruments played, in the recording... these attributes, make the work appealing, unto the reader, or listener. You

should know, to allow time, for
the right essay, to develop...

two or three days, for an
articles completion... is usually
the safe bet... just avoid

'rushing to completion,' and
your self-confidence, won't

ever step wrongly, or

ignorantly. To find truth, and
beauty in a thing, necessitates
ones' eyes being open... but by
the same token, you don't want

to fall in to bondage. So,
decisions should be given time,

for all perspectives to be
listened unto, and weighed
against one another. To know,
of ones' future self-image
reflection, go unto the empty
page, in writing... the
meanings, of the day and time
can be found. At the present,
our skies are gray, and we've
already gotten rain once,
today. There was an interval of
about five days, between the
rain today, and the previous
rain last weekend. So, the

growers' crops, are happy. If you wanted a relationship, wouldn't you go about your way, seeking one? If you wish to diminish your worries about, and gain surety, over your weather insecurities, and fears... wouldn't you then style yourself, in the image, of an rainstorm? An mediumistic psychic, is someone who reads your signs, and offers an perspective, on your future. But the benefits, of having a

reading, are mostly in your own
innate reactions, unto the
sounds, and meanings, of her
words, or unto the appearance,
of the words, in her reading, as
text... the benefit, then
residing, within the latencies,
of the subconscious mind...
that which your subconscious
mind, knows or otherwise
doesn't know, in your sizing up,
of his or her words, in your
mind. Through this reflective
mirroring, you should glean at

least some perspective, upon your future. Our future is only what we do or don't make it to be. So, through your writing, or journaling, you can effectively 'take the reins,' of your day and time, in ways, that the passive experiencer, wouldn't know. Through this 'seizing of the day,' you'll find so much better window, onto your place, and station in living, and then with an real sense of self-authorship, you'll

find the usual aches and pains,
of living, will have much less
sway, over your mind, and your
days and nights will be much
richer, and more fulfilling. To
know of your future self-image
reflection, you can go unto the
empty page, in writing. The
essences, of the time, can be
found. There may be no
greater gift, you can give
yourself, than the
experiencing, of the day and
time, from an perspective, of

self-authorship, and self-command. You'll find just how the present day and time relates, unto yourself... free from any internal blaming pathologies, nor negativity... such will be an land, within which you yourself figure, and factor, in concert with all of the other self-actualized, authentic dreamers upon the planet. And, when you have found, this land, and have self-responsibly kept sight of it, and cultivated

it, over duration of time, you'll find yourself to be an honest participant, in the fullness, and plenty of the modern world culture... you won't worry yourself, with insularity, nor disconnect. Knowing to allow the gradual, upward and outward, expanding, billowing progressing of the flow of time, to be your motive force, in turning a few scribbled words, and lines, into an more of an full-fledged essay... your

progress, will be graduated,
even, and in step, with the
revolving spheres, of heaven,
and with the passages of the
seasons. So, this is how I find,
writing and journaling, to be,
for myself. Without 'going the
distance,' and weighing and
testing about, upon the media,
I might would miss out, on the
intricacies, of the day... there
are so many facets, and
reflections, in the space of an
day, or an night... I wouldn't

wish to miss out, on an
January, or February... or any
of the months, of the year...
and so have annotated, the
passages, of the years, into
music, and literature, and
design... and so thereby have
good things to show, for the
time. When one wishes, to
look within heart, soul, and
imagination, for concepts, and
ideas, which can reveal, and
speak unto, the 'present now
picture,' for him or herself...

into the future... he goes unto
the empty page, with his or her
ball-point pen, and peels back,
the surface layers, of the
moment. As chips, and planes
of the sculptors' stone, fall
away, so he or she slowly
reveals the form, within the
form... the writing, within the
page. When this process, is an
automatic learned response,
unto certain sorts of feelings,
the writer will have found, the
fulfillment, of the promise,

which the human
consciousness, holds always...

he then will be an living
testimony, unto the blessings,
and assurance, which the
written word, has to offer. If
you are unsure, in writing, this
is probably a good sign... only,
you want to be definite, in
avoiding ambiguity, as this can
be seen, as only an red flag,
alerting you to an uncertain
future. The best things, about
writing, or journaling, include

the somewhat more elaborate appreciation, of the passage of time, which an night, or day of writing presents. For those who tend to regret, the passage of time, spent within inactivity, within mute endurance, of the time... just awakening, your language faculty, and being actively attentive, unto the composition, of an new essay, or short story... the means, can become the end... as the joy of

art, and literature, is in the doing, and sharing of such...

and just tapping into this latency, of consciousness, is enough. If you want to get thoughts flowing, going unto the empty page, with an opening line, or two, is allowance, into an more complete essay... one which represents, in your mind, your present now outlook, and perspective. Seeing ones' way, throughout the writing, of an

new work of literature, can be like an navigating, across an range, of potential futures... sifting through, and settling, upon the best work. As this process, can sometimes require, negotiating, or bargaining, with powers of the imagination, for the best outcome, or resolution, unto your story, you should, be prepared, to go the distance, to 'walk the mile,' seeing from an alternative perspective...

sometimes it's only through
this way, that one can arrive
upon, an equal, and balanced
outlook. This will seem, at
times, to be hard work... but
the labors, of the heart, will
usually give the preferred
results. Now and then, you'll
have times, of imagination... of
fluency, and adeptness...
making the most use of, this,
then, you'll find your way onto
the empty media... with an
strength, and grace... and your

writing will be more, than just
rote retelling... you'll find
expressive power, and freedom
will light your way, now, and
you'll really be enchanted, by
the story you're telling... and
not merely completing, what
you've been given already.

When you've found, this
place... of imagination, and
vision... you'll thrill then, with
the expectation, of the novel...
the ingenious... and this will
placate, the doubts, and

uncertainties, which can sometimes accompany the tales you tell. To look back, upon a few new written paragraphs, is to turn, and regard yourself, in a mirror... as you'll see contemporary, relevant voices, showing up... images uniquely connected, unto yourself... your own dreams, and ambitions, seen through the lenses, of an local panopoly, of similitudes, and references... pointing unto an

world, of significancies, and meanings. Far from being an rote recitation, of the time... ..

to write is to become attenuated, unto the universal background, in such an way, as to allow the most classical essay, to settle gradually upon your page. Seeing this truth, time and again... you'll be shown the way, into the most full-fledged conscious appreciation, of how you yourself relate, unto your

present future outlook... your world, and those whom you share it with. The day is Saturday. The weather, here, is cloudless, and with an balm in the air. As I have been multitasking, this morning... I feel I have accomplishments to show, beyond this written journal. Having published an new musical art video, less than twenty days ago, I feel that I am happy, with this work, and have 'gone the

distance,' and can now begin moving on, anew. You might not see, an few scribbled notes, or journal entries, as being of much worth, nor value, to yourself, but seen from the 'big picture,' perspective, you'll cherish anything, and everything... each self-expression, speaks and shows so much. And this is great, to see, and understand. Sometimes, when things are calm, and relaxed...

your ideas, onto the empty
page, will express, your highest
gracefulness, with such surety,
and self-command, you'll be
unwilling to put down, your
stylus... until you have scanned
the heights, and sounded the
depths, which your mind has
shown yourself, recently.

Meeting each summit, and
finding the unwavering picture,
is an matter, of following each
thought through to its
conclusion, and writing upon,

your loftier ideas... you'll feel
your higher power, moving the
pen, down the page... and be
assured, of the quality, of the
material. Seeing this way, one
is never really lonely, within
writing. To go unto your empty
page, with ball-point pen, or
stylus, is to look beneath, the
surfaces, of the oceanic
collective unconscious. As
words, and lines of thought, are
placed, upon the surface, of
your page, the subconscious

spiritual landscape, of your
preceeding few days, and
weeks, is readily seen, and
grasped... giving insights, into
an range, of local perceptions...
symbols, and metaphors.

Knowing, to respond, unto
certain sorts, of places in your
life, by writing, or journaling...
just tapping into, your wealth,
of acquired wisdoms... will
illumine, the shadow areas,
within your mind... and you'll
come to know yourself... the

ins and outs of your own particular way, of seeing the world, and into your future.

'Times of tribulation, recall great faith.' This saying is true, in living, and I think, its especially true, in writing.

Knowing, the paths unto the source, of the coolest springwater, one doesn't miss, an opportunity, to turn an sour experience, around.

Difficulties, will come, in our living. So, but it's these ideas,

which can form, the
experiential reflections, which
can most closely follow, and
speak of 'the ways things really
are,' or can sometimes be.

Having walked an distance,
seeing from the perspective, of
another, you'll be better
equipped, to face the
challenges, of an diverse
planet, where every creature
you meet, sees from their own
unique perspective, and slant,
on things. As life journeys, are

all unique, in certain ways, one person may really be at an different place, and station, in living, from the next... with entirely different ways, of perceptual categorizing, for instance, based upon an entirely unique set of living experiences... and may have an entirely unique outlay of experiential relationships, and responses unto phenomena, such as sensory information. So, seeing this way, can be a

lot like unto, an sort of
'solitude,' in the end, but if we
try, in things, we can yet find
good ways, to communicate,
with others, and share
understanding. So, and this is
really the beacon, which brings
the seafaring vessel, into the
harbor, like the lamplight,
above an family dinner table.
So, and returning, unto this
place, over time, brings an
wealth of contentment... the
gentle ways of alternating

talkativeness, and quietness...
and works as an entranceway,
into confirmation, and
affirmation, of courtesy, and
good manners, for sometimes,
as things show, these may not
be all we really have, to call
ourselves family by. You may
tend to think of writing, or
journaling, as an outpouring, of
substantive thought... but most
typically, I am allowed to write,
respective unto my ability, to
'play the feminine role,' and

receptively attune, unto the most representative words, for the present now picture... while keeping only the classically styled, quality composition.

This way, alone, can be uniquely appropriate, for your own past, present, and future outlook. When, there's ever an anomaly, of some sort, things will be more graduated, and watchful, and writing trys, during this time, will usually be slower, and much more

cautious... ideas going onto the page, only slowly. There are plenty examples, of eccentric writing styles, and my usual thoughts on that, is that they may appear difficult, or taxing, to manage... it's no wonder, to me, why sometimes the writer, is impoverished, or appears to struggle... and I wouldn't ever want to see, struggling over language, or media... but then, too, it's just our own personal struggles, which we imagine, or

project, onto the writers' life...

re-living our own weaknesses,

and imagining we're in good
company of an kindred spirit.

Sometimes, life 'takes little
pieces of my heart, and puts
them in the trash can,' and this

can make the time seem
hollow, or meaningless, but
then I remember, how many
times I myself, have done the
same thing. This is an part of
appreciation... the choosing,
and selecting, to meet your

own preferences, and tastes.

So. Well, these are a few additional ideas, on art appreciation... successes, and failures, at grasping, the visions, of another. If you try, you can speak with an awakened eye, and mind... confident in your having expressed only that which you've intended to express, from the start... and nothing more. So, I pass along these ideas unto yourself now. Have

an pleasant weekend.

~

To look within, upon the empty page, start by simply brainstorming... questing upon the best way to begin the article. With an measure of patience, you'll arrive upon, the most attractive words, which can then catalyze into an more cohesive article. With our northern solstice, behind us, now, we begin the slow descent, through summer, and

into the autumn and winter months. Like with the waning moon, the time is one of return, and repair. But the moon we'll be greeted by tomorrow night, will be an full moon... the closest, largest, most perigee moon we'll look upon, all year. I write, so as to best appreciate, this time, from an place of self-authorship, and empowerment... celebrating, and interacting with, the present. Since my desire, to

write, is great... I wouldn't miss
an writing session... in fact, I
have built my life around, this
searching, questing time, of
experimental divining, onto the
page. As the day has
messages, and reflections,
which it will show forth...
qualities of chemical
composition, and formulation...
I test around, in words...
comparing, and weighing the
solutions, which might would
best complement, the now.

Our weather, here, today is beautiful... the sky filled, from horizon to horizon, with white billows. An perfect day. While, stress and worries, have been a big part, of the months just past... I am really quite optimistic, about the future, and am happy, with the good work, I've been able to accomplish. In the same way, in which an visit with my best physician, can work to dispel, health-related questions, or

doubts... I am encouraged, and enthusiastic, about the future.

I've had issues, with psychic prescience, since I was an adolescent... so the recent weeks, were nothing new, to myself. As the changing of seasons, always is a highly stressful time, for myself...

with plenty of elaborate, weather-related pains... my appreciation, of the solstice, can be stressful, also. Seeing this, is helpful, for

understanding, my perceptions,
of the time. I hope that the
reader, or listener, finds time,
and patience, to work out his
or her thoughts, on things in
living. The cyclical passages of
the seasons, of the year, are
an vast trove, of expressive
resources. Keeping your eyes
open, unto the wild animals,
and flora, about your dwelling,
can keep oneself closely
attenuated, unto the gradual,
flowing of the days, and weeks.

With the years, you'll grow in wisdom, and understanding, of human nature, also... as the wild fauna, are the most native, natural voices, of the land... and will meet you at the periphery, of your lamp light... animals, I think, follow, and get around, and in sync, with ourselves, and our human ways... appearing, at times, to react, and respond, unto our living, and ongoing. It has been almost ten years, since I

first began really consciously sitting, in the natural environment, for at least an hour or two, each day... and cultivating, an relationship, with the breezes, and natural creatures, you find there. I had recently been despondent, and depressed, for an month or more, and began instinctually getting outside. Having a back yard, where I stayed, I was able to get a few yards, from the house, and listen to my

music, with headphones. I found, that if I kept my volume level low enough, I could still hear all of the bird songs happening around myself... and began noticing, and looking for, the same creatures, to show themselves, from week unto week. Learning some of the different species, and their ways, and habits, sort of let me get into, incrementally, their society... today, I understand the natural environment, is an

complex, diverse culture, of personalities, and ranges, of behaviors. Here where I live now, the wrens, in particular, have virtually let me into their society, coming right up, almost unto my feet, each morning, and looking for the cornbread, and other offerings, I can put out, as the day progresses. I can easily distinguish the female, from the male, and am aware of several mating pairs, of

different species, this spring.

So, you see, there are are
complex relationship dynamics,
between my human presence,
in the yard, and the birds, and
other animals... I wouldn't
trade this appreciation, and the
value I find in such, for
anything in the world. Well, all
for now. Have a good coming
week.

~

'Staying always within the
canvas boundaries... it's only

great freedom found therein.'

-The Old Sage

Looking within the empty page,
you'll glean countless insights,
as to your own past-present-
future outlook, and
perspectives. Seeing the
rewards, of this way of
intuitively divining, and
arriving upon, the most
appropriate written essay, for
your present now picture...
you'll return unto this path,
time and again. To know of

just how one relates, unto
those about you, and your
immediate surroundings, you
can look, into the
characteristics, of the ideas,
which come forth, upon placing
an few words, upon the page.

The stratas of expressive
language, will be more, or less
free, from image-attachments,
and clutter... such which
suggests at, more or less
freedom, and self-command, in
the now. Seeing, this path,

unto self-knowledge, gives an
great deal, of inner
reassurance, and self-
affirmation. Amidst a brew of
subconscious impressions, and
lower mind awarenenses, it can
be so revolutionary, to sit afore
an notebook page, and allow
thoughts to flow, onto the
lasting media. Such are the
cachet, and keys, to unbinding
the subconscious realms, about
yourself, and quantifying, your
present moment, externalizing

the intangible, and allowing for self-analysis. With free-flowing awarenenses, of the times yet to be, the heights, and depths, of the present... you'll join hands, with your higher mind, in the understanding, of the path which leads unto the most well-rounded, well-deserved freedom. This requires, an patience, and an mindfulness, in choosing your words... When you look upon, an sunrise, or an sunset, do you find that

your dreams are nourished and
replenished, by the photonic
bath, of our persistent, singular
kernel of creation, which is the
Sun? Seeing this, in your life,
you'll know beyond all doubt,
nor uncertainty, that Earth is
your home. To arrive upon the
most comfortable themes, and
imagistic content, within your
written words, for yourself...
get in step, with the way, your
future man, or woman, regards
him or herself... this will be a

function, of the flowing of
time... but also, of the nature
of the literature, you're
building for yourself, in the
here and now. For some, this
will be of one thing... for
another something entirely
different. You may speak in
simile, metaphor, and rhyme...
or you might can speak in the
language, of science... dry and
analytical. My views, on
living... or thoughts, around
human consciousness... or the

ways, in which water flows,
down an cascade... such as
these, can be written upon,
and seen. With the patina, of
time you'll look back upon the
lands, of vision and
imagination... Experiences, of
the 'mystical transcendant,'
needn't be first-hand... this
writing, is the imagined ideal...
which yet allows for much
recollect of the same, in
reading and reading... the
passive listening experience, is

most pleasant.... When there is
an transcendant imagined
ideal... such needn't
necessarily be based in the
real. So see? An writer
entertains, and entrains, only
future abundance, and
exaultation.... He or she
needn't remain attached, unto,
nor dwell in thought about
suffering. In fact, I've found
that, the best quality comes,
from the freest imaginings.
Apprehending, this principle,

for yourself, you'll see your life
energy increasing, while your
aches and pains, grow more
distant. There may, at times,
be an breath, of vitality, and
verve, within your language...
you'll learn to await such, with
an limitless patience... knowing
that it's only these zesty tones,
in literature, which can free the
consciousness, to renew itself,
in its own light. And, it's this
patience, which is the cachet,
and entrance, unto the most

representative essay... while
inspiration, may not always be
within yourself, you'll find that
the sure, steady footsteps, of
the subconscious realms, about
yourself, are nothing less, than
an computational simulcron, of
alchemical transmutation.

Seeing this principle, at work
for yourself... your 'long walk
home,' will spark, within and
off of itself, and allow
entrance, of your writing, into
something more of an eternal

landscape. As one gets back
'in to the black,' fiscally... as
your self concepts, take up
residence, within surety, and
security... you'll find fewer
dead-end avenues, and be
buoyed, upon the zephyrs, of
the collective soul. With
mindfulness, then, you'll
partake of an measure, of bliss,
and joy, in all you do... and you
won't be pulled, this way, and
that, but instead will remain
sure, and true. This is the

path, unto the best end result,
which is honest contentment.

The skies, here in our present,
are gray, with sunlight coming
through every once in a while.

Rain is forecast, here for much
of the week, though we'll

probably get plenty of

intermittent sunshine. This
year, so far has brought plenty

of rainfall, at least here... we

seem, to get precipitation, on

average, a couple of days a

week... and this has, I know,

been good for the farmers and growers. So, I guess, we must be doing something right. At any rate, having just this past weekend, published my earliest audiobooks, into an internet directory... I am at long last, feeling genuinely satisfied, with my present, more recent projects. It seems like, there were so very many voices, with figured, into the writing, and producing, of those earlier works, around fifteen years

ago... So, you see, I am really feeling like the time, was worth my while... which is making, for a happier me. So, this is just myself. If you feel a thing, you're likely to speak it. But many feelings, don't bear mentioning... they're untenable, in some way, or illogical. So, through writing, I'm able to sort through these emotions, and discriminate, right thinking, from wrong thinking. And working with

these 'terma,' projects, as I have been recently... tends, to remind myself, of how far I have come. But I still use the same eyes, in sizing things up... only the inner ranges, of prescience, today are much more moderate, and mild. So, but those earlier feelings, are still of value, in looking back, and I hope give the listener, or reader, an more well-rounded view, of the changes, which have come about. Anyways, all

for now, have a pleasant week.

AFTER

RAINY

WEATHER

LOOKING WITHIN, THE

SURFACES, of my notebook
page tonight... I have at last
come unto a place, of peaceful
quietude. The words, herein,
are flowing, as if water, from a
vase, upon an flower. Thinking,
of recent ideas, is an graceful
recollect... of the recent weeks,
and months. As summer, is in

her full regalia, presently, I've enjoyed, plenty of time in the outdoors, today. All of the work, and effort, I've put into my recent projects, has revealed, my soul... as I feel the restful moods tonight, are a good litmus, pointing unto the weeks' energies well spent. There's an lot to be said, for a land such as this one, which is in such peaceful terms, with its inhabitants... and which appreciates, so well, the

artisan.... the craftsman. The
'Land of the Free,' has never
seemed a more appropriate
description, for my country...

and my hope is that our
constitution, will always be
revered... and that there will
always be upward paths, and
higher tools, for those souls
whom which to improve
themselves, and their station
in life. I've heard it said, that
music is an vital part of that
which makes us human... and

in the recent months, and years, I've come to find also that the natural, and random environmental musics, found outdoors, when listened to, in contemplation, indoors, are incomparably beautiful, even than the organized sounds, of our status quo musicians, and stage artists. Mother Nature, is truly, the greatest artist of them all... and I treasure, each environmental recording I have made, as I would any portrait,

of the day, and time. To know,
of ones' future self-image
reflection, just go unto the
empty page, in writing.

There's an power, which comes
wth the having of an good
vocabulary, of the English
language... reading is essential,
in this, and parents should
always provide the very young,
on up, with plenty of good
books... computers, I think,
should be shunned, until age
fifteen, when adult learning,

really begins. I once heard the expression, 'Avoid ripening early... robbing the self.' This must have been my parents wisdom, for even at age 20, I still had a great deal, of childlike wonder, and naivety... so I could focus on my reading, and design, and music... while others, were getting married, and having children. And not maturing too early... before wisdom, has made her home in my heart, and taught me the

difference, between good desires, and what's right for me... from those other desires, which would have only led unto my destruction... this was essential here. So, and as my mind recollects, these important things, in my living... I find myself graced, by these strong, forthright words, and sense the closure, and completion, they signify, for myself. I am glad, to have began this writing, tonight, and

its strident character, is an
glowing dance, sending the
shadows, on their way. Writing,
as does any artform, has a way
of making all 'as new...' again,
and I relish this process,
whenever it arises. Pondering
over future apparencies,
tonight... the writing, I'm able
to finish tonight... will go with
me, across all of time... and
while there will be wars,
pestilence, and conflagration...
that which we stay, and fix, in

our hearts... and set in stone...
remains the same, regardless
of how the winds of change
blow. In the modern world,
times always shift, and
change... while our lasting
establishment, remains
flexible, and thereby endures,
the tremor. Boy, it's a
privilege, to be given these
almost great words, tonight...
and my hope, is that I might be
an grateful recipient, of them,
and not squander, the good

mind, I possess, on cheap talk,
nor negativity. My Grandmom,
is an tireless advocate, of the
powers of positive thinking,
and I think, that if I could
always remember this way, I
would not only never sell short,
myself... I would not ever
short-change my brother, or
sister, in this path. 'My
mistakes, in living this life,
today, are mainly around the
striving, to be like another, in
mimicry... rather than being

really with, a husband, or wife,
in love. But, as 'there's some
truth, in the lonesome road... '
remember the patina of time,
and the years... ultimately
balances the differences,
between ourselves... levels the
playing field.... Each voice is
unique, and is of equal
importance... even within spans
of eternity.' Do you see how, if
you have an heirloom, of great,
or small value... you'll want to
cling unto it, as your ancestors,

would have clung, unto their
own lives, through any
adversity? Seeing this, is
important, in understanding,
the roles of artists, and writers,
in our land. While the local,
natural, environmental sounds,
can be so invigorating, to listen
back unto, and get into... those
finely crafted gifts, and
treasures, of the vision, and
imagination, of art, music, and
design... expressly reflect, the
love, and pride, of an great-

grandmother, or grandfather...
or great uncle... and should be
seen, in the same light, as
priceless heirlooms... the
timepieces, and silverware...
the antique coins, and stamp
collections.... Which signify, our
loved ones' memory, and
honor... such are essays, oil
paintings, and musical
compositions... this is an part
of what living in this free land,
has shown myself... dwelling,
upon the surfaces of this

collective ocean, of soul.

‘Birds of a feather flock together,’ and ‘like gives like...’ these sayings, speak, I think, unto the human consciousness, and mind... as within the self, there dwells...

the self... such are not not empty words, nor is the self, an empty vessel. And words themselves, are the means through which souls represent themselves... and not the other way around. Does that make

any sense unto yourself? Well,
anyways, I have been listening
for more than two hours to
these homemade
environmental recordings,
already, tonight, and have
been thoroughly captivated, by
the local birdsongs, crickets,
frogs, winds, and automobile
sounds, going by on the nearby
road. I mean, it's just by
magic, how some kinds of
music... like local
environmental recordings, and

birdsongs, are so engrossing...
finding, for yourself, an honest
fascination, like this, I hope
comes easily. I have always,
had an ability to intuitively put
my direction-finder, on the
most choice pastime... the
'most appropriate language,'
for myself, on this night, or
that, is usually not too hard,
for me to find it... and this
keeps myself, closely
attenuated, if only from afar...
unto the heartbeat, of my inner

lands... I wouldn't trade, this path, for any other. Well, all for now, have an pleasant weekend.

DOMAINS, OF CONSCIOUSNESS

GOING UNTO THE EMPTY PAGE, in discernment, tonight... I am conscious of three, or four main features, of my mind.

While, I may not much know, of some factors, still others, will be more or less constant, or known of. This distinction,

between the unknown, and all which is known, underlies the whole of consciousness, upon Earth. Entertaining, an spirit guide, is essential, in dealing with, the existance, of the unknown. An reassuring look, shown unto yourself, can be intrinsic, in living in an diverse culture, where everyone, is at an unique place, and stage, of development, spiritually. For myself, ideas appear to spark, from first one concept, unto

another, with an willing ease...
touching upon an wide range,
of subspatial impressions, in
the completing, of an article.
Still another soul, will be in an
stagnant place, in living... and
will not be able, to see the
light, of day... unless, say,
through contrivances, or
sexuality... abuses, which
don't really provide good light,
anyway, in my view. Seeing
these degrees, of human
development... there are

many... is important... knowing
also, that once the sparks, or
seeds, of the possibilities, of
positive spiritual growth,
change, and development,
have been sown... there then
may appear direction, in the
individuals' life. What a gift,
this is, to happen upon. As one
wishes, to look within, the
empty page, in discernment,
early on, there may not appear,
to be much thought,
immediately coming forth. But

with an measure, of patience,
and attentiveness, ideas may
begin surfacing, which are
eloquent, and which speak unto
the time, and place, in some
good way. So, just being
receptive, unto directions, of
thinking, which will surface...
over, an term of time... say
three days, or so... you'll
eventually, fill out, the space
of an essay, and find yourself,
ahead of the others. Now, if
you find yourself, from time to

time... following along, an
linear flowing, of ideas, within
yourself... if you find worth and
value, in exploring the
intellectual landscapes within
your mind, and imagination...
and arriving upon the answers,
unto life's questions, through
logic... inductive and deductive
reasoning... positing questions,
and weighing and comparing
your answers... then, as you
answer, the questions, to your
satisfaction... you'll gradually

increase, in knowledge, and understanding... such that you may choose, to write, and thus to share, your insights, with others. It will be important, then, to write, from only an still quiet place, of some knowledge, within yourself... and to avoid the uncertain feelings, in writing... and the half-hearted resentments, you find, in the mediocre, and the ambiguous areas... such sorry feelings, as "I know I could

have written this better, more clearly, or without coming across as inelegant, or hard to follow..." these feelings should always be dealt with, by going back unto the problem areas, in an essay... and putting your 'magic touch,' upon them... and fixing them... before, publishing, the piece. When you know, to allow time, for an essay to develop, slowly, and thoroughly, you won't rush to publish, nor be faced with

dealing with imperfection.

Anyways, these are a few cursory ideas, on the art of writing, tonight. To know, of ones' future 'self-image reflection,' just look at the work, you're doing for yourself, in the present. There's really no greater gift, that you can give unto yourself, in the here and now... than the perfecting of your current project. This, then, will be the 'money in the bank,' which stimulates,

yourself, to continue improving, your work, into the future. This can be what is meant, by an 'second wind,' in your artists' path... as your quality standards, are perfected, along with your portfolio, you'll appear, in time, to break through, the barriers of your self-imposed mediocrity, into an much more of an professional, and workable ability level. Until then, always remember, that

warmth, and pleasant moods,
and feelings, are almost always
uniformly welcome, in writing,
music, art and design... and, if
you'll remember this simple
rule, in your craft, then the
better part, of your portfolio,
will be entirely adequate,
workable, and appropriate, for
yourself, no matter the
season... rather, than being so
much gloom, and anachronism,
your work will be much more
inspirational, and will be

generally thought good. So, but to get unto an place, like this one, you've got to be intent, upon living your life freely... and free from the shackles, and trammels, of mediocrity. 'Excellence is an choice...' one that is made at every turn, across ones' entire development, spiritually, as well, as artistically. When you go away, from your writing desk, and put it out of your mind, and do other things,

you'll find that, returning, an hour or so later, you'll bring a new approach, even sometimes, a new way of seeing, onto the same thing. It's just that possibilities, from any given point, are really infinite... and allowing these breaks, can really help you think. I really, have an indoors mind, and an outdoors mind, so I usually will divide my time, between inside, and outside. While I am fermenting, new

ideas, for an hour or two... I get a lot from looking, frequently, at the most current, up to the hour science stories... without having an internet connection, I truly think, I would have to use my imagination a lot more, and my work, would be so much more poetic. But presently, internet is no problem, for me, to find... and I appreciate the opportunities, it affords myself... and I like the work I've been doing, this year,

so there. When one wishes, to
look within heart, soul and
imagination, for ideas, and
inspiration, for building the
best possible portfolio, for
yourself... the bouyant,
billowing, expanding, flowing of
the spatial metric, upward, and
outward, from within every
singular point, supplies the
current, for your grist mill...
turning the wheel, as your eyes
arise, and ascend, along space,
to meet each new picture...

intellects, grasping upon
workable theories, and
assessments, of the ever
changing real-world
appearance... always looking
and delving both forwards, and
backwards, in an linear flowing
of thinking, onto the written
page. And, you can effectively
speed up time, this way... your
external surroundings,
appearing to accelerate,... and
more time going past, with
respects to yourself, than you

are aware, of inwardly. This is emotional time acceleration...

the subtle altering of your appreciation, of the passage of time. This inner activity I think, can help you age more gracefully... in the practical sense, and you'll often feel, much younger, while busily writing, than if you weren't, or were just passive. When the physical body itself, is accelerated, I think, differences in time itself... not

just our perception, of it... can take place. (The people you left behind, on Earth, being long since dead, by the time you return... but time for you having passed only a few months of linear time.) So, if you want to live longer, staying healthier... give yourself mental work-outs at least once an month, or more. As an benefit, of writing, periodically, and working out your mind, this way, you'll look back, and it

won't be long until you've written a book. And, as your writing, is heart felt, and truly written in 'real time,' delved, from only honest perceptions, of the moment, and not just filling up space, there'll be only little self-doubt, nor anxiety... and your work will be 'bathed in the light, of pure striving... of pure intent.' Well, these are just a few thoughts, upon living, and writing, as an part of your living. As we all have

dreams... even our body,
dreams, and travels... even
sometimes, while only sitting
still... there are so very many
perceptions, pertaining unto
different incarnations, and
stages, people sometimes find
themselves within. Each place,
has dreams, and imaginings,
which can be seen unto, and
placated, through writing,
music, and art, and design. All
for now. Have an pleasant
weekend.

~

When I go unto the empty page, in writing, I may, or may not have set ideas, upon which to write. Most commonly, writings will be mediumistic-the ideas annotated... given impulse, and impetus, by the spiritual aethers, around my self... the writers' mind, serving as an intelligent, directorate lens, through which the encompassing aethers, focus, and shine, their light

pulses, and waves... with only
Polaris, remaining constant,
relative to our perspective.

The writings which come forth,
express the unique past-
present-future 'state of affairs,'
within my living... and are
generally written in conformity,
with the best futures, for
myself. So, and avoiding
pathos, involves seeing each
language symbol, for its
underlying meanings, and
direction... staying 'on top of'

the spiritual surfaces of
anything I write... and being
particularly sensitive, unto the
inner weather vane, and
moving only progressively
forward, and in an measured,
and steady way. Having
applied, my best discernment,
unto all of the information
readily at hand, I return, unto
my writers' desk, to look also,
into the surfaces, of my empty
page... letting my eyesight,
weigh, and compare, ranges of

expression, with and against,
my past experience. In looking
at, the ways my physical-
emotional -cognitive self feels,
today... I glean, so much
insight, and surety... in the
past, present, and future lands,
within and about myself. I
think, the best way, of looking
within the unfolding now
picture, will always be in sitting
with one or two others, by a
common light source, and
enjoying a meal. Within the

reflections, of others, dwell also expressions of ones' own self. In the passages of the days and nights, come many many perceptions... not only of others, but also of ones' own self. But writing, to myself, is by far, the easiest path unto self-knowledge... looking onto the page, in time, and over time... the gentle flowing of moments... it's not at all hard, to size up, present feelings, and future reflections. The

light of enlightenment, is like
an happening gently upon an
revolutionary new insight, or
perception... through which
you're allowed, then, to see
everything else, in an whole
new way. This happens,
occasionally... when we remain
receptive unto the cultural
fabric, about ourselves... and
such isn't necessarily
dependant, upon your good
effort, or hard work... it just
happens... sense of work, then

is lessened... and everything
comes easier for you... on the
wings, of discovery. Finding all
I need to know, from the quiet
repasts, this good day, I look
out, across tomorrows'
panoramas. In fully knowing,
ones' own self, he or she draws
upon, extensive recollections,
of celebrations, distinctions,
establishments, and
discoveries. Having learned
thoroughly, the ways of ones'
own voices, and orientations,

as such relate, unto the
encompassing cultural
matrices... I weigh perceptions,
of the environment, against a
great volume of self-
knowledge, and experiential
creedance. And, how grand,
then is the moment, at which
one discovers, that he or she
has returned, unto the place of
origin. As I look, at my own
output, onto the page, one
indeed sees patterns of ideas,
and perennial voices, which do

cycle through their own regular pathways... seeing this, then is good, and offers confirmation, of the intactness, of my human nature. To know of my own past-present-future outlook, and perspectives, I go unto the empty page, in writing. As time passes, within writing, I glean countless insights, as to my own unfolding flow, of moments. As my sense of wonder, and amazement, at the life, and studies I have

found, is annunciated, and
accentuated, by any new ideas,
onto my page... this sort of
contrasting harmony, of
tonalities, and times, is
appreciated, and entertained,
time and again. Arising, this
good rainy late July morning, I
return unto these pages, and
look within. There's an
abundance of truth, in the little
thought, of 'Wherever two or
three of you are gathered
together, I am there, also.'

This is most like, an light,
shining above, the mortal
plane... an love of all life, for
life... joining hearts in the
common serenity, of friendship,
and the ideal, of an shared
human heritage... the promise,
of the path unto an Godly
tomorrow. An rainy morning,
reminds us of our togetherness,
and friendship... our campfire,
against the elemental
wilderness... distinct, amongst
the vines, and briars. As the

conditions arise, within which
life may exist... such life also
arises. As weather is
favorable, for an oceanfaring
voyage, so the captain sets his
sails for the open sea. The
voyage, is dependant, upon the
favorable conditions, being
present. (Not the other way
around.) This is an good
metaphor... useful in allowing
freedom, from the shackles of
happenstance, and fate: 'Mind
is real, therefore, it forms

illusions.' The real characteristics, of nature, and mind, are eternal... ultimately not dependant upon, nor obedient unto any mortal saying, or telling. This is just an useful way, of seeing, in general. So, see? We are given life on this Earth, for a span. Remember... the 'us and them' dichotomy will always, find itself most fully exemplified, in 'Man and Nature.' This is just the way

we relate. So, these are thoughts that occur to myself, from time to time... I relay them unto yourself, so that you might see, the way I feel about things like this. As times shift, and change, we tend to look upon nature, with distrust. The clear answer to weather-related insecurities, and fears, will always be weather preparedness. Anyways, when I find myself, dealing with too much hard work, it will likely

be due unto my being
attracted, like the moth
butterfly, into the bright, hot
lantern light... and having been
burnt... or frozen in the glare,
of an onrushing, unconscious,
or unseen temporal
happenstance. So, I strain my
eyes, always, to discern the
best unique past-present-future
picture, describing my living,
on Earth... I should always
attemper my views of my
future, with appreciation, for

the past. 'The best answer, to weather-related insecurities, will always be weather preparedness.' When I sit down, to put a few ideas, upon my lasting media, I want to have a strong, starting, or opening line, or expression. My goal, is to generate a small current, of thinking, within the matrix of my brain. I envision myself speaking, the words, from a lectern, unto a group. This will usually generate an

forward momentum, of
thought... actually, an rivulet,
or current, within my static
consciousness. As my
consciousness, will be in an
resting state, something like an
stale-mate, an little direction,
of thought... gives way,
readily, into an small bubbling
stream... and as your thinking
elaborates, upon the first
opening words, you'll soon see
an nice little river, bounding
from page unto page, as ideas

skip across the landscape,
generally hugging the valleys,
of things in general, where the
soil is richest... most yielding.

There's an idea, for how we
might arrive upon, the best
possible future perspective,
onto the page... which can be
described, as an subtractive
suggesting, of an neutral, or
self-evident picture, of the
now. I've heard it said, that
'Art is discernment.' And when
discernment, is an 'dimunitive

sculpting,' of an essay, by
working back, from posits, of
thinking... gradually
neutralizing the primitive... and
bringing into an cohesive
expressive, the diaphrenous
wisps, of that which is lingering
about... you'll find an timeless
article, which 'does no harm,'
and suffices, to allow the best
possible future outlook, for
yourself. So, this is really the
answer, to the sensory
overload, and communication

breakdown, we sometimes find,
in writing paths... neither
adding unto, nor taking away,
from the picture. So, ones'
allowing, of an article, or
essay, is an kind of 'showing
forth,' of ones' 'inner gist.'
This can also, be equated to
the writers' 'higher power...'
the allowing of him or her, to
complete the essay, for
yourself. And, to myself, this
is also sometimes something of
an alchemical transmutation, of

an day, and time... allowing nature to do her work. 'Nature improves nature.... Nature perfects nature.' So, the essay writes itself. This is the best way, I know, to look within, ones' own heart, and soul... over time, peeling away layers, to reveal the form within the form.... the writing within the page. And, you don't have to bare your soul, to do this. The comfort level you hold unto, is entirely up to the writer... not

straying, from such is the aim,
of any writing.... And your
article, is revealed, when this
comfort level, is readily
envisioned, and inferred,
naturally, from the words
you've used... when such
extends, from the past...
through to the foreseeable
future. So, do you see, how we
ourselves, choose the lands, in
which we inhabit... none other,
should have say, nor sway,
over our heart. The day is

Sunday. The weather, here is nearly perfect, for August, with temperatures in the 80s, sunshine, and white billows, filling the sky. The weather forecast, calls for 'partly sunny skies,' which also means, an 20% chance of rain. But we've really had plenty of rain, already. Maybe, you can see the light of day, in your living... maybe, the light, is dim, gray. When you get where you're going, and your journey is

complete, there'll be a place,
of stillness, in the raging
storm... for we're all given,
each new day... to discover, its
meaning... to share with others,
the golden sun, the clear clean
water, from the spring... the
sound of music. As I
sometimes wonder, where
things are going, in this world, I
am reminded, of how we can
'be the change, we wish to see,
in others.' As it's easy, to slip
into blaming mentalities, we

can really 'take the reins,' of
our living, through ways of
positivistically 'going our own
way,' whenever blame and
negativity surfaces, returning
unto the straight, and stronger
course, which most everyone
has, somewhere within
themselves, and thereby
simply transcending, the strife,
we sometimes find in living.
You'll then, find yourself, ahead
of the game, anyway, and your
consciousness, will renew

itself, within the 'Tablatures of the new.' Anyways, all for now.

Have a good, new week.

~

Whenever new writing arises, from within the aethers, of my mind, I want to see it, and begin writing it down. For those, whom wish to know, more of present future outlooks, writing is an invaluable tool. To place a few ideas upon an notebook page, is to have an doorway,

onto an timeless eleysieum.
An few words, can suggest, at
an wider, strata of intellectual
fabric... and through the
articulation, of this wider
landscape, onto the page, you
can effectively log onto, the
consciousness, of an abstract
place... the characters, and
conversations present therein,
leaping unto mind... and
addressing yourself, even
involving yourself, into an
dialogue. The above, is simply

an effective use of imagery,
and such works to suggest at
an feeling... of that which is
sometimes present, within our
mortal interactions... as well as
within the mind. To know, of
that which is afoot, within ones
subconscious realms, you can
look within an linear flowing, of
language symbols, onto the
written page. This, when used
intelligently, can also bring
unto light, an new chapter, of
literature... improving ones'

written storyline, or narrative,
and allowing him or her, the
eventual gain, of an new book.

The 'art of writing,' is an
thoughtful subject, unto
itself.... As what simpler way,
could there be, than an self-
similar expository style,
illustrating the composition, of
itself, as such can be found to
be? Maybe, the time in your
development, will allow, for the
formulation, of articulate
dreams, onto your written

page... or maybe, you just don't feel led to write, or put forth the effort. You'll find yourself, living both ways. I sometimes go weeks, without feeling the spark, of creativity. But eventually, I'll simply grow more conscious, of the potential, within my mind, and will return unto writing.

Writing, can be such an great stress reliever, that you fall back upon it more frequently, over time. This, I guess has,

for myself, in the past, been an
way, into an more prolific
output, which has also at
times, been profitable, in other
ways... for, when my creativity
depends, upon an real
inspiration being present... just
the finding of an higher or
greater frequency, of ideas, to
write, lets you in on an work,
you weren't expecting. So, if
you find yourself, 'sweating the
small stuff,' just knowing, to
use language upon your page,

is cachet, and keys, into this way, of experimentally divining, an new book. There's a lot which can be said, for an way, which allows virtual emancipation, from childhood strife, onto the page... by simply your 'making a break, ' from worries over human dramas, and strife... and through the redirecting, of ones' intellectual resources, into an more of an wholesome, self-supportive pathway, such

as writing. Looking always out for ones' self, usually involves thorough analysis, of relationships... are they helping you, or are they sick. And, as you relinquish ties, unto co-dependency, and abusive situations, knowing to fasten, the door unto vagaries, and ensure protection, of ones' own boundaries, you'll find to be important. For myself, I went through this period, at around age twenty-five... I reckon that

it would be different, for everyone. The very best aims, which people aspire unto, always will include the having of an intact sense of personal security, and integrity. For without this, you'll be 'crossed by animals,' for sure.

Anyways, in the building, of a new work, of literature, how can we 'retain,' our sense of personal security, while still finding, and cultivating, expressive freedom? Once a

person, knows by heart, to
always keep our content, non-
threatening, unto others, and
staying hopefully within your
comfortable bounds, then the
security, part will come along
automatically, in most cases,
as the building, of an legacy,
through written, or musical, or
visual portfolio, in our land,

can be equated, to better
sense of personal security, real
sense of personal identity, and
self-respect, and the promise,

of ones' being in 'good standing,' you'll find equates to more comfort... hence, greater security. There is a good way, somewhere within everyones' constitution, which works with what you have at hand, presently, and draws upon latencies, of the human soul, to yet impart the lessons, which can be written, or crafted, as insight, knowledge, or illumination, upon that land, which is 'neither antiquated,

nor modern,' and within which,
there will always be 'nothing
new, under the sun.' Well,
these are things, which can be
found, 'beneath the surfaces,'
of my consciousness, today. In
the modern world, there will
always be some part of your
sensual mind, which feels, like
an 'turbulence in the stream.'

This is just an fact. In an
bustling, hard-working land,
there will always, be something
that needs seeing unto. And,

who better, to see unto it than
you, or I? Anyways, our
weather, here is damp, with
rain earlier, and clearing to
sunshine, hopefully, by later in
the week. That which we hold
in our hearts, will always
become larger, more
pronounced, with time. So,
through the adhering, unto only
positive thinking, in our life,
and relationships, we can
effectively throw off, the self-
imposed shackles, and chains,

and return, always, unto
quietude, and inner clarity.
So, see, then the great need
for innocence, as just the
highest rule there is?

Following, and finding this,
should come before, career,
and family. I have found, that,
on the 'existential playing
field,' there's ultimately only
one man... his or her
technology, and the elemental
wilderness. An ball-point pen,
is technology. So is paper. So,

if we prepare, ourselves, for
living amidst the elements... If
we should have to... we're then
okay, no matter what the
conditions. And when that
means, keeping your good
name, and good standing, and
returning, always unto
innocence, (so that we don't be
fatally bit by an snake, or
scorpion, and falling prey)
then, you see the need for
simplicity, and an 'first-things-
first,' approach in reconciling

ourselves, with our higher
mind, and power.

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

THERE IS A TIME, FOR MYSELF,
when I always, return unto my
writers' stylus, and notebook. I

guess, I will always, find this
way, of experientially divining,
an new article, onto my pages.

There is just so much time,
spent within non-doing... then
as the cold, crashing,
tumultuous waves, against my

rocky shoreline, send their
shivers through my very
being... as I am completely
awash, in the encroaching,
rising tides, of my own
inarticulate speechlessness...
well, then, by default, I'll pick
up my pen, and paper, and
externalize, a few thoughts,
or handholds, upon the empty
page. Do you see, then, how
the light, of bliss, dispenses
away, with those paths, and
ways, which have been,

perhaps, less, than self-sustaining... allowing, then, the peace of understanding, of the ways, which are the most positive, self-illuminating, and creative... and too, of the ideals, and truths, which should never be given up on? So, this is the way, we grow up, working through, the traumas, and illnesses, of the 'selves' place,' in the world... finding, ones' eternal keeping, within the language... of words and

music...upon the lasting
media... and in an balanced
mind, in time. Recovering
from, the handicaps, which this
old world, sometimes, throws
against, my heart of hearts...
an crucible, at times, of
upheaval, and change... I find
myself, acknowledged, by
those others, which too, at
times, have felt the pains, of
failure... and the heartaches, of
deceit. In truth, there has
been an silver lining, of

victory, for myself, across the
past fifteen stormy years... for
love has already worked her
miracle, in my life, and brought
me unto an place of
contentedness... the chaotic
energies of youth, locked
within, the past, of an well-
reckoned, well- negotiated,
alliance with nature. At any
rate, today... when I can keep
the processes, of my artforms
pure... and see, that
craftsmanship, is seen unto,

and well-managed... then, my goals are nearly met already... as the sub-texts, of any month, or season, for myself, will usually be so very rich, and elaborate... writing taking care of itself, ordinarily... such that I needn't struggle, nor fret... and this has made for an self-confidence, within my heart... my paranoid-critiques, being an sufficient light reflection, for any work I can design. So, do you see, how it's in the nature,

of things, to change, these
days... and we can let this
constant millwork, be the 'free
energy,' through which our
hearts find best expression...
thusly reflecting, and allowing,
the day and times' smooth
passing? Then, as the weaver,
spins his yarn, into an
luxurious blanket, so the
turning wheel, of the seasons,
returns again, into the longest
nights, and the shortest days,
of the year. So, this, then is

the path, through the night,
over the brittle, snowy, drifts,
winding at last through the
frosty vale, under the starry
sky, and into town, for an
festive meal. At any rate, with
our local temperatures on this
mountain, not much over
seventy five degrees, today,
winter thoughts, seem nearby...

but being mid-August,
presently, such has been an
unusual weather day, indeed.
Weather dreams, sometimes

have chaotic resolutions... I

hope and pray, that our
present cool, damp weather,

shows, too an smooth

transition, back, into more
seasonal temperatures... more
in keeping with our 'dog days,'
with our more typical southern

summers, here. Since I've

been through bad weather
before, I tend to think along

these lines, being highly
conscious of, and respectful, of
Mother Nature... and neither

wishing to add unto, nor
subtract from, her glories. So,
just some thoughts, this good
morning. If you want to know,
what children think about, just
pop in, upon the local animal
life. As being entirely
uncluttered, by ideology, nor
politics, even sin, for her,
being largely an alien
concept... with no written rules,
or laws, only their relationship,
unto humans, is tainted...
regimented... augmented...

you see the worry-less ways, of
children... only, 'what spirited,
zestful, wizened ways, have
natures' children!' The
morning sun, fails, as yet, to
reach through this gray layer,
of clouds, here in our region...
but with the afternoon, later, I
hope to see plenty sunshine,
and expect an warmth, to take
over... nourishing, comforting,
and replenishing, the life down
here, on the surface. As the
sky, is just as high, as the sun,

and moon... and infinitely
higher... and as we dwell, upon
our island, of warmth, and
moisture... this Good Earth...
we sometimes wonder, what
the future holds. If only, we
could know, of our true place,
in respects unto eternity... our
troubles, might would seem, so
insignificant... the vastness, of
space, itself, being corollary,
into its age, which is very
nearly infinite... deepest sleep,
being the only rational

measure, we have of going vast
spans, thereof, without
consciousness, of time
duration... heaven, must be like
an restful sleep. As I sit, out
upon the back porch, of this
home, I watch the weather,
while these songbirds, talk
about my presence, sitting
here. The nearby oak tree, is
moved, by the easterly winds,
as the gray clouds brighten,
then darken, then brighten
again. I'll be glad, when this

weather instability passes, so
that I can get my thoughts,
more lucidly, upon these
pages. When at last, I have
found, my saving graces, within
my own self, and in my
conscious interactions, within
the 'collective dreamsphere,'
of mankind... which all people
have more or less access
unto... I will then have 'set
free, the inner turning,' of
nature, onto my pages... and as
my inner nature, is mild, and

as always I remember, the moderate... I will have 'tamed my yearnings, and arrived, intact upon the shore, of my higher selves...' and my consciousness will sing, and resound, with the joys, of pure striving... of pure intent... this day I will await, resting in the promises of innocence, and of forgiveness. So, this is the way, unto my hearts' contentment, this good day. The more I think about, the

'time worn,' 'the antiquated,'
the more sure I grow in how our
humankind, are indeed, the
rightful keepers, of the 'Garden
of Eden,' but the caretakers, of
our lands' commercial,
industrial, and government
sectors, should always,
attemper, the leadership, of
business, and civics, with full-
fledged appreciation, of the
natural realm... and how our
civilized values, aren't
necessarily the only ways, of

themselves, alone... but form
only an small department,
within an planet, of social
mores... ways and norms, being
the distinguishing attributes, of
all of the varied life, found on
Earth... our own, are at the top
of the pyramid, sure, but aren't
in any sense, the only, nor
necessarily, the most
important roles, on this globe...
as who knows... maybe the
arthropods, are much more
important, in the planets

hierarchy... as perhaps the
oldest, unchanged
representatives, of the spark,
of being... perhaps vastly out-
numbering, and out-
performing, ourselves, in terms
of an 'necessary ecological
niche-functionary role,'
sustaining much broader, more
vital life-supporting economies,
and biomes... in the planetary
schemes? These wouldn't be
popular ideas, to share with
school-children, no, but within

our lands higher education, and
universities, maybe we should
partially recalibrate, our
scales, and gently 'let down,'
the juvenile, anthropocentric,
ideals, of youth... giving such,
gently unto the vitally intrinsic
needs, for stewardship roles,
within the natural kingdom.
Seeing how we've all heard and
read science, of our
humankinds' impact upon other
life, and ecologies, upon
Earth... we should instead, be

building ourselves up, and
trimming waste. So, see the
inward spiral? We're not
naturally inclined, to be
thinking, much, of our giving
back, unto the ecology... so we
should entrain ourselves to
lessen wastefulness, and
resepectfully expect, then our
good value, to the ecosystem,
to increase... and especially,
start more positively selling
ourselves, as a species, in the
eyes of our youth. And we can

do this, through both trimming
waste, and then, more
intuitively, giving back, unto
the ecology, more than we take
out. Planting trees, is just the
beginning, of what could be
responsibly taken on, as an
much healthier role, for our
humankind, in the biosphere,
here on Earth. Anyways, these
thoughts, have occurred unto
myself, this good cloudy day...
and with evenings shadows, I
retire, back into myself, to

think, to feel, and to see... for
this, outlook, is somewhat
grander, than those I've found
lately... and looking forward,
unto an easier morning,
tomorrow. To know of ones'
future self-image reflection,
you can go unto the empty
page, in writing. From the first
notions, placed upon the
media, you'll be able to
compare, the interior thought
perceptions, and processes,
with the externalized. This,

will, over time, be the data-stream, which provides the impetus... the motion, and current, for your essay... sort of like the gently flowing current, of a stream, which, when harnessed by gravity, turns the water wheel, of the grist mill, grinding the corn.

This is really an nice metaphor, but I can find an more useful image, for myself, to be an laser. Most people know, how an laser works. LASER, is an

acronym, which means 'Light Amplification, by Stimulated Emission of Radiation.' In this system, an synthetic crystal rod, has on the one end, an silvered, one-way mirror... and an partly silvered mirror, on the other end. An pulse, or continuous emission, of intense light, depending on the application, is focused onto the one end, of the crystal, with lenses. This focused lamplight, bounces back and forth,

through the length of the crystal, increasing in intensity, to an threshold, by the amplifying effects, of the two silvered ends, of the rod. As an portion, of the amplified light escapes from out of the crystal, through the partly silvered end, you see, an increase in the intensity of the lamplight, relative to the intensity, of the source lamp. This amplified light, escaping through the partly silvered end,

is perfectly uni-directional, and has many applications, in data storage, medicine, and industry, just to name three. As the writer, knows an good paranoid-critical compositional style, the effect of this, within writing, or producing, or any kind of self-expression... is an kind of intensification, and focusing, of the sensory – emotional – cognitive realm within and about him or herself, into an linear flowing,

or stream, of language
symbols, through your stylus,
or paint brush, onto the empty
canvas. Knowing and applying,
this effect, one writes more
frequently, and sets 'classical
perfection,' and aesthetics, as
his goal, for his content... be it
audio, written media, visual
design, or photography...
sculpture... whatever... and his
or her portfolio gradually
increases, and grows into
better quality, over time. So,

see the laser comparison? The
writers' intelligent
characteristics, and the
passive subtraction, and
arriving, upon the best article,
make the metaphor, most
appropriate. Nature, forms the
counterpart, for mankind.

Within most any given
dichotomy, man engages with,
or across nature. Weather, on
Earth, is an facet, or factor, in
most everything, pertaining
unto our place, and time here,

and has always been. We, and our harmony within, or defeat by... or victory over, nature, comprises a part of every human narrative. (An narrative, is an relationship, over time.) So, we have these things, to take into account, within each and every human endeavor. Mans' cooperation with man, often hinges, upon the weather cooperating. Controlled manipulation, or amplification of light, with

lasers, or in writing, of thought,
and language, hinges also,
upon the weather cooperating.

This dichotomy, can be even
more implicit... in mans'
conquering, or harnessing, or
living harmoniously with, the
nature, within himself. This
relationship, is the focus, of
this writing, in general. Even
down, to the unfolding flowing,
of moments... there's an
dichotomy, of man, and his
world... and, it appears to be,

the only real factor, which ever will show us much opposition, is nature... the natural world, or the nature, within the man.

So, seeing this way, is the learned appreciation, of any good work. Just in how the writer, has conquered, the nature, within his or her mind...

not only this, but that the writers' good health, allows him to successfully finish the writing... these, show an certain standing, in respects

unto, or over, nature... his own,
and that within which we all
live, in varying degrees. The
writers good standing, and
legacy, within the human
sphere, is in todays
modernized world, of even
more importance. Anyways,
these thoughts, have occurred
unto myself, this good day... all
for now, Have a good week.

~

As one wishes, to know more,
of his or her present future

self-image reflection, you can
go unto the empty page, in
writing. Just knowing, to
access the unfolding now,
through ways of stream-of-
consciousness divination, onto
the empty page, in writing...
such intrinsically affords, an
certain future standing...
namely, the having, of an
hopefully cohesive, and
intelligent, assessment, of your
best self-image reflection,
along, and into, and across

future lands, and unfoldment.
Knowing to be conservative, in
discerning the best, most
representative essay, for
yourself, usually involves the
'playing of the feminine role,'
in writing. This will usually be
the more passive, enfolding,
nurturing roles, in
relationships. Being the ocean,
upon which the sailing vessel
floats, and supporting in this
way. Since there is so much, to
the nighttime sky, we can't

see, just resting in the
enfolding, sort of
encompassing natures, of the
knowing views, and
perspectives, shown by the
mystic, who lives with an
somewhat more reconciled
outlook upon the existence of
the unknown, you'll find, that
days and nights of writing, or
journaling, will almost always
know an much more engaged,
and elaborate appreciation, of
and within, the passing of time.

You'll come to cherish, the
turning, flowing ways of
composition. Starting with an
'bold brush stroke,' and
working, then back, from there,
minimalizing, and nominalizing,
from that which might be called
an 'primacy of expression,'
arriving upon each
understanding, in time, and
over time, catching up, on the
sub-text, and so forth, present
within your best future self-
image reflection. Within the

passages, of the days and
weeks, into months and years,
so much eludes, our vision.

Writing sessions, will usually be
much more readily informed,
upon the subtext, in your
living... relationships, and the
dialogues, and narratives,
within such, leaping to the
fore, of your writing, in fact
illuminating their presence, as
sometimes the source,
substance, and often, you'll
find, impetus, for your

thinking. So, seeing this principle, in your life, you'll return unto the empty page, time and again. In all of the meandering, wandering ways, of an stream-of-consciousness, essay style, you'll over time find recurring themes, and ideas, reflecting patterns, rhythms, and cycles found, within your subconscious mind, and consciousness. Seeing this way, is an gift, which helps the soul, best appreciate the

lasting, timeless qualities, of nature, and confirms, and affirms, the having of an healthy world-view. It's hard to know, the subtext, and natures, present within the subconscious, and unconscious mind, until exchanging an conversation, with another, verbally, or in writing. Writing, at best, is an dialogue, between the positive spaces, and the negative spaces, about yourself. Those who see, this

principle, will wish to write,
more frequently... going unto
the empty page, in
consultation. Today, the best
way, of getting your work seen,
will probably be through the
internet. So, this will be the
medium, within which most
writers, ultimately find
themselves. And seeing how,
the 'news of the day,' will be
an unavoidable presence,
throughout the web, it stands
to reason, that in today's'

world, so torn, in places, by
calamity, and division...

chemical imbalances,
eventually can become par for
the course, within individuals.
Past, and future strife, seems
to be common, also, as our
psychic prescience, at times
appears to be an real factor, in
all we perceive, and do. As the
sunshine, has at last, returned,
unto our regions' skies, and
weather, here, is temperate,
and mild, I have been able to

get outside, more frequently, of late. Finally getting sunshine upon my face, has brightened my moods exponentially, and I feel much more prepared, to face the challenges of the new week ahead. While, the weather, here is nice, I'm highly conscious, of the imminent arrival of autumn, and increasingly more so, seasonally, as I age. This usually will create conditions, wherein any past strife, or

bruises, from such, are
amplified ten-fold... the minds'
equilibrium, being at times,
thrown off, by the corrosive,
impinging natures, of the really
heavy migraines, I find
sometimes. Knowing to be only
definite, in writing, is an gift,
which few really have. Positing
illogical assumptions, or
questions... in other words,
taking your readers for fools...
is not an effective writing
strategy. You'll do much

better, in asking only questions, which you feel comfortable, in answering. Otherwise, your writing can be an logical gaffe, or fallacy. Always seeing the glass, as half-full, and not half-empty, precludes defeatist thinking, from entering your writing. Writing, is an demonstrative showing forth, of that which experiences, have shown yourself... of that which you've been given, from 'the above...'

from your higher mind. Books,
are sometimes downlinked,
from the heaven, of some past,
or future time... like the alien
encounter experience, in this
respect, reflecting an time from
antiquity, or the heaven of
some unknown future, reaching
back, unto our present time,
affecting us in the here and
now. Being drawn, like the
moth butterfly, into the bright,
hot lantern light, you'll want to
apprehend, and grasp, the

outstretched hand, of
compassion. Being cloistered,
within an somewhat limited,
worldview... only having so
much information, you'll want
to negotiate, an relationship,
with those which are capable,
of seeing over, the clouds.
Mental depression, can be an
serious condition, which
darkens everything within
yourself. Just remembering,
how all natural creatures in
Earth, are bright and exultant,

you'll at best see the clear
path, through the thickets, and
briars, unto the wellspring, and
enjoy its restorative waters,

time and again. As the
morning dew, forms droplets,
and falls down from the eaves,
outside my window, I have
attended, unto my morning
ongoing, and look forward, to a
sunny day, here in my region. I

hope this writing finds you
healthy, and happy, and that
you always keep, and have, the

ties with wellbeing. Family and friends, aren't luxuries, but necessities. Always remembering this guideline will keep yourself always close, unto life, and living... the sunny side of the street. Anyways, all for now. Have an pleasant new week.

**GETTING
DOWN
TO IT**

TO KNOW OF ONES' FUTURE
self-image reflection, you can

go unto the empty page, in writing. Through looking at your own thoughts, going onto an notebook page, you'll glean immediate insight, into that which is within yourself, insight into the present qualities of the sky, and upon your 'best foot forward,' future place, and standing. As your sincere written passages, advance down the empty page, so your best present future-picture, unfurls. Seeing the gentle,

moderate flowing of positive
thinking, signifying, future
times, for yourself, your faith,
and confidence, in your own
healthy outlook, will appear to
strengthen, and grow... you'll
then have for yourself, an new
completed essay... and so will
find yourself improved. Seeing
this way, time and again, you
will have found an certain
standing, in respects unto the
greater world, about yourself,
and unto the printed word.

This can allow, for entrance,
into the highest spheres, of
life... you'll have free-flowing
awarenesses, of the nibbanic,
deveachaic lands, of light and
color about all life... and will
then, also, be able to act
intelligently, and in full
consciousness, of the best
past-present-future picture, as
it pertains unto yourself. So,
see, then, the quality, of
knowledge which is freely
accessible, unto the seer? As

far, as one might journey, over
sea, and over land... so he or
she can travel, within his or
her own mind, and soul.... It is
in consideration, of this
principle, that all conceivable
forms, and natures, can be
represented, within language,
upon the written page. This
should be an most sacred
understanding, to yourself.
Looking at this beautiful, early
autumn weather, here today,
reaffirms, the natural

constants, which I reckon, will
go with myself, through
forseeable futures. As we
sometimes feel distanced, and
distracted, from the quietude,
and bliss, which best allow,
faith within, the ecological
constants about ourselves, the
inner lands, upon which we
walk... we should always
remember to weigh our
presumptions, of nature,
against the very nearly eternal
heavenly spheres... the

constants, of the physical sciences, as they can be found.

This keeps weather, and climate worries, from ever encroaching. 'Saying something, will never make it so.' Such as this, should be of great hope, and promise, unto yourself. I heard another internet writer say, 'The value of our dollar, revolves around the work, it required for you to earn it.' Seeing this should also make you smile... the

labors of the heart, and spirit,
sometimes seem too
burdensome... but then I
remember hard work, I've had
in the past, the constant
wakefulness, some managers
require... I guess, I'm pretty
blessed, as I am. As writing,
can be an sort of 'diminutive
sculpting,' back, from posits of
thinking, an revelation, of 'the
form within the form,' I'll
usually be able to sort through,
ideas, and arrive upon

conclusions. The first and foremost criteria, I've used, in the past, for writing, has been, 'If you feel good, you can do good.' This rule, should always guide your craft... as writing, from an angry, or bitter mood, would be only unto your own failing. Instead, with an positivistic style, of staying within the canvas boundaries, and not straying from the gentlest paths, you'll gradually recollect, the best possible

answers, unto the common questions which will arise, from time to time. The mists, about my conscious mind, tonight, are an subtle nudging, and suggesting, of this writing...

gradually allowing, the smartest thinking, to come forth. While time, and circumstance, might have diminished, the simple pleasures, of writing, tonight, I'm encouraged, by the thoughts around how time, is

truly the best teacher... and
healer... and nature, the best
physician. Remembering, too,
the way, unto the coolest
springwater, for oneself, you
should never lose sight, of the
faith and patience, you know,
within your allowing, of the
new, onto your pages... in the
development, of new literature.

The best way, I know of, to
most fully appreciate, the
present moment, is in the 'art
of writing,' and in seeing this

process at work, for yourself.

You may wonder, at the
brilliancy possessed by some
writings... you should know,

how with patience, and
practice, most any ability
becomes increasingly more
possible unto most anyone...
the work, of practice... and of
familiarity, and experience,
accomplishes such, with ease.

As none can know the future,
other than, through seeing, the
time honored, and the flexible,

for their lasting qualities... and
in going the distance, with
such, unto each new
tomorrow... you will have
found, too, for yourself, the
clairity of vision, which can
allow, for the managing of
ecstatic writings, onto the
page. When, in the future, you
look back, across time, you
should feel, within yourself,
that an good work, was
accomplished. Without
conscious awareness, and

knowledge, of ones' good qualities, and traits... we're only seeing one half of the picture. So see? One should always endeavor, to uplift his or her own self, when possible. Because failing sometimes, is an part of living... it's unavoidable. And seeing this way, is an good entrance into, and meaning of a community... in our land, where the one is weak, others will be stronger. This is the secret, unto

longevity, unto prosperity. So,
hence, the great importance of
relationships. The psyche
holds many answers... the
magic comes, as two or more
souls quest, upon finding
answers. Perhaps, this too, is
the truth underlying gnosis.

How it's only within pure
relationships... the meeting of
the minds, of two or more
thinkers, that the divine,
spiritual light, can shine forth.
Seeing and experiencing this

principle within your ordinary
living, is an spiritual gift...
when such is not diminished by
the lower mind, this can truly
allow an way, or craft, to make
an home within your life... and,
this can, in turn, allow an real
'heaven on Earth,' to percolate,
and develop. So, see? The
work, and effort, we apply, in
sorting and sifting, through
surface appearances, to arrive
upon, some workable answers,
onto the page... the great

patience, such can at times
require, this then, becomes
part of the cachet, which
allows the grace of entrance,
into modern spheres. Seeing,
this, is then empowering, and
offers confirmation, and hope,
of our western values.

Anyways, there are many,
many ways to look upon, most
anything. As I sit writing this,
sunshiny weekend morning
light is beaming in through our
drapery, onto my bed. Writing

is just such an excellent craft,
to be around... I watchfully
tend, and cultivate, an new
article, for sometimes five, or
six days, before finally giving it
unto the lasting page. I love
this whole process, the re-
reading... amending... revising,
all along the way, bringing into
more cohesive shape... what
may begin as an somewhat
chaotic, even incoherent
survey, of recent ideas.
Getting down unto the gist of

your essay, you will have
uplifted the weak places, and
diminished the tones, of the
loud ones. This, hopefully will
give you an gentler, more
evenly rhyming reading, within
the produced work. The best
way, I know of, to really
experience, and appreciate,
the passage of time...
consciously, and intelligently...
is within the art of writing, as it
can be found, with pen and
paper. When there is an free

and open venue, for sharing new ideas, you'll find writing is so much more engaging, in the immediate sense, as there isn't any impediment between your words, and at least a few readers, or listeners... this makes it fun, and you'll return to writing, time and again. And, it's within the process, of composition, that so many insights, and observations, not only into the content, of the ideas, in the piece, but also

upon the ways, that the piece is being written. For instance, the ideas which you can find, and the cognitive atmospheres within the writers' mind... are these characteristically like unto other sessions, which you remember... is there more, or less comfort, you feel, looking further along into the writing session, from where you are now (you enthusiasm, for writing... is it greater, or less,) is the information, coming unto

yourself, showing an nearness,
or an distance, of appearance...

is the language in your mind
stronger, more forthright... or
more subdued... (suggesting at
an greater or lessor in
termperature time... warmer, or
colder,) ...does the stylus, feel
lighter in weight, or heavier...

(suggesting more, or less
higher accessional assistance,
being given unto the session...)

these are just three basic
observations, you can make,

right away. And, in general, is the session like others, you remember, when good results were obtained... "I like the feel of this," or otherwise. So see? But it takes experience within some kind of path or practice, or way... to access information like this... whether it be cycling, hiking, visual design... you know, printmaking... pottery... And, with a little patience, and practice, you'll gradually grow in experience,

such that you can tap into, this level of interaction, as you wish... by then, your catalog, of finished works... your portfolio... will have filled out, and you'll in time gain mastery. But this takes an great desire, to follow masterful ways, and arrive upon excellence. I've heard it said, that art is self-expression. But in general, I feel that firstly, art is discernment... going unto the empty canvas, or page, in

discernment, is like talking with an close friend. And so is writing. So, this good perceptual ability you have, isn't doing much good, if you don't use it. Writing or sketching, can give unto yourself an good quality essay, or illustration... but perhaps more importantly, such becomes an increasingly big part of your inner life... your spiritual life... as this is the way, we find communion,

within our higher mind.

Without this 'place of communion,' and insight, we miss out on the world of meaning, and significance, as it pertains unto ourselves. When you see, this principle at work, within your own heart, and mind, you'll go unto this way, more and more frequently.

Anyways, these are a few things that I can see, in this present. So, to know, of your unique past-present-future self-

image reflection, just go unto
the empty page, in
discernment. As the nighttime
moon, stars, and planets
appear to revolve, through
their eternal courses, and
paths... so your surety in the
present is more or less
confidant. Looking within, the
interior flowing, of imagined
happenstance, I at times,
ponder over appearances...
“What is this day, or that one,
trying to tell me?” I may not

always, have all of the information, at hand, which the day, would say. I then, just have to reconcile myself, with not knowing... this isn't usually too hard, to do... I just have to be conscious of, the fact that, all of the cards may not be on the table... and so, choose my paths, accordingly. When one goes unto the empty page, in divination, or in discernment, if conditions are favorable, there will be latencies about, which

can be shown, to be good
directions, in thinking... and
which might reveal an new
essay, song, or painting...
honest self-expression, can be
the best past-present-future
pathway, there is, for the
person. So many of our daily
expressions, are bland, and
utilitarian... knowing the flair,
of composition... such artistry
almost always will tap into
deeper currents... in other
words, the efforts put into the

sincere giving, of your best
ideas, unto the page... these
are the times spent in
communion, within ones' self,
and his or her higher self, and
consciousness... nothing else,
can compare. So, if you think,
your life is lacking in real
direction... through accessing
ones' own inner conversation,
by relating in written fashion,
within the lands about,
ourselves, the collective soul,
of mankind... you'll find,

there's an abundance of meanings, and significancies...

all seeming to point one into more lasting relationships, and better life situations... and I believe, into greater health, and wellbeing. If we follow these signposts, they will eventually lead one into an place of 'kinship,' and within his or her own innate higher powers, of mind... which, when faithfully applied, can be an vast 'treasure trove,' of

inspiration, for the souls we
are, into the most well-
informed, and complete future
lands, there could be, for
ourselves. If you think about
it, the individual human
consciousness, exists more or
less in 'the now,' as an
sensate, computational
simulcron, of ever-increasing
future possibilities, including
such sought after goals, as
security, and peace of mind...
such can set in place,

conditions within which prosperity, and plenty can be found, and enjoyed. Looking at the non-linear nature, of 21st century information culture, you'll find, there's no lack, for good, original ideas... as our higher selves, are intrinsically party, unto realms, beyond our knowledge-sphere, and ability to know of... you've just got to see, how our own best creative pathways, as they are placed upon media of any kind...

canvas, or notebook...
sculptors' stone, and chisel...
can become the pathways, and
keys, to unlock such higher
understandings... you or I
alone, will never be, all
knowing... however, with faith,
in the manifold natures of
heaven, you'll see, then how
there's truly no good power,
nor good ability, which is
lacking, within the human soul.
We are, our own incarnate
souls... made flesh, for a time,

as the supreme
accomplishments, of divine
will. As all minds, are innately
connected, on some level,
there should be nothing in
between, yourself, and the
successful written page. And
these won't be insular, nor
anachronistic voices, but
instead will be will-informed,
and conscientious... in other
words, they'll be connected,
within those about yourself,
and the encompassing aethers,

and cultural matrix. (So, you'll not, step wrongly, nor ignorantly,) This is the clear benefit, of an awakened mind, and beingness. Remembering, always to hold firstly, unto inaction, and non-doing, can be the entrance, into an more thoroughly self-analysed logic... so many, of the notions, passing through ourselves, on the way unto their own individual ends... are simply untenable, in some way... ideas

which wouldn't hold up, unto
rigorous usage, as in through
writing them.... how can we
allow only the best ideas, onto
the page? Negotiating an
pleasing harmony, sometimes
can require, doing and re-doing
a thing, so as to ultimately
improve, and keep ones' own
good name, intact. With some
experience, you can really
learn to separate, substance,
from immateriality... and to
discern your own truths... this

can require years of careful experimentation, onto the page, learning good paths only over time. With thorough conscious appreciation, of ones' own self... of what ones' self is really saying, in this, or that expression... in the world about yourself, the images, we express... you'll be better able, to make the best, most enlightened choices, for these difficult times, we dwell within. As your vocabulary will

improve through reading...
you'll find, that writing, and
saving, your insights, and
ideas, likewise seems to have,
over time, an way of revealing
the soul... your experiences, in
writing, and your written
insights, seen together, will in
time, sketch out, an way of
seeing.... gradually building an
knowledge base, of good ideas,
and learned wisdoms, within
yourself... of how things are
interrelated, on many levels,

and of those positive
directions, of thinking, which
can lead one upward, into
higher functionality, and richer
fulfillment. So, these are
ideas, which can be found, this
good sunshiny morning.

Looking also, into these gentle
breezes, playing over this land,
here, I am expectantly
awaiting, the imminent arrival
of autumn, and hope to
document, the fall transition, in
photography, as I have done in

each of the past three
autumns. You never really
notice, the natural, seasonal,
environmental changes, until
you start wakefully studying
them... the first frost, for
instance, has happened around
the first of November, for the
past three seasons. Seeing an
pattern, like this, for yourself,
helps to solidly ground
yourself, within the natural
environs, and offers
confirmation, of your own good

place, in respects unto the
outdoors. Having found
yourself, in relation unto
nature... wouldn't you want to
learn more? Anyways, these
are some ideas. The day is
Friday, and the weather here is
temperate, and mild...
occassional white billows,
crossing in front of the sun.
The rain we received last night,
was an refreshing break, from
the dry weather... serving to
cool, and replenish the land...

the local soy bean growers, I'm
sure, are thankful. Anyways,
all for now. Have an pleasant
weekend.

MUSICAL WORDS

WHEN ONE SETS ABOUT, TO
look within the pages, of the
mind... for insights, and
answers, upon the present day
and time... the many
impressions, which the mind
reveals... there may be more,
or less grace, given unto the

writing session... the future,
may be more or less like an
unbroken, smooth, flowing of
time. Looking away, into the
shades, and colors, of most any
day, or night, shows an
spectrum, of emotional hues,
an shimmering array, of
subtleties, and nuances.

Whether or not, one is
presently free from dross, and
image attachments, pertaining
unto his or her own ongoing...
when love is an factor, in

things, there will be an symphony, of feelings, and emotions, which will be perceived, through ones' aural, and visual faculty... which are also seen to be closely in concert, with ones' inner thoughts, and language.

Understanding, these relationships, really sets consciousness free, to look upon the day, or night, without becoming entangled within, that which is revealed of

senses. So, an good
assessment of the time, is
possible. Remembering, in this
way, to avoid pre-judging,
you'll truly see, how that
possibilities, are really infinite,
from any given point. So when
this love is really present,
you'll see, how we can channel
only the best, most accurate
future... when we see the best
in others, then you'll show the
best, unto yourself. For what
you give, will be what you get.

Seeing, now, this common
crossroad, in thinking,
hopefully you'll see how, the
choices one makes today, are
revelatory, of many things...
the wisdom, of time and
experience, makes the future,
easier to live within. The more
one understands, the outlay, of
revelancies, and significancies,
of this, or any day, the more
self-command, and control the
writer will feel, in going unto
the empty page, in writing. So,

if one feels truly on top of, his
or her mythos, and
subterranean narratives, you'll
see how then, this comes
across, in any creative work.

So, to approach, the best
mastery, of one's future,
approach your arts, and media,
with only an classic sensibility,
of time-honored stylings, and
sense of aesthetic. You'll find
thereby, an graceful future...
and an graceful literature.

Seeing this principle, is

allowance, and entrance, into
the best possible futures, for
yourself. As one rises above,
to find freedom, from the
enchantments, of the lower
mind, asking only to be shown
accurate reflections, you'll
hopefully, not become taken in,
by those who would deceive,
and try to push you into an
enclosure, of self-loathing, and
longing. As there are those,
whom would enslave, the
tender heart, you should

always remember, just whom
you are... and remember, too,
not to accept, the half-hearted
snares, and traps, of the foes,
which come, in time, eventual
unto any creative pathway.

These naysayers, will be
thought-shapers, appearing to
blight the luminous
consciousness, with self-
delusion, and defeat. So, you
should see how perceptions,
are really key, in keeping
oneself free from self-doubt,

and you should keep the aim,
firstly, of ensuring that
perceptions, are revealing,
unto yourself, only of an clear
light, and not the gauzy hazes,
of fear, and self-doubt. So,
this, then, is being an lucent
reflector.... an clean mirror.
You'll always want, to keep only
those perceptions, which are
untouched, by the deceits,
attendant unto attachment, to
loss. So, do you see, then, how
no one on Earth, will choose

your paths, for yourself... ones'
footseteps, are placed, by
yourself alone. So, never ever
forget, ones own, and the
known. These are just useful
paths, of thinking, in general...
there won't be any need to
trail-blaze, when the
consciousness is lucent, and
unenchantd. So, see then,
the differences, between 'eh,'
and 'oh? To know of ones'
future self image reflection,
you can go unto the empty

page, in discernment. From where does the moment arise?

And, where does it go? The billowing, expanding flowing of space, over time, seems to give us the sense, of the passage of moments... It's the billowing, of the spatial metric, over time, which appears to unify events, into an flowing progression. This, I guess, is why it can be difficult, to tell the difference, between an painting, of an flower, and the

flower itself. Young minds, are sometimes tripped up over this distinction... and this is why professional counsellors, are often employed, by parents... in dealing with the inevitable bruises, and scrapes, of living. Any online posting, is desktop publishing, and should be seen in the same ways, that music labels, and publishing houses, have always been seen. It's not for children, and takes both maturity, and sophistication, to

make it work. It's true, I think,
that kids grow up too early,
these days... time for reading,
and developing depth of
character, may be missed out
upon, by many. But, I think it's
true, how, 'the more things
change, the more they stay the
same.' So, parents can
reassure themselves, that
delaying use of computers until
around age fifteen, when adult
learning begins, is the best.
Anyways, to go unto the empty

notebook page, in writing, is to
look beneath the surfaces, of
your mind... the weighing and
testing of ideas, then is much
easier, as your reading and re-
reading, in composition, should
show the way, things ought to
sound, in speaking, or not.

Writing, when done well, is an
placing, of handholds, and foot
steps, onto the empty page... it
should only be an
improvement, or an
enhancement, unto your life,

and character. It should never subtract, from your worth, nor value. You've got to know this beyond doubt. As I sit writing,

this beautiful sunshiny morning, I'm impressed, by the quality of these words, and my enthusiasm is growing, for this writing. Having an way, of ones' own, in which to creatively work through, the difficulties which sometimes arise, in any path, is an treasure of great value. As you

gain experience, in solving the puzzles, which we as people sometimes face, your faith and confidence, in your own intactness will appear to grow.

In walking, faith means knowing that the ground will be there, where you place your next step. Knowing and understanding, of the risks involved, in hiking, allows one to enjoy beautiful vistas, get fresh air, and exercise most gracefully, and without injuring

yourself. Grace, will be the
gift, of thorough
understanding, and experience.
Faith, and grace are two ideas
which mean nearly the same
thing, and both appear to
depend upon, and grow from,
your best understanding of
your good capabilities, to
successfully do, and manage a
job, over time. This is
conscious living, of course, but
not all people, live consciously.
Some travel years, without

consciously awakening, unto
their own subconscious, and
unconscious lands. They do
fine this way... because their
life plan is right for only
themselves. An writers'
consciousness, is at times, an
roaming point, within him or
herself, around which his
language collective orbits and
revolves. In the course of
writing, an article, you can
really revolutionize, your own
outlooks, and perspectives, as

you move through time, within
yourself, from a field of ice,
unto an field of golden wheat.

Then your consciousness, will
have passed through the
narrow way, unto an place of
greater fullness, and plenty.

Experienced writers know, that
passing from places of
darkness, through narrow
tunnels, and gates, back out
into the lush pastureland, will
be an regular part of any
composition. This is helpful to

see, so that you won't be discouraged, as earth energy appears to arise within your consciousness and demand attention. Anyways, there are many ways, to consciously go about, the 'art of writing...' as many ways, as there are writers. In wondering, as to that which is beneath the surface, of your consciousness, this day, or any day... you should look for ways in which to nominally test about, in

words, upon the page...
covering inner topography, and
gradually annotating the
passages of moments. This
needn't be any big, or great
ideas, but instead, just like the
jazz-rock musical group...
improvisationally conjuring an
flowing, of sonorous music, in
hopes of happening upon, as
strong or beautiful melody, or
hook, or an progression of
chords, or notes... or an
uplifting theme... and which in

turn inspires still further
exploration, and discovering
more compelling melodies and
themes along the way.

Jamming while the tape
recorder is running, assures
that your group will at least
have an musical performance,
on the media... regardless, of
whether or not such is
commercially an fortune
bringing track, but just for fun,
and to increase your
experience, in playing together.

Having an new recording, will
be exhilarating, and will
stimulate yourself, to perhaps
expand upon an strong melody,
thereby developing the idea,
into an cohesive song. So see,
what is meant by writing, to
myself? Changing the world,
should be the last thing on
your mind. The time you spend
in composition, onto the page,
is the time spent in
communion, with ones' higher
selves, and consciousness.

Like the musical jam session,
such is worth doing for its own
sake, as these can afford unto
the musicians the glorious
heights... the transcendant
vistas... the lush gardens,
which can come in communion
with the divine. So, these are
the reasons, I write. Times of
the full moon, like today is,
tend to give an overflowing
fullness, unto my mind, and
soul. Tonights' moon is an
harvest moon, and our Autumn

properly begins in four days.
So, this, for myself, is an time
to think about the coming
seasonal times, and festivities.
Anyways, our weather today is
clear and cool... only in direct
sunlight, does one feel the
heat. To know of what is
'beneath the surface,' of your
consciousness, just go unto
your empty page, in
divination... This should reveal
unto yourself all you need to
know. As one goes unto the

empty page, in consideration,
of the recent past-present-
future surveys, of insight and
imagination, he or she sits
afore an desk, or workstation,
and begins to place an few
ideas, onto the media. To
know, of that which rests
beneath the surfaces of
consciousness, one looks
within the static surface of the
empty page. Breaking the
stalemate, he allows an light
rivulet of flowing, within the

media dimension... this usually
will bring along an new essay.

You see, the action of the
unfolding of moments, informs,
and allows, further ideas to
come forth... as the article has
a strong root, or anchor, in an
good opening line at the
beginning... such tends to allow
still more ideas, and this inner
turning brings forth an new
essay. When you see how this
process, can work for yourself,
you'll return unto this way,

time and again. There are really two main benefits, which one engages within, and shares with his or her higher mind, and reader. The first worth, of good writing, comes within the doing, of such... as this is where your answers come forth, within yourself... and the world of insight and understanding builds within yourself, and grows. The other value, is really within the sharing, of such... and in

seeing your thoughts, being supported, within the subtle realms, and in having apparent good benefit, and place, within your group. You'll almost always see this process, within the subtle exchanges, you read from, and off of the encompassing cultural matrix.

These two blessings, are enjoyed, time and again... there's simply no need, for praise, nor patronizing, from those about oneself... not for

ones' writing, nor any craft, for that matter. Such takes care of itself, and most days, one finds plenty reward, just from the completing, and enjoying, of the new. Sharing, is an extra, that is nice, too... but it's mostly for ones' own self. I find, being worry free, to be the foremost aid unto creativity, there is... whenever doubt, or fear gets into your mind, you pretty much have got to deal with it, before going

to your writers' desk.

Anamalous information, from news sources, can sometimes introduce turmoil, into an writers' life, for a time. You've almost got to get any recent issues to move behind yourself, prior to writing... This lets your mind ferment, and develop an new essay. But without the real sense, of interior security, and peace, your subconscious mind, will be trying to solve upon someone elses' problem,

and not really working upon the task, you put afore yourself, such as writing will be.

Anyways, just a few ideas, about how the doing, and sharing of an craft, like journaling, or visual design, or music, can be. The more that you successfully do, a thing, the more familiar it will become unto yourself. Most grade school kids, will have written short stories, for an literature class... but the art of

publishing, and sharing your work, may be out of reach, for many. For myself, my first publishing, was really like the exiting, from an deep sea submarine, into the very ocean depths themselves. The sort of downward weight, and pressure, upon my mind, was an sort of accelerated 'getting to know,' of the socio-cultural, collective views, and ideas, pertaining unto myself... stories others might have

spoken about me began to be real factors, impacting my mind, and conscious intellect.

As I first began consciously dealing with this new volume of information, I wasn't a little overwhelmed, but quite a lot.

Fortunately for myself, I had already left alcohol, and pill abuse several years in my past, and so wasn't so disturbed by the effects this publishing brought to bear, upon my mind.

So, and today, I just know to

keep things simpler, and less
iconoclastic, and
anachronisms, are kept few and
far between. I avoid saying too
much, and the ambiguous
areas are almost completely
avoided, by myself. Prosody,
and the poetic, are common in
my writing today. The day here
is Friday. The sky is beautiful,
with hazy clouds to the west.
The fauna have been a bit shy,
lately. But cicadas are heard
each sunny day, serenading the

animals, and the people, too.

I'm not outside at night, but around dusk, and dawn, I'll always see spiders, under the eaves. With the abundant rainfall, we received, earlier in the summer, the flying insects have really multiplied, and so the spiders, are having an good year. Harmless spiders, are good, to have around, and we've got several large ones with webs, catching bugs all night. We're expecting rain

tomorrow, which I guess would be some welcome moisture, for the winter gardens. Anyways, there'll always be those times when I return unto my pen and notebook, to share recent thoughts... but the work I do in these crafts, is mainly for myself. "If you want really nice things, you have to make them for yourself." This I have told myself, inwardly, for years. Because kindred souls, in art and music, are hard to find. As

I began 'cultivating oneness,'
in my life, I began writing, and
recording more music. This,
then has gradually filled me in,
on the unique subtext, and
mythos, present within my own
family tree. As our minds dwell
within the 'sea of time,' past,
present, and future, for
oneself, are seen to be
informed, and allowed, by
ones' own truths, and
significancies, and are
intimately interrelated, through

the agency of spirit. Seeing this, here in this rainy morning, is rewarding. To get glimpses, of that which is 'beneath the surface,' in your life and time, just go unto the empty page, in discernment. This should keep you well-informed, as to that which is present within ephemeral dimensions. 'This is the truest advice, of the immortals, those whom have departed, yet live on.'

Anyways, all for now. Have an

nice coming new week.

PERENNIAL

PATHWAY

AS ONE GOES ABOUT, TO PUT thoughts upon paper, he or she may feel more or less secure, in his 'collective moment...' the inner lights, may be stronger, or more dim. During times of greater inner surety, the shadowlands, about ones' being, will have less sway, over his or her consciousness. The quiet surety, or 'inner light,'

equates unto freedom, from
fear, and self-doubt... which
otherwise turns consciousness
inward, upon itself... the
corrosive self loathing, which is
sometimes found, within 'non-
doing.' Remembering,
however, that this 'non doing,'
will be the way, in which some
days are spent... there's no
getting around it... times 'in
between,' are often seen to be,
the cachet, through which , we
might best situate, and bolster

our self-esteem... for the future times, when greater conscious appreciation, is called for. This sort of 'trading places,' and walking an measure, seeing from the perspective of another, is really the doorway, into the most well-rounded arts... "You don't know, what you've got, until you've existed, without..." this saying, becomes the perennial pathway, through which we keep in ourselves, and in our

arts, and crafts, and most
healthy appreciation, and
respect for that which one truly
believes. When it's our
idealism, that allows for the
most creative art forms, to
thrive, when our ways, are met
by challenges, as they
sometimes are... then this
'non-doing,' allows for the most
thorough appreciation, of the
living years... ensuring that our
spiritual health and wellbeing,
isn't carelessly overlooked,

when later, in quietude, it
returns. Instead, you'll
express, only thorough
understanding, of both the
front, and the back, of the
coin.. seeing the lights, and the
darks, equally, lends the
creation, its permanance... its
lasting qualities... its volumes,
and three-dimensionality. The
rain, which falls, in our lives,
from time to time, suffices to
qualify ourselves, for the
better days... having 'crossed

over the river Jordan,' we'll
look back, not with longing, nor
regret, but with contentment,
and in knowledge, of the
intactness, of our soul. Here's
an singular notion, around
thoughts of 'going to Heaven...'
you'd only survive... you'd walk
on... your heart would go on...
this much will be true. When
at once you see this meaning,
you'll best remember, then, the
sacred, in the ordinary... and
you'll not neglect, to make for

yourself, this 'heaven on earth.' Knowing this principle, and being self-affirming, in your living, you'll have, later, the keys, which can unlock, the secrets, to the flowing, of the years, in your living... into decades, and even centuries. This is so important, to really see... love, is what we make it to be... but this happens best, when that love, has truly made ourselves, into the best we can be... the best writer, or

chef, of engineer, or
architect... or house painter...
we can be, given the tools, at
hand. When you start seeing,
your gifts, in the lasting
sense... when such appears to
remain unchanged, across
time... and in seeing, how, the
many positive benefits, of
such, have lasting worth, and
value, you'll then be on your
way, unto an successful craft,
as an writer, or artist... as an
artisan. So, and then, none

would argue, with the virtues,
of your ways. In times of
writing, or of any personal
expression, really... you'll find,
over time, that the mind will
tend to form, an sort of 'tunnel
vision,' of an increasing
narrowness, down into what
amounts unto, an 'tight
squeeze...' passing through this
gate, back out into the
brightness, and open air, of the
meadow-land, you'll then be
dazzled, at the sparkling

newness, of creation... as the
gentle breezes, caress your
face... freely flowing, then into
more pleasant future... you'll
be 'ahead of the game,' if only
in the knowing, of the
improvement, unto your way of
living, which the new work, of
literature, generally brings.

This is equivalent, unto
solving, the prescient riddles,
which are at times tugging at
your heart... the apprehending,
of the meanings... the subtle

lights, of such, and the
integrating, of them, at last,
into your 'lifeways portfolio.'

When, you always, find
definition, and actualness, in
your life, by the pursuing of
such path... you'll have
knowledge, of how this path is
right for yourself... you'll then
be firm in your self, even as
enchantments, come and go, as
the winds of change, buffett,
and sway the tender heart,
pulling him or her, from the

light, into darkness... and into the light, again. So, and with greater conscious awareness, brought unto this ebb and flow... through the wisdom, of experience... the more one knows... the greater, will be the empowerment, and the increase, one knows, from both the highs, and the lows, in living. You'll hear of this, as an kind of 'second wind,' but you won't believe such to be true, until you really begin finding

victory, in your own crafting, of
the literature, you've always
put upon high. Knowing this,
you won't give up, upon
yourself... and you won't find
reason enough, to, in
frustration, relenquish the
path of your good work, nor to
doubt, nor renounce, such way.
In fact, you'll find yourself,
upon the sunny side of the
street, more frequently, and
you'll have good appreciation,
for them both... the light, and

the heavy. So, seeing these things, today, is important.. as such reaffirms, within myself, the honest belief, in this way. There are really three realms, of consciousness, which can be found making up each persons' being. The first, could be said to be the unconscious, collective mind... the common cultural lands, within which our lives exist... the matrix, within which all qualities, both good and bad, co-exist. The

individual, may have little or no conscious knowledge of ongoing, and phenomena found here... nor any real need, to have knowledge thereof. This land, we're generally unconscious of, across our entire lives. The second land, which is apparent, unto the observer, will be the subconscious lands... the ongoing, and so forth, which are beginning to enter the persons' conscious

awareness... and which he or she wants to apprehend, to grasp, and learn from. These will be things in our lives, which we can and maybe should interact with, consciously, and thus take on the wisdoms, they have to give... but maybe we haven't quite gotten there just yet.

The emergent phenomena. The third realm, of course, will be the conscious, waking land, within the conscious sphere, of

phenomena... which appears
unto the soul, within, and
about his or her person... the
phenomena, which is given, as
entering into consciousness...
the conscious domain... the
purely interactive, sphere,
where we're given insights into
aspects, of our being, over
which we have some control.
The stream of consciousness
artform, like free-style jazz
rock music, or writing can be,
is an excellent pathway, into

gaining insight, into all three
realms... 'dance, is really the
word, here...' moving your feet,
with graceful flowing in mind...
and the writing such as this,
uses the forward progressive
nature of the language, and the
logic found, within all
languages, to start an larger
flowing, which conveys an more
in-depth view of the persons'
'present now picture,' and
allows for 'soul work,' 'light
work,' and solving upon

contemporary cultural issues.
So, do you see the great value
in this kind of path? So, the
crafting, and expressing, onto
lasting media, tends to be
evocative, at times, of all three
lands... unconscious,
subconscious, and conscious
waking awareness.... When we
can, thru artistic expression, or
creative expression, 'step
forth,' into the realms of 'all
time,' as the classicly styled
art-form can be, then we'll

find, commonly, that the
unconscious, collective soul,
will become more accessible....
and we might even partner,
consciously, with our
unconscious, higher mind-
sphere, thusly being the fullest
example, of human being we
know how. So see? We should
always cultivate, an way, path,
or practice... for such always
cues the deep self, into that
which is actually present,
within our lives... this way, I

have chosen, for years.
Anyways, just some ideas, this
good sunshiny Monday
morning. I send this posting
along unto yourself now. Have
an nice week.

**NOURISHMENT,
FOR LIVING**

AS ONE SITS, TO WRITE, HE OR
SHE reflects upon recent
memory, and the good
thinking, and ideas, which have
come his way, lately. I usually
won't have these notions, at

my fingertips, like an roladex,
no... my writing is more
spiritualist, in nature... and so I
count, upon my will, to build an
quality essay... and my being in
good graces... to allow, recent
thinking, to emerge, from my
subconscious mind. The
sphere of the subconscious
mind, supercedes, my own
human, limited
consciousness... (the
perceptions, of the stimuli,
about my person, in my

environment... the temperature
in the room... is the day
cloudy, outside? the music in
my earbuds... the way my
clothes feel... whether
comfortable... and if I feel
relaxed and comfortable, in my
own skin...) perceptions such
as these, comprise my waking
life... only infrequently, do I
happen upon, an novel idea, or
invention, which I would really
write upon. And then, this idea
returns back, below, the level

of consciousness, until through writing, it arises to the surface, again. The important thing, about having the ability to write, with good ink, upon lasting media, is that when I do write... whichever thoughts are lingering about, will usually come forth, in enscribing, upon paper, with an stylus. These ideas, will linger, just outside consciousness.... until their moment arises. Then, the puzzle pieces, can be

externalized, and manipulated,
in composition, upon the
lasting media, such as an
notebook. So, see? However,
you individually go about
'getting down with,' your
subconscious mind, and
intellect... whether it's in
conversation, and discussion,
with those about yourself... or
through an way, craft, or art,
like writing, or pottery... or
painting... this will be an
regular pathway, for yourself...

you'll strengthen yourself, this way, and find some nourishment. You'll also, find personal growth, through your unique, individuated relationships, unto anything else, which comes your way, in living your years. So, this tends to bring an much greater sense of self-authorship, and inner belonging, unto your life... you'll feel much less victimized, by others, and so, your moods, and ability to

concentrate... and to relax, will
improve. This in turn, allows
your arts, and crafting, to
perfect itself... and as these
discernments, and divinations,
will point the way, for yourself,
unto greater wholeness, and
sameness, within your best
present now... your prosperity,
and abundance, will appear, to
increase... and greater sense of
personal security, and
intactness, in general. So,
these are some thoughts,

around writing, and crafting,
and how we can build
understanding, esteem, and
empowerment. To get an
sense, of your own future self-
image reflection, just place an
few ideas, upon notebook
paper, about things in your life
in general... will these ideas,
be self-criticizing, or showing
more of an healthy self-
esteem? How do these
perceptions speak, unto
questions, pertaining unto

future times? This is the gist,
of my thoughts, around
discernment, through writing or
art... self-creation, in general.

"What parts of yourself will you
show, in the art or writing,
which you built to inhabit the
future? Your peace-loving,
contented self... or your angry,
wounded persona? So, see
what I'm saying? Such writing
will still be around, tomorrow.

So see, then, how positive
thinking, will almost always, be

beneficial, unto yourself...
strengthening, and fortifying an
increasingly healthier self-hood
picture? Anyways, just some
thoughts. Our skies, here in
this part of our land, are partly
cloudy, with rain in the forecast,
for later tonight, and tomorrow.

This rain, will benefit the
winter gardens, and keep fresh
vegetables, on the table,
through New Years'. The moon
above, is three-fourths full, and
appears through the increasing

cloud cover, only infrequently.

If you want to know, what
children think about, just
appreciate, 'the narrative,' as
it can be found. 'The places,
you'll go,' when you can find
your own 'return to innocence,'
and begin honestly illustrating,
your unfolding now picture,
into the future... you'll expand,
and broaden, your boundaries,
and sources, until, with the
summer zepthers, you follow
the contours, of the land, and

blend within, and into, the heavenly host, becoming at one with all of Nature... and standing upon the Rock, as your single point of will, is strongest. So, your narrative style... does it speak of antiquity, or modernity?

Knowing, to find the timeless, encompassing all, within, and just around, and behind, all life, and matter, is entrance, into this one known habitable planet, here in this corner of

our Milky Way. Mankind knows
of no other home. The golden
sun is just beginning, to
christen, the eastern skyline,
with an orange-red radiance,
visible just below, and behind,
the low clouds, through the
gap. In ten minutes, its light
will be risen, obscured, behind,
the layer, of thick, gray clouds.

So, and then, we'll check in
with the weatherman, to see
what chances, for precipitation,
there may be. To know, of

ones' own best outlooks, and perspectives, you can relate unto the empty page, in writing. The encompassing spaces, of your page, bounded, by your desk-top, will support, and delineate, the information, which you place, with your stylus, onto the surface. When the inner weather vane, is attenuated, unto the subtlest variance, in the encompassing aethers, you'll not step wrongly, or ignorantly, but

instead, will find, the best balance, of light, and heavy spatial elements. This should, give yourself, the strongest essay. There may be nothing better, you can do, than remaining sensitive unto the gentle breezes, guiding your stylus.... as this tends, to allow the writing to complete itself. And, this is how i write.... 'Give unto the beginning, of the piece, an strong idea, or notion.... and allow the

aethers, to complement, these opening words, and in discernment, fill out the rest of the article.' And, if positive thinking, is really your rule, in composition, your words will remain upright, throughout, the storms which come from time to time. This will show forth, an cohesive, unity of expression, along, and throughout your entire writing path. Anyways, just some thoughts, this good cloudy

morning. Have an nice
weekend.

ON ARTISTIC PROCESSES

WHEN ONE SITS, TO WRITE...
AND DISCERN, his or her best
present outlooks, onto the
written page... there will be so
much recent, and more or less
distant information, which he
or she begins to look at, and
weigh. The values, which one
will place, upon things, in your
life... acquisitions, and

occurrences... whether seen as good, or less than good, this will be dependent, upon your priorities. These will be affinities, and leanings, which you are aware of... parts of your natures, through which you define yourself, and consciously direct, your paths, and ways. These are your priorities... your values... ones' views, upon where he or she is at... and your conscious awareness, of the course,

which your walking is upon.

So, if your priorities, are around, finding ways, to busy your hands, and heart, in the creation, of arts, and crafts, such as through photography, writing, music, visual design, watercolor painting, sculpture, pottery... then you'll gradually build, an portfolio, of finished works... which will serve to represent, yourself, into your future... and which will also be representative, of the

passages, of days, weeks, and
months, into years, and
decades... stretching out
behind, yourself. You'll find,
thereby an hopefully timeless
lens, as you choose, through
which to recollect, and survey,
the particular paths, and pasts,
you've traversed, and
conjoined within, and
entertained, throughout the
years. This lens, will allow, for
much more thorough recollect,
and appreciation of the time...

your particular relationships,
unto just all the times, of your
artistic life, then will be seen
within your subtle memories, of
the processes involved, in the
creation of such works... rather
than just as an gray wash, of
memories, unto which you've
no contextual relationship. So,
see then, the value, of writing,
and expressing, your thoughts,
perceptions, and reflections...
upon media? You'll also find,
greater surety, and self-

knowledge, within any given day... as sorting truth, from fantasy, and positive thinking, from the negative... has so very many benefits... for, within the human situation... our minds and prescient consciousnesses... as semblances sometimes develop... will lead us to feel muddled, confused, or discouraged... pessimism, around future times, will be much less of a factor, when

you're regularly finding
reassurance, and self-
affirmation, in the here and
now... into the future... through
the thoughtful sifting through,
of your ideas, by way of
writing, art, and music. The
finding, of the missing puzzle
pieces, can be so simple, a
thing, as the putting of the
finished work, upon your empty
page... and I find this, to be so
wonderous... as in the ways of
how, in its coming into

existence, an new writing, or painting, indeed, has an kind of quantum shadow, within inner consciousness... letting your pen, or brushes, then move, and write, or paint, of their own accord... only as suggested... and keeping this, only the lucent, non-personal upwelling... allows only the most pure, direct, cleanest transmutation, of the given suggestions, onto the page, or canvas... showing an more or

less accurate image, of the
within, and ideally, allowing for
the interactively working
through of the subconscious'
significancies... and finding
closure. So, you see some of
the value, I place upon new
work. As an participant, in the
contemporary day, and time,
you'll feel yourself to be much
less of an outsider, critiqueing
others, about yourself... and
more of an engaged, active
participant, in the

contemporary culture, and discussion. Hence your sense of self-worth, and personal value, will be greater, allowing for the more full-fledged interactions, such as in leadership, and stewardship roles, and in family. With the bright sun shining, this Wednesday late October afternoon, the trees across our yard, and along the bottom, are in their fullest splendor... foliage, of brilliant dark, and

light oranges, reds, and
purples, gracing my outdoor
photography, with our yards'
most colorful visual spectacle.

With the many, many facets,
and reflections, of the yearly
seasonal changes, it's so

reassuring, to just be able to
narrow down, your

perceptions... your interior
inbreathing and outbreathing...

into an concise, cohesive
expression, of only an classical
sensibility, of ideals, and

aesthetics, onto the page.

Through this measured,
metered, analysis, of the
spiritualisms, and light
reflections, which echo through
the glens, and meadows, of
your mind, you'll find, in time,
symphony, within the
elements... earth, wend, fire,
and water, will be the
'underlying themes,' within all
you choose, make, and share.
So, the changing of the year,
from warm, to cold, and back

through spring, unto warm
again, will be so richly
engrossing, and captivating,
unto your moods, emotions,
dreams... that you'll wish to
move closer to nature... to peer
deeper, within her pages, and
find her hidden messages, unto
the hearts' and
consciousnesses of men. To
best know, of ones' own future
self-image reflection... one
should go unto the empty page,
in writing.... there are other

ways, too... but the ideas used,
in writing, will prove to most
clearly reflect, the thinking,
feeling beings, which we are,
with the least amount of extra
information, muddying the
water, and standing in between
the reader, and ones' most
lucent reflections. When one
has affirmed, within himself or
herself, "I feel good," or "I feel
great," then there will be real
appreciation, for the
handholds, and footsteps,

being placed, upon the page...

the self-affirming natures, of writing, when positive thinking, is kept as your standard, will be an constant beacon, lending strength and offering guidance, unto all of the years of your life. Anyways, just some thoughts, this good day. "To go unto the empty page, in discernment, is to peer within, the pages of the mind." In looking upon the spectrum, of significancies, which arise, to

the surface, in writing... on this
or any day... one applies,
careful discernment, unto his
or her impressions, of the
passages, of moments...
whether more, or less
pleasing... the contextual
relationships, enfolding, the
present... has the time been
easier? Or more or less
distracted? Does this
perception, speak unto the
importance, of the ideas, being
expressed, within your current

project? Or is the resistance, respective, unto an submerged difference, disagreement, or an imbalance? Or something unmanifest... like future weather trouble, or resource shortage? Sorting through questions such as these, usually requires a stylus, and paper, time, and a comfortable environment, in which to write. Having the willpower, or gumption, to write, in my view, is the

distinction between industry,
and sloth, or non-doing. And
non-doing, isn't really an bad
way to be, but instead will be
an intrinsic component, of any
coming into being... the
fermenting time needed for
good ideas to grow, and
develop, into workable
directions, and plans. Looking
into both sides, of an
discussion, isn't really a
problem... when there's good
appreciation for both... and

when the conversation is
open... non judgmental... it's
just easier to talk, during good
times... there'll be times, when
emotions will tend to cloud just
everything, so seeing your
truth from your fantasy, can
happen easier, when we're
clear-headed... when anger and
pride, are keeping healthy
distance. So, these lucent
writing times, will be
important, in your future, as
you will later be able to rest in

knowledge, that you've done
your homework... and carefully
weighed, a broad range of
questions, and posits, which
will be encountered in living...
and can speak, and act, in
confidence, that your views,
are guided by careful and
thoughtful consideration. So,
seeing an opportunity, to sort
through ideas, upon paper,
you'll not let good writing, pass
you by, so your piece will tend
to accomplish itself. As you

return, time and again, unto
your writing, or art, you'll
familiarise yourself, with the
ranges, of 'where you're at,' in
your living... the personalities,
you'll want to consider, in any
new writing, or crafting, and
your own values, and priorities,
in navigating an range of kinds
of days, and times. So, if
things are in 'familiar ranges,'
you'll know so, by the quality
of light, in any new writing...
regardless, of surface

differences, which sometimes
come up, when people have to
live together... you'll have good
confidence, in yourself, and in
the contemporary present...
when your writing is strong...

so you'll be able to set
differences aside, and fully
experience the time. Any
morning, when you step out of
your doorway, you'll find your
guiding light, will go with
yourself, within your heart, and
soul. In my life, it will be the

inner lands, which I most commonly resource... but everyone's different... I think there's good in both paths, inward, and outward leaning... I think, it's probably true, that we most need balance, in our lives.. as "the highest aim." I think, that in living, there's an active principle, in things, and an passive principle. There's an line from an poem by William Blake, which I find illumining... "The active

principle rages in the wilds,
with the lions... while the
passive principle, charts the
perilous path." The active
principle, is decisive, assertive,
and must serve the lords, of
dominion, and control... while
the passive, is the
encompassing, enfolding,
nurturing way... like the ocean,
supporting the boat. And,
aren't these but two sides, of
the same coin? The gold
orange white hot orb of the

sun, has climbed from beneath
the horizon... our planets'
rotation, upon its axis, brings
into view, our star. Our skies,
this morning are cloudless, but
we'll probably have an strong
west to east jet stream... it
won't be very long, before our
first cold, wet, winter storm.

To know, of what resides
beneath, the surfaces, of this,
or any moment... go unto the
empty page, in divination...
answers, will be forthcoming.

When we live consciously, we'll
see both the front, and the
back, of issues in our life...
knowing this principle, you'll
shy away, from people, and
engagements in your life,
which ask of yourself, to be
opinionated... as you'll see
more gray areas, in things...
and will tend to be retiring...
always returning... unto simple
pleasures, and shadowlands.

You'll have strong views, on
many things, but when you just

don't do those things others
do, you'll not wish to expend
the effort, in arguing... because
you will have already found
contentment, within yourself.
Anyways, just some ideas, this
good Saturday morning. I send
this posting along your way,
now. Have an nice new week.

QUANTUM

ENLIGHTENMENT

TO GO IN WRITTEN FASHION,
UNTO the empty page... is to
lift the veil, on the recent few

days, and weeks... the
subconscious inner passages
and associations... symbols,
and meanings... values and
priorities, arising unto the
surface, serve to fill out, the
unknown reaches, and
dimensions, onto the page...

illuminating the shadow
phenomena... into an concise
flowing, of relevancies, and
significancies, which can then
be appreciated... apprehended,
as particulars. This testament,

then works towards allowing an
continuum of beingness, into
and along, the future times....

the self, as seen through the
eyes, of times yet to be... ones'
self-awareness... contentment
with, or criticism of the self,
being messages, which can be
inferred, from within the 'now
perspective.' So, when one
speaks, in an positive sense, of
the future, one is lending
creedance, unto the present
times' new writing, regardless.

So, see? Such quality future,
will be, when one refrains, from
limiting ones' own outlook,
selling ones' self short, or pre-
judging of ones' own self...
since its our beliefs, that build
our worlds, these ways will
almost always lead to failure.

So, simply put, the good
writing you've done for
yourself, will always be an
asset, unto yourself, same as
in how speaking negatively of
the future, will almost never be

of any good consequence. It's so true, how our beliefs, shape and build our world... quantum physics, has demonstrated, how the material properties, of an thing... its mass, or inertia...

hinge somewhat upon someones' observing, of the thing... pointing unto an direct correlation, between ones' being ... the desiring, and perceiving, of existance... and that same physical world. We are creators, and co-creators,

of this earthly plane. For you
see, the human element, is
intrinsic, within our material
cosmos... its animate heart and
soul, and its active masculine
principle, within its own
passive feminine,
encompassing natures.

Perhaps, it's true, how matter,
and spirit, are at last, the two
sides of the same coin...

awakening unto, and
experiencing, this dual
relationship, being the main

aim, perhaps, of life. With this
journey properly seen unto,
one then finds the full
blessings, of what the fleshly
station, here on Earth, has in
store.... when our sensual
pathways, hold always, unto
the moderate, in any increase.
So, do you see, how when
matter, becomes instantiated,
by the conscious waking
presence, of spirit... there
you'll have life... with spirit,
present along with, the matter.

The real miracle, of this, being
conception... the interspersing,
the imbuing, of the Universe,
with its own perceptual eyes,
and ears. So, seeing these
things, today, is rewarding....

as is the allowing, of this
presence, to flow, and inhabit.
For, there's an great amount of
redemption, and forgiveness,
within perception of any
physical flowing... as this
expressly indicates the
presence of and consciousness

of internality. When the flow of internality, is observed, new life, is born, or sprung forth, from within the relationship... this is just what the power of two, can do. So, it's just important, to see, that we as humans, are co-creators, of the cosmos, as we are, the eyes, and the ears, of the All, given individual perspective, for the Divine purpose, which might could be said, to be gradual individual enlightenment, of

the soul, and awakening, of the
cosmos, unto its own being...
and the bringing of our lights,
unto the great mystery, shining
ever further. The forest floor,
is an tangle, of sharp briars,
thorns, and vines, undergrowth
so completely dense, and
impenetrable, barely veiled, in
an thin shroud, of damp mist,
hugging the leaves, and
mosses. Except for the
voicings, of the night
creepers... the bantering frogs,

unrepentant slithering things,
and cicadas, the silver blue
water vapor has supremacy...
cloaking the impenetrable
wilds, with an muteness, of
grays, and solomnness,
stretching out, around the
young scout, who lost, for a
time, in an evening, long ago,
(before the castle walls, had
reached above the treetops...
locking nature out...) had found
his vision quest answered, yet
had also found his light to be

failing, and sought passage,
into open air, and starlight... so
that he might be more sure of
his bearings. When dreams,
are at last found, beware of the
thickets, which seem to grow
more dense, and oppressive for
a time, with each footstep,
leading to more snares... this
he reminds himself. Centuries
before the sunlight had
dappled, the tapestries,
through slitted window... nor
children quietly played, with

wooden toys, upon spiral
staircase... we hail from pre-
history... what a way we've
come... and how laboriously...

for this, appears to be
mankinds passion... with us so
indelibly inter woven, through
the fabric, of time, and the
material world... such that,
through our perceiving, of the
world... the conscious
apprehending, of a thing,
appears, somehow, to lend
unto the thing its physical

properties... like an God
particle,, appearing bound, into
the nature of all things...
instantiating, as an quanta
correlate with the
consciousness, of the observer,
of the thing. So, you see how
as creators, and co-creators, of
the cosmos, our appreciation,
of the natures, around,
ourselves, is enormous...
profound. Freeing ourselves
from the darkenss, into
openess, and light tones, and

less labor has kept us busy for
millennia. Maybe, it's just an
matter, of frightening back, the
wilderness... but the worse
tangle, which then rushes in,
threatening to strangle, our
breathing... would have been
more impressed, by our
dancing, if we could have self-
responsibly, kept unto
harmony... and balance... the
streamlined economy of
design, that does no harm, and
hence makes no foe, of nature.

So, this is the course, we must
adopt... if we are to remain
competitive. You might not see
a thing, if you don't write it
down... and allow the
complementary aethers, the
benefit, of your exemplary
modeling, of the posit... 'Ask,
and you shall receive,' is the
lesson, which the unfolding
flowing of moments, will
reveal... we should never be
afraid, of 'enquiring of the
beyond,' for question implies

answer. Young people, should
be shown, this principle... and
to improve their character, and
nature... and to find
advancement. Seeing these
ideas, today, is rewarding, as
such confirms, the ways of how
our sometimes-static lives,
can, and must work through
spiritual challenges, as they
arise... how it's only through
this process... that our
interacting allows, for the
much more richly experiencing,

of the shifts, and passages, of living... (changes which, are so very common, when nature appears, at times, at odds, with humanity.) Well, with the savage breast, at last, for a time soothed, tonight, I turn away from the approaching winter cold spell, unto my bed... and burrow beneath, the layers, of blankets, to find sleep. All for now, stay warm, and have an pleasant new week.

SEASONS' DREAMINGS

WHEN I GO UNTO THE EMPTY
PAGE, in discernment, there
will be, at last, an progressive
flowing, down the page... the
ideas which surface, then, will
have been lingering, beneath
the level, of conscious
awareness... as such ideas
arise, my stylus moves, to
capture onto the page, the
significancies, and relevancies,
of my recent inner life. When

one can make an paragraph
flow smoothly, through the
usage of the greatest economy,
and ease... being sure of the
readability of the new writing,
will come along easily, as you
turn lines of thought carefully
over, in your mind.... weighing,
paths, and directions...
allowing your eyesight, also to
compare the visual
appearances, of various word
selections. So, your writing
wont be exactly the same

thing, as your speaking voice...

for writing allows for the
subtractively arriving upon the
best choices... beginning from,
your original best natures. Is

this alchemy? Or something
more like water filtration? See,

so, and the asking of this
question, to myself, allows for

either one, and only

purposefully allowing, the
easiest, most gentle of the two.

Or the both. Then, as your
insights, into the natures of the

time, fill out, and develop,
you'll by then have an more
complete writing, and you'll be
able to know, conclusively, that
the time is good. So, and
sound thinking, will always be
preferable, even as difficulties
arise... because you can only
help, your own self... by good
writing... poor thinking, will
always be detrimental. To
know of ones' best future self-
image reflection, you can go
unto the empty page, in

writing. This should show unto
yourself, the upward path...

and build, in yourself,
confidence, and belief, in the
time. Since it's our beliefs,
that make what we feel, and
see, you'll need to maintain,
your human relationships, in
continuing dialogue... even if
this is your relationships, unto
the future, you'll find, the work
you do for you and yours, will
expressly strengthen your
future wellbeing, by solidifying

future handholds, and
footsteps, as you move along.
So, and this is in the natures,
of 'being your own best
companion...' as such creative
way, offers the most familiar,
of trail guides... namely,
yourself... the self-analysis,
and perfecting you can do,
then, will in time, be the
eleysial ambrosia... the
philosophers' stone...
attentiveness, unto your own
interior dialogues, is

introduction, and entrance into
the fullness and plenty our
Earthly station, has to offer. If
this sounds right, for yourself...
or if you've already found,
some of what living, can
show... or if you're 'on the
sunny side of the street...'
then, don't delay... second
childhood, starts, as we
fearlessly share youthful
dreams, and ambitions... for
our past, will likely be, the
better part, of ourselves... we

just maybe haven't recollected,
such lately. Keeping these
lights, locked away, in the
basements, and cellars, of your
life... isn't doing much of any
service, unto the more
important, formative voices,
and visions, of our youthful
innocence. So, as we
approach, this years' end,
seasonal time, remember, the
Christmas story, which dwells
forever, in our very own hearts,
and lives... the Jewish 'Festival

of Lights,' I think best
describes, this - these
miraculous glimmers, which
appear to come into childrens'
eyes... and into adult eyes,
too, around this time...
hearkening always, back unto
childhood, and the miracle, of
loving parents... all needs,
seen unto... in the comfort, and
protection, of your parents'
embrace. So, and the 'etheric
vision,' of innocence, and
sophistication, will keep

ourselves will-informed, as to
the dances, and so forth, found
within the higher worlds... if
you want to know, what anima
think about, just tune into, the
inner dialogue... the turning
flowing, of moments, as it
pertains unto yourself... the
revelation, of 'All whom dwell
beneath the sky,' is within the
heart, of an man, or an
woman... in the timeless strata,
of your own eleysieum. Today,
when I look into the stars, I see

an distance, in time spanned,
by laser light... perhaps
quantum teleportation, in an
mathematical grid, an metric,
an matrix. Sending
information, supplies, even
people, could be done as
simply as the connecting of two
points on an grid... making an
duplicate, of an folder...
elsewhere on the hard drive?
So see? This way of seeing, I
feel is within reach... we just
have got to stay upon the path,

long enough to get there, from
here... avoiding self-
destruction. And this goal, is
perhaps well within reach, as
more people arrive into an
acknowledgment, of that which
already is... when we
collectively realize, that our
contentment, is most fully
exemplified... as we look within
ourselves... the turning
windmills, of imagination..
while sometimes
schizophrenic... have given us

the scientific method... through which to banish mystery, and learn of 'natures' constants.'

And among the constants, we've learned this past year, 'What the blip, do we know?' is probably at the top of the list. So, see? As we study nature... as we learn, of ourselves... and nature... we see thru human lenses. And even our sophisticated ways, sometimes, are awestruck... speechless... in considering the dual sides,

of what we term consensus
reality... the spirit is more than
willing... but it's the flesh,
which lags behind... holding on,
sometimes, to hurts and
wounds, although they may not
have affected us personally.

This is perhaps, that which
makes us schizophrenic.
Getting in conscious step, with
ones' own higher mind, and
consciousness... sometimes is
so simple an thing, as starting
an dialogue... with your co-

relative spirit, in the world...
the 'I in Thee...' the ways, in
which I consciously find, an
small part of myself, within
thee... this will be the
intermediary, through which
our souls and spirits share
relationship, and find
communion. Getting in
resonant step, with the
'universal background,' allows
for only the best thinking to
come forth... this is the way,
unto an classic artform...

remembering this 'classic way,'
you'll not be way laid, by the
wildness, of contemporary
society... but instead, your
style will hopefully be an
'lasting comment,' which will
be an source of self-
nurturance, and strength,
across your entire living. The
loving attentiveness unto
detail, which you build into
your craft, throughout, is just
that which qualifies, yourself,
for the best roles, within, the

culture.... as this will be the
successful way. Anyways,
these are some thoughts, and
impressions, which I can share,
this good November day. Our
skies here are gray... but the
temperature is mild, for this
time of the year. I think we're
expecting more rain. Anyways,
when one sits, to write, and
discern the natures of an new
article, or essay... there will be
so much recent information...
experiences, choices, and

perceptions... from within
which he or she looks out, upon
the greater flowing, about
himself. Times of vision, and
imagination... experiences, and
journeys, within an writer... will
have an way of priming, the
consciousness, to write... good
meditation, can stimulate
creativity... it's often as if,
there's an vital substance,
which the mind produces... and
through an kind of interior
kneading, of the neural

passageways... ventricles, and
vessels, through the subtle
will... pushing the new fluids,
through, and the poisons out...
when there is an time of this
purging, and replenishing...
whether this is of an hormone...
endocrine... or just an sort of
imaginative portent, or
latency... an energy... easing
the flow of such through, and
along... I've found, increases
also, the ease with which
language and expression, flows

through an writer, onto an
page. By facilitating, this flow,
change, and replenishment...
through the subtle will, and
higher-accessional exertion,
within and around the mind-
brain union in general... the
interactive, visual - spatial -
cognitive areas of the mind...
this creativity, and life energy
can be more vibrant... and, this
can be the sort of moisturizing,
of an writers' mind... an sort of
allowance, of the subtle energy

to flow, can bring on a state a bit like after a spring rain, in the woodland... soothing, revitalizing, replenishing nature... encouraging new growth, and life... the sun, then, creating crystalline rainbow spectrums, within each drop of moisture, on each leaf, and stem. So, this can be the real worth, of meditation... this self-modulation, of vital flows, through the consciousness... (if you think about it, the word

'meditation,' means, at best,
'flowing,' or 'balancing,') ...
when at once you experience,
the fullness of being which this
can bring, you'll forever see
meditation, and soul work, as
an intrinsic part of self-hood...
and as you bathe, and brush
your teeth, you'll think of
ways, in which to allow, times
for inward looking,
thoughtfulness and self-
maintainance, and allowance,
of energy flow... for you will

see this, as the opening, of
avenues, and channels...
windows... within your life and
times... into the future. There
are other ways as well, of
stimulating your creativity...
such as in the allowing of an
sacrement... like tea, or
coffee... stimulants, unto the
neural system, and
consciousness, have an short-
term effect, which you'll find
pleasing... and which you'll use
to accompany writing sessions.

When you see, always, your
'larger flowing,' as being an
path, or way, of self-analysis,
and reflection, onto lasting
media... then, your actions will
be in keeping with this path...

ensuring, and keeping an
portfolio, of finished projects,
will be an real cachet, into
modern spheres, allowing an
place, and participation, within
your contemporary culture.

With the presence, of
sophisticated tools, such as

computers, and image capture
devices... personal digital
audio... in every department
store... there should be little
holding yourself back, from
creating, and recreating
yourself, within language,
sound, or images, of the worlds
within and about yourself. To
know, of ones' own unique
past-present-future place, and
standing, within the world you
inhabit... you can peer within
the flowing, of your stream-of-

consciousness language
output, onto paper... this
should help you to 'size up,'
the present day, and time...
your relationships unto such.
There are really an infinite
number of ways, one can
travel, within the freedom, of
an notebook page, or canvas...
remembering to prayerfully
approach the writing, asking
for direction, involves allowing
your stylus, or brush to move
and write or paint, solely from

higher mind sources... only as directed, from within. This should show yourself, all you need to know. The more that one writes, or expresses him or herself, on media, the more knowledge, and experience will build, and grow, as to the times, and processes involved... and the more faith, and confidence, in yourself, and in your own mind, and intellect, will increase. But you'll always want to

remember, how as mortals...
we're given life, for an span of
time... having an sense of
human frailty, and an
appreciation, for the 'state of
grace,' which allows us all good
health and safety... is the key
unto not only dignity... but also
humility. Seeing, and
understanding, this, you'll not
be fooled, by those who would
deceive, and make of yourself,
an prisoner of self-doubt, and
longing, and you'll avoid,

stepping into the half-hearted
snares, and traps of the
defeated... but instead will
keep to the safe roads.... You'll
avoid wishing for dreams that
cannot come true, and instead,
will remain grounded, and sure
of only your own good abilities.

When, there's an
thoughtfulness, within your
writing and creating... when
you're acting, from thorough
appreciation, of the time, and
the season... you'll be able to

choose your paths
consciously... and in
accordance, with the
potentials, and latencies,
currently at play... thusly
allowing for the most full-
fledged expressions, and
keepsakes, onto the page. This
will also, present your living,
with an kind of an liberation,
from the concerns of the lower
mind... you'll grow to cherish,
the receptive, turning, flowing
ways of composition... as this

will be your better side... times spent in writing, or in self-analysis, and reflection, you'll find, are so much more richly fulfilling, and stimulating, unto the mind, and good sense.

You'll see how energy flow meditations, can be so helpful, to good writing... as this will be the way, in which you allow for change, and flexibility, as you move along in an writing session... preventing yourself from becoming imbalanced, or

off-center... instead you'll
relenquish attachment, unto
suffering, and avoid clinging,
unto phantasms, and dross.

This should reveal unto
yourself, the most lucent
views. If you can see, and find
these things... or, if my pages,
are reluctant, to give their
light... you'll at least have an
kind of chronicle, of the recent
weeks, months, and years, as I
have found them... you'll then,
but have to awaken, your good

sense and receptivity... I shall
tell you all I know. Anyways,
the early morning, here
outside, is cold and rainy... our
rain, and cloudyness should
continue on through today and
into tomorrow. December is
just five days away... already
our winter is true to form... this
time of year, for us, being an
kind of rainy season... with the
warm Gulf ocean water
temperatures, the mixture of
warm damp air from the south,

with the frigid north western
jet stream, tends to precipitate
plenty rain... once or twice
weekly, being our usual winter
pattern. The more I think,
about some things, the worse,
they begin to appear... the
more power, those thoughts
have over myself. So, but it
stands to reason, that I should
stay informed, on
contemporary matters. So, I
will occasionally collect my
thoughts, upon paper... since

my knowledge, of most current issues, is pretty thin... I allow my writers' pen, to point the way, unto those items, which I feel to be more important. But, even with my keen eyesight, and perceptual ability, nothing appears, to myself, to be much more important, in the scheme of things, than my relationship, with the neighbors' feline, whom I have been feeding... and who hasn't yet shown up today... and my hopes, that

shes' alright. So, you see, this journal is one thing, the news is something completely different, and the cat is yet an third, and much closer to home. The journal might as well be, for no greater purpose, than creating an atmosphere... an conversation... within myself.... within my heaven... which provides an convincing... and more harmless alternative, unto the real world... and lets me forget, the big talkers, and

shakers, and doers... for I feel,
that there is no better life,
than this one... and wouldn't
ever wish to see it change. So,
but I'm counting, on my
elected officials, to keep things
in working order... and I'm
counting on my good health.
So, you see? There are the
usual guarantees, and lack
therof... but neither condition,
can do what my home-
recording an new piano album,
can do, for myself... whether

such work-play is profitable,
being something else, but it is
definitely just the Quality, of
the doing, and sharing, and
enjoying, of new original music,
which I'll always love.

Anyways, all for now. Have an
safe and Happy Thanksgiving.

OVERCOMING

ADVERSITY

WHEN ONE FOLLOWS, AN
stream-of-consciousness
artform, like writing, music, or
painting can be, there will

always be optimum times, for
creating... mainly, when the
writer is comfortable,
physically, and stress factors,
aren't such an pressure...
pressures of an day, have an
way of subsiding, with the
evening, and often this will be
the time, of composition.

Writing or creating, commonly
begins, with morning... but I've
found, this happens best, when
you have already, on the page,
the beginning, or starting, or

opening ideas... one wakes,
and then gets with the pre-
established rhythm, and
finishes the project, from the
previous evenings' written
beginning. When you use your
time, and resources
intelligently, you'll take note of
those days, when the chemistry
appears suitable, for
composition... when the
differences, which separate
yourself, from the page, are
less, and when the soul, and

spirit, are bouyant, and abundant... these will be the opportunities, you will choose, for writing, as words will most readily flow onto an page, when the differences, are less, or non-existant. So, knowing this principle, you'll but need await, those times, which appear favorable for writing.

The 'down times,' spent experientially, within non-doing, will tend to help prove, and guarantee yourself, that

you'll be the most successful,
when the active time, for
writing, arises. The difficulties,
which arise, from day to day,
may appear, at times, to
preclude yourself, from writing,
and self-expression. But such
aches and pains, sometimes,
are an necessary component,
of our fleshly station, in this
material world. We should
have understanding of how,
living itself, is suffering... and
thereby meet our strife, with

surety, and knowledge, that such will occasionally be par for the course, within any enterprise... don't let blaming, and begrudging others have any place, in your life... for life itself is hard, and having an cheerful attitude, can make the difference, between a good day, and an difficult one. The Buddhaists say, 'If we had no body, well, what troubles could we have, then?' So, see the meaning, 'We should cherish

our troubles, and failures, as we would our own body,' for living itself, includes such. We shouldn't begrudge the creator, for our troubles... and we shouldn't begrudge our fellow man... but with contentment and reassurance know, that suffering, is part of living, and having an cheerful attitude, is always an winning game plan. Just having an appreciation, for the complex organisms we are... our multi-dimensional

consciousnesses... with our
conceits, such as our habits,
and luxuries... you know, the
words that you're reading, here
are an kind of externalized
quanta of my self... you should
see, attachment and clinging to
worldly pursuits, is
everywhere... so, blaming
others, will be always, an most
unattractive failing, for
yourself. We, as humans are
just the gentlest, most tender,
of Gods' children, and shouldn't

let 'tit for tat,' and self-blaming
make ourselves callous, or
uncaring... we should 'respect
others, as we respect our own
selves,' as all have their own
unique individual causes, and
reasons for being... same as
ourselves. When the mind, is
placid, and tranquil, then the
inner meanings, of these
words, will reach your inner
heart, and minister unto your
intellect, revealing their
meaning... at another time,

they may appear dull and cumbersome, like the stride of an dinosaur. This is the great value of having this ability, to enscribe, upon lasting media, in time, and over time. To myself... an simple retelling, of an prosody, seen through the patina, and lenses of time, and with its wisdom, and experience, can easily be an rich, fulfilling , edifying experience. The more you learn of this principle... and in

practice, go unto the blank
media, any time your good
mood allows, and the
conditions are favorable... the
more you'll learn, and garner,
from the passages of weeks,
and months, into years and
decades. Our evergreen trees,
here have finished their
seasonal shedding, of dry
brown pine leaves, and the new
darker green leaves have
grown out. You may not have
noticed, this cycle... but pine

trees, too shed, and regenerate, in the same way, as how we exfoliate. Our community has seen plenty fog, and drizzling rain, for six days or so... so, again... typical winter weather, for us. But this afternoon, has finally had sunlight, coming through the clouds... and the mild December temperatures, here lately, have allowed, for plenty of time spent outside. The local feline, frequently uses the

safety of tree branches, to escape from the neighbors' dogs. The cat is guided by instinct, and lets her gut reactions, keep her safe. This morning, one of the dogs came through the yard, from the southwest corner, crossed the yard, and went into the weeds, at the bottom, almost right before the cat unwittingly walked in through the hedgerow, from the northwest corner, and purposefully

crossed the yard, to myself, for me to stroke her. She walked right up to me, just as the canine came out from the weeds, and began walking towards us both. When she saw the dog, she froze, an moment, and broke away, and began casually walking in the direction of the pine tree, in the middle of the yard, so as not to evoke the dogs chase instincts. She sized the dog up, as she strolled towards the

tree, at an 45 degree angle from the dog... him walking in her direction... matched his rhythm... and when he was about 15 feet in front of her, she stopped, confidently.

Then, as the dog bolted towards her, she, lightening fast, ran up the tree... never conceding to the dog, her panic... see, her keen instincts, let her strategically escape, by conserving her energy... with the least amount of grief. (For

she knew,, that the dog would outrun her if she sprinted, the entire distance... he, with his much more powerful legs, and would have snatched the upper hand, midway.) She kept cool and collected, until she was safe in the branches, and began licking her front paw pads, as the dog looked up.

This was an powerful demonstration, of the animal instinct, which confirms in my mind... the cat isn't inferior to

the local dogs, and just might be superior, for she is much more cunning, and swift. The local hierarchy isn't ruled by brawn, but by wit. This is what I see, anyway. I have began getting some things together, to use for Christmas gifts... sets, and collections, of tapes, and CDs, can be packaged nicely, in paper craft boxes, which can be made by folding card stock, and using tape. Maybe, there will be snow, this

year, for ourselves... I heard one writer say, our winter might have heavy snow, like in Eastern Europe, a few years back... people having to dig out of their houses, just to get up to the surface. Well, with the precipitation, we get most winters... if the temperatures were to drop, there could be ice and snow everywhere... which could prove disastrous. But boy, I hope not... as I enjoy the temperate winters, here in

our South. As the days' light,
has subsided, this evening, the
gentle breezes, are an soothing
balm, against my skin, making
my senses, come alive... and
upon stepping back indoors,
becoming drowsy, again. The
warm, dry bed, is surely
inviting, this night... I'll have
my last tobacco break, in an
few minutes, and retire. All for
now, have an pleasant
weekend.

CONCEPTS

IN WRITING

WHEN ONE SITS, TO WRITE,
and to discern, the best past-
present-future picture, for him
or herself.... there will be
personal impressions, of the
now, and recent personal
physical, mental, and
emotional impressions, from
the recent past hours, and
days... your self, and your
immediate environment. You'll
find, also, there to be
interpersonal information, and

impressions, gleaned from within your relationships, with those about you, in your environment... and to an extent, the subconscious, mind, about yourself. These levels, or strata, we hold in our conscious mind. Thirdly, you'll find there to be broader, non-personal, cultural, and sociological ideas and themes, which you'll tend to reference, in writing. These will be strata, which can be seen, as

terraces... steppes, of an
pyramid... with the broader,
cultural, and world
impressions, comprising the
base, with the widest levels...
and ascending upward, and
inward, in steppes, to an apex.
Seeing these tiers, or steppes,
of stimuli, and information, in
writing, will help to fill you in,
on the best, most conservative
outlook, upon the present, into
the most realistic, and
acceptable future, for yourself.

This should help to build faith,
and confidence, within
yourself, in yourself, and the
pathways, you have chosen, to
travel, in recent weeks, and
months. As you come into
more full consciousness, of
your present place, and
standing, in the world, you'll be
much more able, to make
informed decisions as you
walk... and, to act confidently,
and in knowledge, of the
intactness, of your ways. This

should show unto yourself, the clear way, through the thickets, and briars, back into the openness, and cool breezes, of the sunny meadow.

Sometimes, writing, self-responsibly, takes an good bit of time, and patience, to develop. As you use your stylus, and notebook, to write an paragraph, or stanza... you should know, to just put it away, for thirty minutes, or an hour.... returning later, to give

the words, an re-read, and see if anything comes to mind, to follow them. Your best bet, will be always, to allow the turning, progressive flowing of moments, to write the piece for yourself.... the perceptions, which will gradually develop, at each stage of composition, in resting... can be brought back, into the same flowing, down the page... thusly leap-frogging, and filling out the article. 'As I sit writing, these

words tonight, I necessarily divide my attention, amongst multiple worlds.' This statement, reveals how, an writer tends to hold the three areas, of perception, mentioned above, in his or her mind... this terraced pyramid, of sorts, leading always, the way down, unto the most broad, non-personal social, and cultural themes, and ideas, as you improve. As one feels more secure, in the most

universal, generalized
perceptions, of the day, so he
or she gains more freedom,
from thoughts, or concerns, of
the fleshly self, and may then
use the language, to arrive
upon the most novel, well
rounded views, of the time.

For, it's thoughts upon the
larger time, and day, which the
present is part of... which
makes for the most lucent
writing... solving upon
contemporary cultural issues,

is par for the course, in this.

Within the passage, of time,
arise many, many perceptions,
and light reflections, of ones'
own self... others, about
yourself... and the larger
culture, and world, in general.
Knowing, to thoughtfully, and
broadly, connect with current
cultural discussions, and avoid
the traps, of the fleshly
station... such as fears,
inadaquacies, guilt complex,
lustful pursuits, and speaking

of the opinions, and judgments,
of others, in an negative way...
seeing your way through, unto
an non-personal writing
style.... and connecting with
the contemporary discussion...
can allow, for an lucent
discourse. For the easiest
past-present-future views to
develop, always avoid selling
the time short, or limiting the
future... this is of great
importance, as so much of the
current intellectual debate,

involves possibilities for the future, being spoken of, (or futurism,) so don't limit yourself. When people speak of the future, in terms of an great ease, for example, of inter-galactic travel, and communication, as in the supposed extraterrestrial craft, and occupants... maybe, they're actually speaking, of ideas, around the human afterlife, as I can easily see how an ghost, or spirit, might

easily travel vast spatial distances... just by thinking, and going... only within the timeless, non-dimensional, omni-directional field, around all life, and matter... and through the windows, of the eyes, and the human mind. You see, such no-place, may well be, the afterlife... and such teleportation might would involve thinking... in imagining, of an certain place, for example... planet, or person...

anywhere in the Universe... and just being there, only in spirit form. So, see... such would indeed be of great value, to see.... however, only limited practical uses... say, unto those you left behind. But presumably, we all go there, eventually, but few have reported back, extensively... or their messages, are written 'between the lines,' or else are encrypted... perhaps.... but wouldn't you wish to learn, and

know more? Boy, I sure would... as these are all things, and messages, which appear, entirely within the realms, of the possible... even the probable... at least this is what I see. Anyways, there's six days, now, until winter begins (according to our calendar), but our place, finds temperatures, today, not getting above the 30s... one would hope, you have heating, in your home, classroom, or

workplace... for you'd not be
comfortable without.

Anyways, all for now... Have a
good new week.

WHOLISTIC JOURNALING

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO GO
ABOUT finding, an discernment,
or divination, onto the page, he
or she should keep in mind,
that this will almost always, be
an 'getting in step with,' the
universal background...
selectively attuning, unto only

the most moderate, of values,
and within the aim, of
illuminating, of an particular day
and times' best, most neutral,
or positive outcomes. This can
involve shuffling, the deck, an
bit... in dancing fashion... just
allowing an few words, onto the
page, and letting them spark,
your imaginative
consciousness. The enthuse,
with which your mind, then,
elaborates upon these starting,
or opening words, will speak,

unto your own willingness, to
uplift yourself, and see the
best. When I was 25 years old,
I was ensnared... mired down...
in teenage issues, and
darknesses... I really think that
I was a bit of a smart aleck,
from a young age... and part
of me, my higher mind, and
powers within my imagination,
begrudged myself, for having
made mistakes... joking, and
getting into situations... the
things kids say, and do... not

taking myself seriously...

squandering the latent
wisdoms, and strengths, found
within my own being, and those
standing about... and therefore
failed, at most of the young
adult things, I tried to do... in
trying to 'fit the mold,' and live
up to societies' expectations.
So, and as I began awakening,
unto myself... my spiritual
identity... I ran into trouble,
and so I soon found myself
addicted to pain medicine, and

drinking alcohol, and using narcotics... this was partly, due to an unwillingness, to take responsibility, for myself... and being an addiction-prone personality-type. But I have seen, how 'people use drugs, mainly because they're in pain.' This statement, will almost always be true... I was no exception... I liked the short term effect, which self-medicating brought... and so, then I had a crutch, in my life...

I just couldn't exist, without my
crutch, to help me to get
around, and so it was a vicious
circle. And, in truth, anything
can be a crutch... even our
technology... so you have got
to 'keep it real,' and not give
in, to drugs, and escapism. You
should be able to 'feel good,'
without using artificial means,
and crutches. So, and when we
participate, in our own
wellbeing, and wholistic good
health, as in an writing, an

musical, or an artistic path...
and thereby work through,
things which come up, (and
things always will,) we're then,
much more well-prepared, to
face, these issues, later, in the
new lands, of any new
beginning... and endings, are
just some other endings new
beginning. So, and when one
finds the 'circle of life,' to be
an good way for understanding
all life, and nature... you'll
have found, then, the inner

strength, to 'keep it going,'
when it seems that all the
world, is telling you to 'give it
up.' Mortals, and angels, too
can see, how good things,
happen only 'in time,' and
'over time...' this is part of
what being human means...
'time really is on your side...'
the main reason for this, being
your own good intentions, in
dreaming, and building, and
your willingness to work for
abstract principles, and higher

ambitions, and ideals... and to
improve ones' own self, and
ones' world... in future times.
So these are some of my ideas,
upon living on Earth... only so
very many discoveries and
innovations, over many long
years, and centuries... make
possible this desktop
publishing... ultimately, this
writing is an small part of the
same overall thrust, which is
individual self-improvement, of
standard of living, and 'being

of service,' to others... sharing
in some way... passing along
what I have been given, and
shown.... to another. When one
wishes, to get an good picture,
of his or her best past present
future outlooks, and
perspectives, you should make
yourself comfortable, and pick
up stylus and paper. Then, the
ideas and impressions, which
flow outward, onto the page,
when you know how to play the
feminine role, and allow things,

to flow, and develop, only of
their own impetus, you'll be
able to write, an essay, or
chapter, and be only better for,
the effort... no loss,
whatsoever. This is of vital
importance, for those, who
write frequently... not harming
yourself, in any way, nor
detracting from that which you
already have. Because, you're
probably happy enough,
already... you're just curious, or
befuddled, or mystified.... as to

these things... you can fill yourself in, through writing... only, don't hurt yourself, in the process. See? These are just a few of my ideas, around writing, and journaling, in general. People, on the whole, are happy, with their being alive, in general, and are looking for affirmation, and confirmation, that everything's going to be alright. So, being a compassionate person, involves affirmation, of the

good qualities... and personal liberties, and human natures, and good values, of your fellow men, and women... always seeing, and affirming, and confirming the good qualities, found within others, and seeing beyond the faults, of others, and ones' own self... showing yourself, the way unto forgiveness, is an important part of healthy living. As I sit writing, these words, early this late December morning, the

sunrise, is yet three hours in the future. We're expecting rain, and possible flooding, later this morning, and this afternoon. With the warm, moist south western jet stream, bringing precipitation, from the Gulf of Mexico, our temperatures, should be in the mid-fifties, today, with plenty rain. So, for those people, who wish to conserve, and save on energy bills... any winter day over 50 degrees farenheit, is

an good day, for belt-tightening. With Christmas behind us, now, there are only three days, until the New Years' brings in another way of seeing, unto our lives... in the 'good old days...' 'The Days of Auld Lang Syne.' I think the best thing, about pursuing an path of self-expression, such as writing, or music, can be, is the perspective, such brings unto your life... you'll find, that your priorities, and values are

healthier, than if you hadn't tried, at all, to improve your lot. Having an well-rounded outlook, upon the world, and upon your own existence, can be an big part, of your personal identity... when we refrain, from becoming duped, and self-deluded, by the narrowness, of our views. I find, that this narrowness, of character, is the quickest way, to find yourself deceived, by grandiose thinking, and delusion....

thinking that everything
revolves around yourself...

Being well-rounded, however,
tends to inform ones' own self,
as to the 'right views,' upon
your world, and your work.

Knowing these things, you'll
refrain from stepping wrongly,
or ignorantly. So, you see
some ideas, around stream-of-
-consciousness writing, as an
path unto wholistic self-
knowing. If things and the
relationships, in your life,

appear, to make sense, and be
meaningful, and worthwhile, to
yourself.... even at this post-
holiday time of the year, then,
you're most likely 'in step
with,' the universal
background, and have an
strong sense, of the classic,
and the timeless, in your
ordinary life... then your
stepping, is probably in tempo,
with the best rhythms, for
yourself, already. So, writing,
and journaling... most any

creative work... will have come
easier, for yourself... and
success, will be in sight.
Anyways, all for now, have an
pleasant weekend.

IMPRESSIONS OF LITERATURE

THE FIRST THING, A WRITER
wants to do, in going unto the
empty page, will be, most
likely, the coming up with, an
strong, forward direction... and
flowing... an opening line,
basically... which grabs the

latent tensions, at the
hypercortex, or boundary
between the inner lands, and
the exoteric. Sending, then,
this difference, down the page
surface, in an strong,
positivistic, flowing sequence,
of language symbols... the
mind, and encompassing
aethers, then, elaborates, and
fills up the page, with the first
ideas, which will voice
themselves. One wants to
remember... good writing,

always comes from the writers'
own heart... this will always
make for easier times, for the
writer... as extraneous voices,
might not be harmonious, or
might come to an entangled
state. To best appreciate the
magic, of the art of writing, you
will have managed, to placate
your doubts, around the
present times... seeing the
ways in which, an writing
comes along, and the knowing
looks, and nods, from the fold,

which offer good reassurance,
as your pen moves down the
page, you'll find resurgence of
good hope, and bright
promise... as the muddy, and
the murky gradually returns to
translucence, and stillness.
So, having assuaged, your own
insecurities, in this way, you'll
be better able, to look about
yourself... studying the
landscape, and local scenery,
your expressive,
impressionistic, 'artist self,'

and 'poet self,' appears to
come to rest upon the natural
features, along the way...

boulders, overlooks, spider
webs, autumn foliage, and the
birds, darting back, and forth,
across your path. As the sun
comes through, you'll be well
along, on your way... before

you make camp, for the
evening. So, creative writing,
sometimes comes along, and
enters into, your stream-of-
consciousness divination... for,

since there's no fixed rules, in
imagination art forms... looking
at your own signs, from within
yourself... and your minds'
interacting with, and reactions,
unto seeing your language,
going onto the lasting media...
this can easily become, an
guided meditation... an literary
study, or an impression, of
hiking, scuba, or even flying.
Have you ever imagined you're
an ocean explorer? Try writing,
from an scuba divers'

perspective. Such as this, tends to enliven, and make real, your journaling, adding spark, and flair unto your divining, and discerning, upon the page. So, you should be able to see, how an journal, can indeed become, an literary work... but anyways, there aren't any set rules, in stream-of-consciousness divination. While you'll eventually grow more more confident in your abilities, and boundaries, and

limitations... these limitations
won't be imposed, from
without... but instead, will be
conscious choices... and you'll
just have a good sense of
command, over your own
expressions, and this, then
liberates the self, to be more
artistically experimental. So,
having good experience at the
ranges, your writing shows,
over time... this good
command, and control, over
your written pages, in turn

allows for greater self-
confidence, and hence...
greater expressive freedom.
You'll know what I mean, when
you've gotten three or four
years' experience, with daily or
weekly journaling... this will be
enough, for an mature style, to
develop. When life gives you
lemons... you'll make
lemonade... as you'll learn,
how there's no better way to
'slip away,' into interior
solitude, than writing, and

solving upon the puzzles, which
your mind exhibits, in these
sometimes-changing times.

And, it's true, I think, that the
mystics' main ideal, unto which
he or she always seeks
returning... will likely be,
solitude... the ocean upon
which he floats, and swims... is
the same ocean on which the
psychotic flails, and drowns,
within. So, the question is,
'What does having people close
by, and having your meals with

others, have to do with safety
on the surface, of the
collective ocean, and good
mental health, and balance?

Well, having grown up the way I
did, I always dreamt I would
one day live as an hermit, and
not be bothered, with mundane
affairs, and material
attachments, and the pressures
of society... but later, having
finally found this place, as an
30 year-old man, and found
within three years, myself to

be somewhat of an failure, at being an hermit... in fact, I tried to hurt myself... ever since, I've tried to ensure that others are close by, and that there's someone to look over my shoulder, and remind me of up-keep... So, if I have say, over it, I will stay in an group environment, for the rest of my life. So, you see the difference, ten years can make. I never would have known, though, if I hadn't tried, and

found out, for myself. The first thing, or perhaps the last thing, one notices, upon returning, to inner quietude, and solitude... the study, within ones' room... is that the people nearby, are powerfully zesty, and full of life... and each appears to be an Old Master, of whirlwinds, and energetic expression... and to be an perfect adept, at home life, and family. The sage, whose mind, is perhaps slower... more cumbersome,

knows to remove himself, from
talk of difference, and
dissimilarity... keeping to the
edges, and boundaries, and
thereby enduring beyond the
realms, he knows and trusts
the regular paths home.

"Well," spake Zarathustra, "I
have shared, these seasons, of
my heart... may you find worth,
and usefulness, from within
these things." I, on the other
hand, must carry on, another
year. To know, likewise, of

ones' best past-present-future
outlooks, into the present,
you'll find, for yourself, that
you can go unto the empty
page, in discernment. The
strength, and verve, with which
words will flow, speaks of the
attendant, encompassing
vapors... distracted, then... the
writers' own guiding intellect,
serving as filter... navigator...
and guide... his or her own
guiding lights, being capable,
and sturdy... and hence, his

mind, is free, to be... to live...
forever. Haven awoken, unto
spatio-spiritual awareness, he
or she doesn't often fall victim,
unto the wiles, and windy
bufetting, these realms
sometimes bring against our
lives. He has some promise, of
each new tomorrow.... an
writer, in an awakened mind.
To know, greater surety, in
these difficult days, with such
difference, withholding, and
sorrow, you can better define

yourself, within your own
eyesight... for mystery, is just
not always, ones' ally... the
dark night, at times, should be
taken back, from the chaos,
and the clouds, of unknowing,
dispersed. It's warm, in
temperature, here, this
morning, for the last calendar
day in 2013. We've got plenty
cloudcover, at the start, but
sunshine, is on the way. I'm so
glad, this morning, that I have
taken comfort and shelter, in

developing this new writing,
last night... kept my mind busy,
long into today. Anyways, all
for now. Have a great New
Year.

ESSENTIAL REFLECTIONS

WHEN ONE SITS, TO WRITE,
and thus to look beneath, the
surface appearances, of the
now... peeling back layers, of
the moment, revealing the
'form within the form...' the
writing within the page... he or

she references, firstly his own
feelings... does one feel
comfortable, and at ease,
within him or herself,
presently? Do you have things
you enjoy doing, in your life, or
work? Are you experiencing
these activities as worthwhile,
and meaningful unto yourself...
such that you feel contented,
right now, and with some
happiness? I have thought, to
myself, how boredom, and
restlessness, are really the

worst enemies to creativity. Of course, if you work in an service job, like grocery, or driving a truck, you'll not really miss the creativity part, until you get off from work, in the evening. But you should enjoy your work, and get help, right away, if you start self-medicating, or drinking on the job. Once you get your basic skills down pat, you'll really be able to, with a little help from above, then go years, of

productive living, without ever
feeling the stings, of boredom,
which I've learned, can
sometimes be equated, unto
the presence of an future
issue, such as an brush with
fate, as in, for example, what's
known as 'bad timing.' In the
developing, or implementing,
of new technology, software, or
multimedia... it's just about
impossible, to anticipate
changing world conditions.
'Each day, has it's own crop of

calamities.' An developer, will
always, be met by world
conditions, which strongly
disagree, with his or her
'aesthetic.' The best panacea,
for this, I've found to be the
study of nature, found within
rural areas, suburban back
yards, and metropolitan parks,
and greens. (And these are
just common sense
guidelines... getting out in
nature... I sometimes write
upon these things, because, I

feel, the listener, or reader, might later, be in an awakened state, or simply be more receptive, unto my ideas... at another time, they may appear dull, or unenlightened. 'The golden age, of an artform, is really in the eye of the beholder.') Anyways, these will be features, along most any creative path, or way. Here in our land, this evening, the eastern half of the nation, is in the grip of an cold spell. With

twenty year record cold
temperatures already broken
today, in the northern parts,
our south, here, too is
expected to freeze over
tonight. So, winter is making
itself felt, as the Earths' slow,
rhythmic wobbling, upon its
axis, has tilted our northern
hemisphere, farther away from
the sun, while the southern
hemisphere, is receiving the
direct glare, of the sun, daily.
This puts the north into an five

or six month colder weather cycle, while the southern hemisphere is in the summer.

Anyways, it's cold, this morning, and I think the temperature here's below zero, as we awaken. The sunshine, however, is expected to restore our more normal temperatures, by tomorrow, as clouds are expected to dissipate. So, our temperatures here should make it up to around 20, or 25, if the clouds don't block the sun

much. Anyways, I share these little personal notes, so as to help myself to better remember the time, and to mark off the passages of the seasons... and so that looking back will be more than just an gray wash, of memories, unto which I've no real contextual relationship. I use an work-reward system in my daily life.

I do this, through chores... writing, and production, also... rewarding myself, afterwards,

by reading, or listening back,
unto such, and sharing... and
hopefully, rewarding myself,
with an trip into town, for
necessities... and luxuries, like
snacks, and tobacco. So, I get
things I want to do
accomplished, in my life... my
sweet tooth gets placated...
and I'm then good to go
another week, and write again,
in the future. So, while this
can be an sort of bargaining,
with mother nature... I find it's

more like delaying
gratification, and working, for
an goal... for the weekend
rewards, I show myself.

Household chores, are usually
rewarded, in some small way,
and this appears to help the
work to go by easier. To know
of ones' own unique past-
present-future relationship
picture, you can go unto the
empty page, in writing. That
which comes forth, is directly
relational, unto future times, in

that, you can usually know,
that any writing, or music, or
visual art... whatever it is...

when it's put onto lasting
media, like digital photography,
or CD-R, will still be around,
tomorrow... such is almost
guaranteed, when one is
mindful of the mediums
involved, and respectful of his
or her own good standing. So,
do you see how, your writing,
music, or art of any kind, is
simply an window, into future

times... an direct linkage, unto tomorrow? This, to myself, is wonderous. Will future times... beings, and establishments... be reflected, in todays' work?

This is the wisdom, of discernment. While we can easily tell some things, your writing should always appear neutral, or positive, with respects unto future times.

Negative remarks, and doomsaying, around future times, should be avoided.

Since an death, in ones' group,
organization, or family
sometimes makes for grief,
creative work is slower, for an
time, and an little unsteady...
but in finding abundance, and
plenty, again in time... writing
can help with an accurate
picture of the time...
highlighting the views, and
beliefs, about things in the
present, which have the most
bearing and relevance, unto
yourself. Good health, and

wellbeing are seen in light of
sickness, for what it is... and
you'll better see, then fact
from fiction. These are things,
I have found. While there will
be some things, in living which
will tend to be set in stone...
and times which seem to be
rigid... through shuffling the
deck, an bit, or just tossing the
cards into the air, and letting
them fall randomly upon the
table top, in haphazard
fashion... you might, through

an dance step, or two, see an
new arrangement, of ideas...

which stimulates your

imagination.. and lets you

settle, then, into an much more
comfortable chair, or garment,

for an gentler time. This

technique, will be par for the
course, in writing, sketching, or
expressionist painting... other

art forms, such as

improvisational music, or

nature photography, are based

around this kind of

randomness... letting the brush strokes, or notes, spark off, your imagination, in innovative new ways, and progressing in this fashion. 'Bend an ear, and I'll tell you everything I know..., ' but only if such passes the criteria, of not saying too much, harming myself, or speaking negatively, of others... or diminishing of that which I would prefer to be left pristine, and unaltered, like classical traditional ideals, and

the sacred... the essential
natures of things. We point
out, in others, our own worst
fears, weaknesses, and
shortcomings... this is just
human nature. The moth
butterfly, is drawn, as if by
magnetism, into the white-hot
lantern light. The glare, within
our subconscious minds, only
leads ourselves directly into,
that which we fear, or loathe...
we somehow find, the book, or
musical album, which we

happen to be a little bit overly
sensitive, unto, right now...
leading ourselves directly unto
such, as if by an directional
compass... spending our money
upon, the one thing which we
only wish to throw away. I've
found also, that children
possess much sway, and
authority, in our lives. They
exert deeply into their spheres,
as adults do. Their influence,
can be thought of, as an
invisible force. This, I feel, is

why we should take good care,
to be kind to animals...

especially our domesticated
pets, should be fed nutritious
food, and given plenty of clean
water, and an place to get out
of the cold, or out of the direct
heat of the sun,in summer. For
an animal to be mistreated,
and die an cruel death, in
captivity, is like an human,
dying at the hands of another
human... children should be
taught this, and to remember

to respect nature, and practice the Golden Rule, in all things.

This insulates ourselves, against the biting, bitterly cold winds... and insures our own future wellbeing, into the future. As I listen, unto the light music, in my ear buds, I'm impressed, by the pleasant effects, this has, upon my consciousness. I believe that, as music travels, upon the air, (and doesn't pass, at all through an vaccuum...) we can

glean, so very much insight
into the present- future times,
within our biosphere, in this
way... by paying attention, unto
the subtle feelings and
impressions, which the listener
perceives behind, and below
the audio. Ones' emotional
reactions, unto the qualities,
within the music... does
listening appear, to reassure,
and comfort yourself, as to the
time... and if so, then, we say,
your future should prove to be

pleasing, and easy... for the future is exactly the matrix, which conveys the audio, across unto your ear drums.

Air... aether, being the invisible counterpart, unto such... is an magical substance, indeed. As containing oxygen, it is essential, to our respiration.

Air molecules, are an exceptional medium, for sound vibrations to pass lucently through. Since atmospheric pressure, keeps the air

molecules pressing tightly
against one another... there's
not much fidelity lost, in an
sound waves' passing through
the room... the transmission
gives an perfect image of the
transducers' sound wave
vibrations, upon the ear drum,
or an microphone. And the
wave, also picks up any
impressions, of the time, which
are lingering, within Gods'
lands, of the spiritual beings,
and presences gathered

about... the future... the sub-fabric, of space-time... and the electromagnetic backdrop, present within in the encompassing metric. So, do you see, how so very much insight, comes through listening, to music, and absorbing, the messages, of the time, in this way? You'll remember, this reading, the next time you find your doubts and fears comforted, and soothed, through the reading of

recorded music. Anyways,
another cold night, is
enshrouding, our land... yet
again, the temperatures here
falling to around zero, tonight.
So, there will be cases, of frost
bite, as cars sometimes break
down, along roads, and strand
an motorist, for hours... people
misjudge an walking distance,
to an football game. So, and
this bitterly cold winter
weather, amounts to an real
headache, for civil servants,

and hospital workers. We'll definitely appreciate, then, the warmer weather, when such returns, with the spring, bringing new life, and new growth, from out of bud and stem tip, and out of cocoon, and out of nest, to learn anew, of existence... of life, upon Earth. When one returns, unto the fine art of looking within, through way of writing, he or she will have 'sounded the depths,' and 'scanned the

heights,' long enough to possess good understanding, of his reactions, and ranges of expressions, and choices, within his or her present views, and outlooks, into the future. When the souls' questing, and searching has been satisfied, as to things, he or she looks and finds his creative consciousness, will be asking him, to go unto the canvas, or the empty page, and 'look away,' into the future. Maybe,

he feels such time calling,
himself... beckoning, as if to
make an deadline, for an
important meeting... with, he
knows not whom... nor where...

but this is the hallowed
'mysterium,' for which he has
longed. He hears the call, and
sets forth. This is the way, my
writing usually gets going... I'll
just spend so much time,
within inactivity, or non-
doing... one morning, I'll look,
and an good future, like an goal

met, or an ideal time, appears closer... more definite... and pursuing such is more within reach, than lately... and so I will begin writing. For the young, or the faithless, the reoccurring distractions, of young adulthood prove more appealing, and so an writing course, gets derailed... as life's little problems, only compound themselves, when alcohol, or the more powerful drugs, enter... pretty soon, the

individual is habituating... with his or her crutch... and has entirely forgotten the pure spiritual light... in favor, of night life, and parties. But, everyone, I feel, goes through 'down times,' in between writing sessions... learning to see your way, unto real contentment, and feeling no need to employ the altered states, of hallucinogens... or changing consciousness drastically, at all... this, for

some, requires an sort of oversight... trusting your doctor, and the 'given state of things,' knowing that the guidelines, of your parents, are for good reasons... this comes easier, for some. You may venture, and experimentally wish to satisfy your wanderlust... but you'll always return, unto the best guidance, of your youth... no exceptions.

(For instance, I talk about these things, because they're

things I know... I might never
would have understood, if I
hadn't tried, and found out, for
myself.) Anyways, what's a
sermon, unto an maverick
adventurer? Only words. So,
set sail, upon the stormy 21st
century ocean waves... but, go
no farther, than you'd care to
return. The mind, can be a
solitary pursuit. Did you hear
about the wooded footlands
encompassing our human
society? Through the years,

many have entered its
darkening interior... none, have
ever returned... nor left more
than scrawls, and piles of
stone, evidencing their
passage... so none knows quite
what lies beyond... for none
have come back. Those who
like comforts, and amenities,
should never go into the
woods... that's about the best I
know of it. Anyways, we here
in the South, know winters to
be rainy... those looking for

sunshine, pretty much have got to wait for a break in the cloudcover. We've got an rare respite, from the rain, this pleasant Sunday afternoon – our skies are clear... no clouds... so I've enjoyed time outside, sitting out away from the house, in the sunshine. I hope you have got an back yard, or an park, to think, and to dream in. Anyways, all for now... Have a good new week.

THE ZEN

OF WRITING

AS I FIND, AN GOOD enough reason, to begin anew, I will look within the space, of an notebook page, with an ballpoint pen. One should be able to see, right away... if the inner 'weather report,' is more or less easy... such lends direction, unto the beginning words of your essay. If the differences, are reconcilable, i.e., if your own present chemistry, allows for freedom,

from the distractions, of dress,
and suffering... your own ideas
being strong, and clear, onto
the page... you'll know, then
that the present outlook, is
good, or amenable, for
successful writing. You should
then be able, to get along into
the remainder of your article...
where, you'll elaborate, and let
the composition develop, and
shine. Having the mind, of an
inventor, is, I think, the main
reason, for writing, in the first

place... being linguistically
innovative... your 'being an
idea man....,' your reader will,
hopefully be shown, some good
new ways, of not just saying,
but of seeing... and around the
'art of writing,' there are
endless good ideas... when
you've consulted your 'inner
soothsayer,' through writing,
for three or four years,
already... you'll simply find, for
yourself, an ever growing,
'perceptual sphere,' of

acquired wisdoms and past observations. You'll find, I think, that, all around the processes of writing itself... when your scholastic learning is specialized, in some way... like around small engine repair, or veterinary science... you'll be more inclined to create your writing around that subject. For those with an more broad, general understanding... (if you're not an expert, in anything in particular...). then,

you can easily open the door,
into an writing, and talking
around writing itself... the
composition processes of this
very article, for example. This,
then becomes, amazingly, the
'science, of now...' and of how
best, to relate, around this
subject. (For myself, such has
been found to be, naturally,
delved out of, and pertaining
mainly unto 'the art of
writing...' as my school of
learning is limited... but I've

written all my life.) So, the science of now, and the 'art of writing,' are really the two sides, of the same coin, which, I've found, can work in positivistic ways, within your local relationship group... towards eventual goals, like, being an part... having an voice, in the current discussion... your neighborhood, culture, and society, in general. So, do you see, now, how you can really

bring so very much good literature, 'from out of scratch,' (and not make yourself sick, in any way, or fermenting loss, in the process.) This is really the magic, all around, the industrialized world... being fully capable of moving about, in the collective ocean, without making waves, and turbulence... you'll be able to produce, and to share... at least in limited ways... some desired commodity, or service,

or even as in literature, or audio-visual media... you'll be able to develop an readership, and put your higher mind, and intellect, to work, in an edifying or entertaining way.

This is the nature, of this writing, I guess... the cultivating, and nurturing, of younger writers... and not trying to change the world, in any way in particular, but in the allowances, of these good ideas, onto the page... as I

have actually taken the time,
and thought about these
things... sharing gracefully,
being also an important goal.

If you think that 'the art of
writing,' is an study you'd be
interested in pursuing, then
you're in the right place, if
you're reading, or hearing
these words. This is, for
myself, that which makes the
world work... fulfilling an need,
or an niche... or just satisfying
someones' curiosity, or

interest, in the given subject.
So, see? Enjoying your work, is
partly just being happy that
you have something to do... the
other part being just the
enjoying of the feeling that
you've made a difference, and
put your own unique,
distinctive flair into an product,
or an service. If you've found,
either of these qualities, from
your job... then you're doing
something more than just
earning a living... you're

fulfilling your purpose. And that's what makes writing this way enjoyable for myself.

Anyways, I've found, that my relationship, unto the turning passages of moments in time, will usually be seen, mainly, in its action... for myself, this will usually be seen to be, an sort of inspiration, sparking off of this flowing, of moments, throughout living... and thusly allowing only those reflections, and resonances, which appear

to be positivistic, in nature.

Any time one goes unto the empty page... you should try to ensure, that the tones, within your language responses, and reflections, are equal minded, and capable and friendly in nature... otherwise, your good intentions, may seem self-failing, or even damaging, unto others, within your world, or unto the carefully cultivated, and tended beds, and gardens, which encompass the universe.

The atmospheric blanket,
around our Earth, appears to
cushion, and insulate our lives,
from cosmic, and solar
radiation... and, you'll find
there to be an great need,
within ourselves, to carefully
maintain this sphere, and keep
it heavenly. Electromagnetic
waves, short, and longer
cycling waves, like sound
waves, especially are the
musicians' interest... and we've
also had such strong concerns,

with both air pollution... and
carbon dioxide emissions...
(they're two different things,
by the way...) too much of
either, and your production
line, will be closed. So,
environmental consciousness,
and ensuring ecological
sustainability, are of great
importance, in this twenty-first
century world. Our weather,
here today, is pleasant... with
sunshine ahead, the
temperature is almost fifty-five

degrees. The north-westerly winds, however, are an brisk five to ten mile per hour gust, over the land. Most of our warm weather, from the southwest, at this time of the year, is rapidly complemented, and cooled down, by the more cold, dry winds from the north-west. We don't get many easterlies, but southerlies, are frequently bringing Gulf moisture, and warmth. In waiting, for the little pond to

grow tranquil and clear again,
after the children, have
splashed and played in its
water, I'll get some fresh air, in
the back, for a moment, and
then put my head on my pillow,
inside, for ten minutes.

Getting lost, in some good
craft, or interest, like writing
an letter, or sketching with
ball-point ink pen, can be also
an good way to shuffle the
deck, and dance quietly unto
yourself... looking away, from

the problem area, for a while,
you'll also find that the
problem, wasn't as bad as you
had imagined it to be, at the
first... which in turn brings
sweeping improvements, unto
your own moods, and stress-
levels, in general... your
perceptions of the flowing of
time, smooth out, and it's your
bed time before you know it.
And, this, then, has been a day
of writing. An good friend of
mine, once said, "You can run

rings, around the moon... but
you still can't control the
weather." Neither can, I much
predict, nor fully insure myself,
against seismic events... (If the
Earth ever moves, under our
feet, we'll see class
distinctions, lines of status,
and health... blend, cross, and
disappear, in the fray, and
general confusion... Each soul,
I've heard it said, is of equal
importance, in the eyes of the
absolute.) (Death, however...

that huffing, puffing lord of
darkness... yet has no victory,
in the grand scheme, of
things... the Promised land,
where joy, and fellowship,
should never end... awaits the
faithful.) These I know,
through looking within myself.
An road, or an path may, at
times seem impassive... and
your fellow travellers, difficult,
or unyeilding... but Love
conquors all, and just beneath,
the surfaces of all things, and

all beings, upon this Earth, run
waters... cool, and clear...
which are the refreshment, for
all whom live, and move, and
breathe. Anyways... all things,
and beings, appear unto
ourselves, to be intimately
interwoven, inwardly and
outwardly. In the rural country,
where 'doing the right thing, '
is the rule... not the
exception... you'll find you've
more in common with your
neighbors... far more... than

within the minds' unique
distinctions, would suggest...

the idiosyncracies, and
eccentricities... lending at best,
an more practiced eye... an
single-pointedness.... An far
seeing...or an thoroughness....

Within the given story. So,
these are some contemporary
beliefs, within these pages. I
sometimes, feel the burdens of
living, to be heavier... but, it's

within these times, that I
return, in the most graceful,

and willing way, (knock on wood,) unto 'the art of writing,' or of photography, or of visual design, or sketching.... For the revolutions, in seeing, and feeling... and the improvements, unto my quality of living, are always so sweeping, and fulfilling, within the doing and sharing of such good work... that I've chosen to make, these paths and innovations, an regular part of my life... and have good work,

to show for the effort. So, and
as I find, the winter, to be an
fading season, already... this
old year... seeing anew the
brilliancy, of the early
springtime sun, even this early
January morning, has brought
the natural life, here, so much
closer, unto my ongoing...
abandoning, the skeletal, gray
vessel of Winter, for the
grander, modern steamship, of
Springtime... this has come
easily for myself. Autumns'

colorful, flowing robes...

Winters' sparkling blankets, of

white... you see, these are
distinct ladies... gracing the
calendar... in turn, too, with
the fertile fields, of spring...

the lush Eternity of

Summerland. Just some
thoughts, this January evening.

Boy, has today ever been an
crunch time for myself. I
worked all day long... had my
supper, and got right back to
work.... I'll probably work half

the night. I saw an bumper sticker, an few years back, which said plainly, "The best never rest." This so aptly described, my life, at the time... and I feel it's meaning again, from time to time. As stressors, and difficulties, within my living, have been seen to regularly cycle, around intervals, which I myself, can pick out and discern, I find myself situated, in the opening months, of yet another cycle.

Beginning anew, for myself...
these are things, that I have
found, to be... If I hadn't have
seen, these things... well, I
probably wouldn't be writing
upon them. (That is, unless
the higher spirit, within my
own subconscious mind, had
somehow seen such, and spoke
unto the future, through my
pen... as when one is living
correctly, and in the ways of
how, any new vision, will allow,
new life... which in turn, allows

still more new vision... and this is often seen to be, in the style, of an inferencing, and of skipping along, over the surface of the water... quickly advancing... or as in an inductive, or deductive logic flowing, and thereby pointing the way, for my footsteps to follow.) In the writing of this journal, lately... I find myself frequently employing an measure of poetry... and the 'poetic license,' which this

sometimes evokes.... I'm sure
you'll likely see, how these
sorts of inferences... these
which can lead unto personal
growth, in general... such as in
an renewed, interest, in an
area of study, which you may
have forgotten about, for an
time... these can take up
residence, within your life, and
begin ministering unto yourself.

This will be an path, for
yourself, to follow, if you
wish... but I find that the closer

way, and certainly, the more
enduring, and prolific way, for
myself, will be within the
staying near, unto only that
which is well known, and in
speaking only of things, and
concerns, which I can perceive,
with the five or six cognitive
senses... in this Earthly human
present, as I find it. This way,
definitely best enhances, the
writers' sense of personal
security, and self -confidence...
the poetry, you've used,

making, perhaps, for an more
interesting read, but maybe
lacking, an bit, in the defining
of real boundaries... or in
necessarily in the staying
within them. At least, this can,
become an worry... I could
see... unless we 'keep it
simple.' So an modern poet,
has got to be 100 percent sure
of himself, to be able to keep it
going. But I think, being
confident, in your causes, and
reasons for being, comes early,

within the development, of an
gifted, or an exceptional, or
even an disabled child, perhaps
more so... for the hurdles,
faced by autistic, or challenged
youth, may be greater... the
issues involved, and emotions,
often more dense, in nature, at
times. Parents, are uniquely
sensitive, unto these concerns,
and are especially capable, of
reinforcing the weak areas, and
deficiencies... and of bringing
out and rewarding, the good

traits, where the youth, will
find the most good approval.

So, you can see, some
additional ideas, around living,
and writing, for myself, today...
as these essays, and writings,
frequently come in pairs, and
sets of two... the second
speaking and relating, most
directly unto the first. So, is
that all there is unto this days'
writing? Composition, these
days, for myself, appearing to
take care of itself... as if by the

grace of God, solving upon, its
very own rhymes, and
alliteration... an quiet, pleasing
time... and an sort of coming
through, for myself, of an
thicket of brambles, and
briars... myself shown
compassion, and blessed
friendship, enough to let me
solve it best. Anyways, all for
now. Have an pleasant, and
restorative coming weekend
time. Stay happy, healthy, and
safe.

IDEAS AROUND WRITING

TO GO UNTO THE EMPTY
SURFACE, of the page, in
writing, is to peer within, the
turning, flowing, of moments...
to lift the veil, upon the recent
days, and weeks... and see just
how, your unfolding thoughts,
and perceptions, around this
subject, compare unto, that
which you've already learned,
through your five or six

cognitive senses... and if there's good congruency, in this area. The more good experience, you have, in living, and in sizing things up, through writing, in this way... the more you know, of natures, and the ways things are, in society...

the more you'll be able to glean, and garner, from most any relationship, seen, over time. The more experience, you have, in living, the more insightful, you'll become, as to

things... only, are you willing,
to share, your ideas, in writing,
or on media... this being the
entrance, into the art of 'new
thinking,' coming onto the
page, through writing. And,
more importantly, are you able
to share, your good ideas, in
good, and helpful ways, which
don't defeat your own purpose?
So, these are questions, around
the art of writing, and
participating, within your
higher mind, and world, in this

way. When the relationships,
within the writing you've
began, appear to be within the
usual ranges, which you're
familiar with... and as you grow
more enthusiastic, about
such... you then will have
gotten past the surface
differences, and reconciled,
yourself, and your writing, with
the natures, as they presently
appear to be. So, this may
ultimately be the best aim, of
writing, in this fashion... the

finding of an harmonious
balancing, between yourself,
and your world... and
throughout the natural world,
amongst. So, these are things,
which are looked upon, in the
beginning of an new writing
session. So, and do you have,
then, any good ideas, around
writing... and which might can
speak unto the day, and time,
in an new or novel way?
Whether you approach writing,
from an more, or less

'consciously thought of' sort of intellectual locale... you should always let the bouyancy, and abundancy within, the mind, develop itself, by its own virtues... you shouldn't really go unto the page, until you find your stylus, is somewhat willing to write, of 'its own power.' This will be the action, of the turning, progressive flowing of moments, as it becomes expressed, through your stylus. This diminutive

sculpting, and allowing, of only
the most nominal expression,
onto the page, is nature's own
work... 'nature improves upon
nature,' 'nature perfects
nature.' In the same way as in
how 'doing no harm,' in time,
and over time, appears to
develop abundance, of its own
accord... an expanse of the
passage of time, like in how
the fertile field, when sown,
and cultivated... produces good
fruit... and tends only to

improve upon itself...
thoughtfully, and insightfully
building, onto only that which
bears amending. If you're
gradually working upon an
project, such as in an book, of
writing, or in an art exhibit...
you'll find that the passage of
days, and weeks, tends to
finish and perfect the work...
you'll be farther along, with
each passing day... the flowing
of time, will translate into an
increasing. When your faith

has matured, in this effect...
when your confidence in, and
knowledge, of your own good
ability to bring about the
desired result, has filled out,
and grown more practiced, and
experienced... you'll then be
well along, on your way, unto
an successful path, as an
writer, or musician... as an
artisan. As I find, myself
writing, this early morning, I'm
remembering, earlier writing,
and thinking upon, how earlier

seasons, have felt, and seen.

Maybe one of the most effective, and direct meditation practices, for managing our beings within the multidimensional, dreaming, feeling, fleshly body, we are, are thoughts, and meditations, around the breath, and breathing. Where else, is there such a sense, of the self, as in the breathing. As the physical self, has an astral side, so, through tapping into, this

rhythmic, cycling respiration...
and developing focus, upon its
regular inbreathing, and
exhaling... seen also as
transpiring within the astral
plane... one is more or less
able, to find an great deal of
relief, from the migraines, and
tension headaches, which living
tends to develop. But this is
really just the basic ground, of
our being, anyways... you'll
find, that meditations, come in
all kinds... there are endless

techniques, for thinking, within
our ephemeral bodys, and
minds... you'll work out, and
develop your mind, as life
situations dictate... it's just
good sometimes, to return,
unto consciousness of the
breath, and breathing, as this
could be said to be one of the
most essential, basic natures,
of our being, over which we
have some conscious control.

As the astrologies of the
almanac, speak of certain

areas of our neural
consciousness, as being more
important, or less so... and,
changing from season unto
season... you'll find your
breath, and breathing, seen as
flowing from the action of the
muscles, above and below the
diaphragm, pulling up, and
down, at the solar plexus... to
be of more conscious
significance in some signs, for
example... or the crown
center... or the heart chakra, in

others. So, in reading astrology, you'll find meaning, and correspondence, in your life, more or less so, as you're more or less willing to see yourself, and your world, through the given lens... and perceive the heavens, and the Earth, and the cycles, found within, through such lens. To know, then, of ones' own best past present future outlooks, and perspectives, you can go unto the empty page, in written

fashion... this should fill you in,
upon the best lifeways paths,
for yourself, in the present. Is
it true, what is said, 'Without
going beyond, your doorway,
you can know of all things,
under heaven,' and sort out
your own best relationship
picture? I've found this to be
true, and it's so nice, for
myself presently, to have
worked out, the developmental
issues of my earlier years, and
entirely overcome the needs to

drastically change my
consciousness, in any way, or
feel the need, to explore, that
which is beyond the domain of
my four walls, other than
through reading, and in
technology, such as television,
phones, and the internet. It's
cold, here, this sunshiny, late
January afternoon... with
temperatures, not yet having
reached above freezing... I've
yet been able to get out,
frequently, and get sun on my

face, and eyes. I think, that feeling the rays of the sunlight around your eyes... eyelids, and orbits... and upon your nose, and mouth... is the best thing, to keep the winter blues away... as this vitamin D, is useful in maintaining healthy moods, and in preventing depression. When one wishes, to return unto the fine art of writing, he or she should go about making his or herself content, through the comforts,

and securities, as he can afford, or allow... and then, with stylus, and notepad, simply put an few ideas, upon the empty page. Just an few introductory ideas, should be sufficient, to germinate an new language flowing, down the page surface. Then, with this initial paragraph, simply put it away, for an time... leave it there, for thirty minutes, or so, and think lightly, upon possible new directions. In knowing of

ones' own unique past,
present, future relationship
picture, stream of
consciousness writing, is an
excellent way, to start an
measured flowing, of concise
language energy. This sort of
forward momentum, will be
essential, for arriving upon any
higher thinking. As the unseen
presences, about ones' being,
will entertain, an higher order,
of perceptual observations, of
anything you should write upon

media... through beginning of
an light, dancing flowing along
the moment, and receptively
attuning, unto this 'quiet
inquiry,' type of modality...
there will be ideas, hopefully,
which are volunteered, or
given, unto the emerging
essay... by the encompassing
intelligences. For example,
'Why am I struggling, with
this?' or 'What sort of writing,
would fit right now, for myself?'
Even this writing, presently, is

basically the art of 'inquiring of the beyond,' as this is the best way, in my view, to solve upon the issues, or concerns, which arise, within most any lifeways path. Even if the inquiring is an simple receptivity, and an watchful quietude, inwardly, while peering into the encompassing aethers, you yet will have made the first step, in asking 'why,' through discernment. Through writing, you will have developed, an

single pointed 'inner loccii,' of focus, of your minds' cognitive lenses. Real discernment, in my view, will involve, also, an 'outward turned,' conscious vision, as well. This, for some, takes an lifetime to discover... for, even an child, can learn to discipline his or her single point of consciousness, and use the subtle awareness, to gaze into the center of his or her heart... but, by most accounts, it will really be the experienced

seer, which has an 'outward
turned,' etheric consciousness.

And good writing, uses both...

single pointed subtle
awareness within... seen hand
in hand, with outward-looking
etheric eyesight. You'll then,
be distinctly party, unto your
own higher mind, and

consciousness, in the simple
solving upon, the unique times'
appearances. (If, for example,
one were led into an thinking
upon the topic of some unique

past, or future time... your inferences, as shown by the local metric, might could be delved into, and along any of the lines of, well 'why are you delving over things, which don't appear to be grounded, within reality?') In other words, there are countless observations, and even judgements, you can then apply unto the present stretch of time. So, then 'arriving upon consensus reality,' will be

always an lifelong task, which
you engage within on and off
throughout your years. So,
these are some of the basics,
of writing, in this fashion...
these pages, might could be
placed into the 'self-help,'
category, at the library... with
specific emphasis, upon
'stream of consciousness
writing, as an pathway unto
self knowledge.' So, and, isn't
this basically the same
concept, which was formalised,

by Andre Breton, through the publishing of his 'Surrealist Manifesto,' in 1924? Anyways, these are some of my thoughts, around 'the art of writing,' as I see it. When one wishes, to write at greater length, around this topic, you might just place the surface notions, which you arrive upon, from week unto week, into an common folder, and then later go about looking within each paragraph, for similarities... connections, and

congruencies... poetries, which
can be seen in comparing them
one unto the next. So, and
then, through using the
computers' copy and paste
function, you'll be able to put
them in sequence, and see the
flowing, over several pages...
this should show yourself,
something more substantial,
than just an paragraph, or an
loose jumble of ideas. When
you're speaking or writing from
an place of conscious

appreciation, within your own
higher mind, and intellect...
there then will be an guiding
light, throughout the usual
daily darkneses, which occur
in living, within an awakened
mind, in the real world,
anyway. So, do you see, how
your own writing, becomes,
then, in time, your shelter,
from the spiritual storms,
which sweep the land, from
time unto time... your hiding
place, within this Earthly

twenty-first century... from the collisions, of the ancient, with the modern... the past... with the present. So, and consciously working through things, and turning the pages, in this fashion, through writing, music, or art... this indeed, then lets the self, in into more authentic, and honest relationships, within the present time, in an general sense. Finding your views received, within the

contemporary discussion, you'll see how the conversation is so uniquely relevant, unto yourself... you'll find your self to be not so old fashioned, or outdated, after all... but every bit an insightful participant. As, advanced, older writers, have been at times seen to displace present doubts, and insecurities, into future times, in the form of an doomsaying, sort of answer, unto the explaining of the shadowlands,

which come about... the
obvious question, then
becomes... "Just how thrilled,
are you, really, about where
your life path is at, presently?"

Have recent self critiques,
really been honest complaints,
on an real set of inequities, in
the human situation, as it is...
or instead, your own views
upon your own good or less
good work... if such have
become callouse, and hard
hearted... maybe, you might try

allowing them be more or less
compassionate... and
expressing some care, and
admiration, for your self... self-
critiques. (Paranoid self-
criticism, you'll remember was
the Surrealists' touch stone.)
Your own half-heartedness... is
this due, unto an actual sort of
future issue, or instead, unto
your own inability, to explain
persistant migraines... or,
what? (But published writers,
just have an voice of some

more or less good legacy... so, are others really doubting your work, today... or are you just getting older?) Anyways, these are ideas... questions which real writers tend to have to deal with, in most any new composition. I too, deal with these issues, from week unto week... my ideas about the past, present, future paradigm I'm referencing, in my minds' eye, are continually morphing, changing, and evolving... and

too, I do find that my own self
awarenesses, of the nuances,
of things, in my mind and life,
indeed grow more and more
thorough, and even driven...
both back onto my inner self,
mind, and character... and
driven, also towards finer and
finer excellence, within my own
craft, and work. So, anyways,
these are some ideas, which I
place before the listener... the
truths of the matter, I hope to
see shining crystalline clear,

high above the surface of the
page... above, too, the back
and forth sort of questing,
which seems so relentless, in
turning this way and that, in
looking at things, which I may
or may not feel to be... and all I
know how. Anyways, all for
now. Have an pleasant
weekend time.

KNOW

THYSELF

WHEN ONCE, ONE LEARNS to
accurately perceive, the real

nature, and worth, of our mortal station... the great meaning, and significance, of existence... he or she, grows to see, how, "We, as mortals, indeed do all hold the power, of love and fear, in our very hands..." As you hopefully can see, the billowing, expansion of the time-space continuum, when harnessed, through the regular practice, of an craft, or hobby... tends to build, upon itself... adding onto 'only that

which bears amending.' This,
for myself, usually involves,
the saving, of snippets, of
thought, from week unto
week... which then are brought
together, in composition...
thusly revealing, faintly, at
first, and then more
definitively, the interior sub-
fabric, of an new essay. The
composition time, of an new
writing, music, or painting,
whether such takes one day, or
several days, or an month, or

more... is essentially the
culmination, of sometimes
weeks, and weeks of
experiential travelling. As, the
most, that one sometimes can
do, will be an sort of plodding
trudge, through the briars, and
brambles, and in the rain, first
up one mountainside, and then
the next... the time you
actually get to sit, and write, or
create, will become most
precious... the whole team,
then connecting, and

communing, in the appreciation of the new answers, coming forth, onto his or her page, or canvas. As an writer, eventually will arrive at the sort of intellectual locale, where he or she can easily perceive, how, "For the life of me, no matter how thorough are my investigations, I will always have difficulty, in trying to see across, into future lands..." time, has such an way of keeping its secrets hidden...

one tends, to remain blind,
unto his or her own truths,
until they are revealed, by the
passage of time. You'll too, see
this... how we sometimes
dwell, as if by our very
natures, within an somewhat
narrow spectrum, of conscious
sensory information... we only
see, what we wish to see...
while, the presences, about our
lives, simply have vast
appreciation, of the ranges and
attributes, of the past natures,

the present tendencies, and future likelihoods, as they can be seen, by the awakened eye. So, these are things, which will be found, within most any spiritual path. Here's an idea, for you: When technology arrives upon the level, of quantum computing... when statistical analysis can move at the speed which this form of technology appears to present... there'll be secure ways, of conclusively divining,

the natures of any given near future outlook... but it seems unto me, that unless such computational results, are kept from the general public, the prophecies, of an computer would rapidly appear to fulfill themselves... which could lead to an implosion, of information, and hence, loss of control, of the present, within the affected society. But, we'll always, be blind, in some respects, unto any undesired future. So, and

on the other hand, the
benefits, of technologies such
as this, could far out-measure,
the risks, which they present.
Our present time, relies on our
precise control, of technology,
and keeping such secure, and
with the correct boundaries...
as in the ways of how our world
stability, hinges partly, upon
an balance of power, and
amongst the superpowers,
presently, the peace is simply
kept, and maintained, by

strong deterrents, to fighting...
you'll remember, 'mutually
assured destruction,' is the
term for this balance, of peace,
and power... i.e. "If you attack
us in this way, we will have
detected this, and launched an
counteroffensive back at you,
before your missiles, even hit."

So see? Without precise,
careful control, of all of these
factors, this mutual balance,
could quickly erode... our
sense of security, then torn by

phantasms, of fear and
hysteria. So, control, of
information, and technology,
could be pivotal... so, hence,
the concerns, around such, and
the great needs, for security,
and stability in this area.

Anyways, just some thoughts,
this cloudy February day. As
my own psychic pre-science...

the migraines, and tension
headaches, which speak of
worries around possible future
issues... will tend to be the

worst, leading up to, and during, weather issues, and seismic activity, of any sort...

our present winter storm weather, is making my eyesight, a bit blurry... my cognitive areas, also feeling the strain, of the big questions, around tonight's, and tomorrows' weather... and if we'll receive more snow, and hard freezing temperatures.

But at least, the snow we received this morning, has

began to thaw, and form puddles, of moisture, so, as it evaporates, there'll be that much less snow, to worry about freezing, if temperatures, should rise, and then drop to single digits again, like they did two weeks ago. So, and we don't want the electricity, to go out, in weather that cold. So, anyways, these are thoughts on my mind, tonight. To know of ones' best past, present, future outlooks, and perspectives,

just go unto the empty page, in
writing... answers will be
forthcoming. As I sit writing
these words, tonight, I am
aware, of three or four main
areas, of my conscious
sentience. The evening has
fallen, over our land, and I sit
in bed, writing on this
notebook, with an ballpoint
pen. The temperature in this
room, is comfortable, and I feel
ready to get an good nights'
sleep. The unfolding passage

of time, appears to be only an
thin presence, within my
consciousness... as my senses
are attuned, unto this writing,
and the music in my ear-buds...
all of my other perceptual
reserves, are in use...
occupied, within the balancing,
of the crucible, of psychic
prescience, within the center of
my being, with and amongst
my sense of personal physical
comfort, and control, of this
faculty. So, I guess, time will

tell. There's something to be said, for this sort of writing, standing, with one foot, in the dense, physical, material world... and the other foot, within the gray lands, of shades, and figments... it can be difficult, at times, to see, beyond the prescience, of the possible futures, enough to track onto, the present. During times, of change, such as severe weather events sometimes are, there'll be an

blurriness... and an sort of detachment, from your present environments. So, chores, and housework, can lag... and employees call in sick, to work... the hurdles, are too great. But myself, having few responsibilities, I just feel more secure, in the midst of adversity, such as this, than most, and capable of meeting the challenge... only, don't make the challenge too difficult. So, these are

thoughts, on the matter of living within my five or six cognitive senses, and dealing with the aches and pains, this sometimes presents. The last thing, on my mind, tonight, will be second-guessing the weatherman, so, maybe things here in our region will settle themselves... and having gotten the bad weather, 'out of our system,' already, the clouds will clear, and temperatures, warm up. Is

predicting the weather
anything like 'reverse
psychology?' You want to
know, beyond doubt, that you
wish for an easier time, enough
to break free, from the trending
pattern. This involves, the
neutralizing of doom-saying,
with its heaping of worry, upon
worry... and just 'doing
everything as you would
ordinarily...' and thereby
staying safe, and comfortable.
So, do you have anything,

within your subconscious
appreciation, of things, which
might could be illuminated,
without trampling others,' or
your own carefully cultivated,
and tended gardens? Then,
stream of consciousness
journaling, may be for you.
Remember, also, the power,
and significance, of the mortal
station. With our need, for the
having, of an guiding light,
within the mind and heart,
written words, whether spoken

with integrity, or not, still tend to be held, as the ultimate evidence, for or against, the persons' own character.

Hence, the need for spiritual guidance, in writing, or art.

'Art is discernment.' This statement, holds true, 'on Earth, as it does in Heaven.'

So, the needs for self-responsibility, in relating, onto the page, or canvas... and for conscious appreciation, of the words we use, as we speak, or

write them, are great. To know
of one's own unique past,
present, future relationship
picture, you can go unto the
empty page, in discernment...
and just allow, then, the
complimentary aethers, to 'fill
you in.' If you find, that you're
readily able, to see over the
usual daily darkneses... if your
interior lands, are tranquil, and
confident, in the 'lasting
peace,' which an good path, or
way will bring... if you aren't in

physical, or emotional pain,
then you should have the good
insight, to simply externalise,
the nuances, of storytelling, or
merely lucently reflecting, onto
the empty page. You then will
have learned this path, of
consulting the blank media, at
an stage... when you've learned
keyboarding in school, or on
your own... you'll eventually
find yourself close to an
computer. And, when the
puzzle pieces, come together...

you'll write, within the aim of
inputting an article, and
printing it. Publishing, can
really come separately. In my
late twenties, I worked an day
job, and would find more
creative energies, within my
mind, and heart, than I could
put upon paper. So, but having
given up, on trying to work, for
an salary, I have found, my
creative life, slowing also... but
I still write, and record
occasionally... once every

couple of weeks, appears to
about be my pace. If you wish,
to write... but haven't the
presence, of mind, to really do
so... if you feel that your ideas,
are too 'out in left-field,' or off-
center, just write anyway...
because, as in anything,
'practice makes perfect...' this
will bring the gifts of
familiarity, and experience.
'Learning good paths, only over
time,' can be the mantra,
which perfects your craft... as

'half-hearted' writing, will lead
only unto indefensible mires,
you'll learn to build an good
future, into all you say, and do.

This way, alone, leads unto
happiness... there aren't any
real cheats, in mortal
existence, as living can always
be seen, ultimately, as an
testing ground... an course, of
conscious choosing, and
deciding... the idea, being
awakening, from the patterns,
of addiction, and self-

deception, and still finding ample reason, to believe in an good future. So, and with the social securities, which are built into our culture, if you should find hard times, in your life... if you need an hand, in just living, today... there will be assistance... so, but you have to sincerely ask for help. When times, in your life, are 'settled,' in an significant way, then the shackles, of sin and pain, will fall away... and you'll

find yourself also, able, to do the things you wish to do, in your living. The previous existence, will have been the husk, which but contained, the produce... while the 'new man,' will be able to break away, into life eternal. (The metaphors, I've used above, point specifically, unto, and are contained within, the scope of an man or womans' 'living years...' as perhaps, I could point out, the ways of how,

none really know, what lies beyond the grave... for none have really ever offered conclusive evidence, for an 'afterlife.' There aren't any really clear answers.) All we could much do, is ensure that in living, we always endeavor to 'do the right thing,' and that, means conforming unto the set laws of your land... and 'knowing ones self,' is the perennial theme, which has echoed down through

antiquity... paths unto self
knowledge, include fine art
painting, music, creative
writing, and dance... there are
many... and to wit... the way,
craft, or hobby, spoken of,
points unto ultimately, an
trade, or professional
avocation... doing an good job,
at an craft or an service, and
being respected, within your
society. And thereby calling
that, then 'knowing thyself.'
So, and you could even make

the ultimate comparison, unto
‘knowing ones’ self...’ having
an mature relationship, with an
offspring... an son or daughter,
and simply continuing, your
line. So, but for myself, I just
find myself, through the
simplest crafts, which I
mentioned above... writing,
music, illustration, and
photography... writing,
especially, ‘fills me in’ most
readily... as I’m good with
language, I sometimes

incorporate writing, or spoken word, in production, of audio or video. But I'll almost always, be not for profit, in nature...

(Charles Darwin, was an 'serious hobbyist,' he never made money, from the Origin of Species... he just loved, the science.) So, and finding oneself, is often spoken of, in our relationship, within the natural world... how better to know, whom one is and isn't, than in going into the woods,

and studying animals? So,
these are a few of my ideas,
around getting free, and
'knowing ones' self.' We all
have individual stories, to
relate, and life journeys, to
find... finding ones' own path,
can require many, many false
starts, and dead end streets...
until your path really starts
bringing yourself victory, in
your living, you might not be
able, to read, and understand,
these words. Then, too, you

might not see, this way, at all...

for this is an path, delved of
positive spiritual growth, and
development... it's not really
any part, of the dark world, of
the vices, as so much of our
modern heartache and pain,
can be described. Anyways,
today, we have abundant
sunshine, and blue skies,
above... the ice and snow,
which we woke up unto this
morning, is steadily melting... I
think the temperature is almost

forty degrees, here now, this
afternoon, so, everyone is
feeling better. Well, all for
now. Have an pleasant
weekend.

AN WRITERS' DEVELOPMENT

WHEN ONE WISHES, TO get into
the composition, of an new
written article, you might like
gradually developing such...
allowing the essay to write
itself... by selecting just an few
introductory language

symbols... and then walking away, from the notebook, for an hour, or two... don't worry about working your way, down the page, at first... just allow the turning passage of moments, to ferment the piece, from only a few words, onto the page... go away from it, and return later. When you can encourage, a new work of literature, into creating itself, through the anchoring of a few starting words, at the top

of the page... you'll return unto
this way time and again, to
see, this coming into being, of
the new. In living my years,
time has shown unto me an few
guidelines... such as the
antiquated guarantees, which
we all know of... the certain
likelihoods, of both death, and
taxes. Death is an master
thief... whom doesn't always
ask for permission, before he
comes around. And, taxes,
well... carrying an collective

burden, of debt, or taxation, is something which we here in this present, have all come to know. I believe that the only real teacher, is time. Time has shown unto me, also, the ways of how, no situation, is immutable. There are an infinite number of paths, one may take, from any given point. So, it doesn't require any great wisdom, to see, how, we as conscious, living beings, today, can be said to have

special abilities...in pertaining unto growing old... the higher the mountain, the greater the latent strength reserved, for climbing it. Writing, can be seen as, the feeling ones' way around, in an darkened room, and locating ideas about interior design. As difficult as this may sound, such is sometimes the only way, to find an acceptable future, through writing. Any scientist, researcher, or engineer, will

agree... the 'night of mans'
intense endeavor,' will always
be long... and the solution, the
key, the answer, is seen to pop
into your mind, as if from
nowhere... seemingly without
conscious agency. The mortal
appreciation, of the evolving
now, is an computational
simulcron, of ever-increasing
possibilities... Consciousness,
appearing to subsume, all past
appearances, into an vast,
interior database, of sorts, of

perceptual observations. So, for the mature adult, to advance, into the best possible futures, for oneself, is to have not only appreciated, an great deal of information... but to have seamlessly integrated, such evolvement, and learning, into the soul being which you are. So this, is why our experiences, in living, tend to outweigh our natures, at a point... nurture, outshines nature... this is like the 'second

wend,' which appears to lift the cyclist, to the finish line. In the bike race example, you see, the cyclists' endurance training, and leg strength, combined, are sufficient to win, against the unprepared, naturally weak athlete, whom he's matched unto. His training, wins the race... had he been unprepared, the outcome, might would have been different. As in anything, foresight, pays off. Anyways,

these are things, which can be found, within most any creative path. And there's an dance metaphor, which I've used all my life... 'in partners' dancing, you should be attentive, unto your partners' toes... don't clumsily step upon them!' And, another rule of thumb... 'never tread upon your neighbors' flower beds... he or she would feel resentment at you then, for sure!' So, these things, will prove themselves out, to be

true. As the sunshine climbs higher, this late February morning, our weather is spring-like, and skies are clear. With the start of March, next week, we'll find leaf-buds, sprouting out, on the stem-tips... It won't be long... an week or two... before our flowering trees, will bloom, and the larger trees across the back, will take on their pastel shades, of burgundy red, light orange, and light green. But,

it's true, also, how March, can
be an unpredictable month.
March sometimes brings either
extreme... tornados, and
blizzards. So, and April, is
known for its blustery weather.
So, myself, I'll just be glad, as
the leaf-buds sprout... such
requires rain, and sunlight... so
the farmers and growers, will
find an good harvest, later in
the year, for we've already
gotten plenty of both. So,
these are some ideas, this

good day. The more one knows, the greater will be the empowerment, and the increase, then, one knows, too, from the highs and the lows of living. There are certain things, which one should always do, to ensure security, within your future... as you gain understanding of the logic, of this... the needs to be prepared, in living... you'll not be caught off your guard, as future times, present

challenges. Anyways, these are things, which will be found to be true. I have found, also, that my mind often seems to show myself, the worst possible possibility, at any given juncture. This faculty, keeps myself posted, at all times, as to possible ranges. An less mature soul, lacking interior vision, and measured restraint, might would succumb, unto this distortion... and rather than keeping clear

of trouble, instead proceed directly into such... drawn, as the moth, unto the candle flame. So, 'looking before you leap,' is important. This lesson comes up, often, in creative paths... where digital productions, can be produced, duplicated, and published, with just the touch of an button... you want to look at, whether or not you aren't already contented, within you present station... in which instance, for

myself, this contentedness is plenty enough reason, to just stay with that which you've produced, and published already... for the impulse, to grow, or expand outwardly, might well be a bit half-hearted... just a reflection of an imbalance, which wouldn't much be in your best interest.

Of course, if your producing, and publishing, is driven by the real needs to earn a living, you'll tend to endeavor to get

your name out, (self-promotion,) as your income, might hinge upon such self-promotion. Anyways, just remember, the impulse to grow, and develop, should always be self-analysed... for you'll see how sometimes, this self-analysis, reveals unto your self, the better path, to take, in most cases. The ins and outs of writing, for myself, these days, are an sort of visceral, involuted, laborious process...

which I guess could be likened
unto being in an sculptors'
studio, the artist working at an
block of granite... while
ballerinas, and powerlifters
press about, on all sides...
dancing, and weight training...
and grunting, and snorting... all
while you're trying to write the
script, for an elaborate
cinematic space opera...
mulling over folkways, ethics,
and novelty, in the crafting of
an workable storyline, which

abides by the contemporary cultural views, on an wide ranging, and diverse field, of relevant, inspiring, thought provoking, even controversial matters... in pertaining unto an realistic future. You see, while the art of writing, for myself, is an great happiness, to enjoy, and cultivate... times of writing can be intense. But I know, I will always, enjoy reading back, upon the newly completed essay, or audio... and the

freedom to share, and participate, is priceless. So, these are things, which will be found, in pursuing any creative path. When I, as an 18 year old man, first began awakening, and opening my eyes, unto the wonder, and depth, of existence... the meaning, and interrelatedness, of all things, seen through my eyes... I began by going into the music stores, and book stores... investigating the New

Age areas, and looking for information, which might fill me in, upon this new realm...

and the potentialities, I was finding within my human mind.

So, this broadening, of my consciousness, came first, by just familiarising myself, with the concepts, and terms used, in speaking, of the many states of mind, I was finding... and in the transcending of such, in an ordered and repeatable manner. I searched the

1960's... as well as the ancient
Asian literature, such as the I
Ching, and the Dao The Ching...

I researched the psychedelic
lore, as well, and began
exploring modern and
traditional instrumental
music... immersing myself, in
the New Age genre,
especially... and singer-
songwriter folk musicians, also
began proffering, their timely
wisdoms, unto myself... I
accepted much, as gospel...

others I labeled and felt superior unto. This researching and learning process, around consciousness, itself, continued from about age 16, for about seven years, when the first really fundamental changes happened in my way of seeing, and knowing. So, and anyways, from that time, for about seven additional years, of ascetic privation, I was the student, of an omnipotent higher power, which held an

kind of supremeness, over myself... I learned to bend, and to give, of my patience, unto things, I couldn't possibly understand... this became my 'art of writing.' And, my insights, into intangible matters, flow, I think from this sort of impartial, circumspect self-analysis, and patience... in watching, and in the weighing of all the signs. So, and learning my writers' voice required, around three years,

of entraining, my writers'
stylus, to 'be like water,' and
play the feminine part...
receptively attuning, unto only
the subtlest of impulses, and
directions, of thought. And,
the most commonplace of
insights, I found, sometimes
spoke the greatest volumes,
unto myself, and my present,
as this 'unspoken vernacular,'
is precisely that which lingers,
within the mind, and can
become an liberating study.

So, and these are the high
points, really, of my
intellectual development...
much of my time, has always
gone into an experiential sort
of non-doing... simply dwelling,
and developing, an good,
single-pointed consciousness...
learning, not to waver, in going
distances, of time, in solitude...
and of how the logic of
thinking, must necessarily
remain sound. So, you should
be able to see, then, the sorts

of things, unto which I readily relate... and those which I'll have nothing to do with... so, then, you should be able to infer, the reasons, for my speaking, in such ways as these, today... you'll see, then where I'm coming from.

Anyways, these are an few examples, of the ways in which I think, today... I hope that you might can find, an ally, in myself... as most things don't really matter unto myself... I'll

be an most constant friend,
and audio resource. Anyways,
all for now. Have an good new
week.

**ADDITIONAL NOTES ON
WRITING:** In writing, I consult,
the nothingness... I place an
few words upon paper. As I
begin writing, I direct my
interior eyesight, within the
center, of my being, and allow
it to space outwardly. You
might can find this kind of
'gazing,' as you grow tired with

your own mortal, limited abilities, and instead, let go, into an complete stillness... and allow the 'light within,' to have the stylus. As I gradually introduced myself, unto this 'stream of consciousness,' type of writing... I, at first, had to tune into, the finer states within my mind, and develop an strong, higher, more discriminating directional compass... an sort of weather vane. Gradually growing

conscious, of the weaknesses,
and fallacies, of my earlier
writing, I was able to simply
awaken, into progressively
higher, and finer subtle
awareness, which was
necessary, for knowing beyond
doubt, the sometimes very
subtle distinctions, between
good writing, and poor
writing... between up, and
down... between left, and right.

The development, of your
character, comes hand in hand,

with this higher consciousness.
You'll, at first, step into a few
deep mud puddles, getting
soaking wet, in early attempts,
at writing... You'll learn the
lessons of each mistake, and
come to recognize them, before
putting them to paper. So, as
the mind, in time, has an more
of an depth of knowledge, and
experience, you'll find that
each word arising, in gazing
inwardly, into the most
tranquil, quiet parts of your

consciousness, will be looked at, and weighed, by your higher consciousness... you'll stop, if you turn wrongly, or miss something important... and pause, to allow the more time tested thinking, to prevail... you'll grow in self confidence, as well, as in faith... until you'll be better at receiving, the more higher functioning words, and in showing good follow through. This good follow through will prevent yourself

faltering, and laboring
needlessly. Your words will
flow expressly down the page,
and you'll not often give up... I
haven't given up on an piece of
writing, in years. I make it
work. And remember... time is
on your side. If you'll
remember, to use the time
variable, by taking writing
slow... just an thought now... an
paragraph later... re-reading, is
such an big part of writing, as
such generates, an momentum,

which tends to build, and not only finish, but perfect the writing... this time variable, is usually the primary part, of my writing sessions. I go away, from an piece, and come back... usually with an somewhat better idea, to get to the next hurdle. But these ideas live largely within my subconscious mind... hence the term 'stream of consciousness...' words aren't often kept, or held within my

conscious mind... but through getting my stylus moving, they arise, unto the surface. So see? Anyways, just a few thoughts, on stream of consciousness writing, in general. I hope this has been of some assistance.

FEATURES, OF THE DAY

LOOKING WITHIN, THE SURFACE, of an empty page, is like unto consulting, your own essential nature. As the

turning, progressive
unfoldment, of an new day, is
replete, with such an
multitude, of perceptions, and
observations, upon the time,
you'll bring yourself 'up to
tempo,' in the span, of an
morning, or an afternoon... as
these facets, of light, will find
their way, onto the page, as
sparkling clear water, from an
vase, onto an flower. Your
words, will be 'component-
nature,' within the time,

whether the time, has been
remarkable, or not... as the
advancing moment, is
articulated, and becomes
annunciated, by the progress of
your language choices, down
the page... and as your
individual, unique perspective,
is seen to be basically equal, in
human value, unto any other
soul, who ever has walked the
Earth. And, this is the real
value, then, of the 'arts and
crafts,' as I see them... while

the work is unpretentious, and
spartan, one yet has an distinct
voice... an unique
consciousness, onto the
world... really appreciating,
this then, sets the soul free, to
think and act, in harmony, with
the styles, and motifs, of which
it makes use... the more that
one dwells, within the inner
surety, which producing and
publishing affords, the more
you'll grow, in faith, and in
confidence, in the lasting

peace... which both allows the
highs, and transcends, the
lows. This is the printed word.
While times, and trends, will
always change, and evolve...
the work placed, upon lasting
media, will remain, largely
unaltered. When you think,
about it, being fully conscious,
of ones' own mortality, is an
good entrance, and allowance,
into 'self-conservation...' so
you'll then, not hesitate, to
progress, into those paths,

which allow for, and encompass, permanence, of expression... which 'conserve,' your life, and time. Seeing these things, today, is rewarding, as such affirms, the values, found within our modern civilization. As human beings, today, the blessings of Liberty, include so very many innovative technologies, which lay undiscovered, just a few short years ago. So, you see, the freedoms, to find, make,

and reinvent, ourselves today,
are immense. If you wish, to
dwell in consciousness, of the
nibbanic, deveachaic lands, of
light and color, around all life,
and matter... there will just be
certain things, which you
probably will wish to
overlook... such as the
imbalance, loss, and distortion,
which sometimes comes
attendant with the human
station. Keeping, ones' own
good balance... keeping ones'

good name... is sometimes an
challenge, as there are, most
any given day, an great deal of
things, which go unspoken, for
good reason... the real gift, I've
found, being in not allowing
these distortions, to define
ones' self, or override, your
own good judgement. As
humans, we dwell, mainly upon
the surface, of the Earth. As
the Earths' crust, is comprised,
largely of plates, of rock...
when the material beneath the

crust moves in any way, such as in volcanism, when the hot magma, found at deeper strata, moves upward, toward the surface, through an crevass, or fissure... or as in erosion, when an subterranean flowing of water, washes away, portions of the material between the plates... this sometimes, causes the surface material to shift, or settle, producing, in some cases, an earthquake. 'Earthquakes,' too, are an good

metaphor, for most any
system, undergoing changes...
seismic, or tectonic shiftings,
settlings, and upheavals, can
be found from time unto time,
in political, corporate,
generational, religious,
scholarly, and scientific
collectives... community, and
familial systems, as well,
among others... and, as these
tremors, and rumblings
happen, in human
organizations, groups, and

cultures... people sometimes
experience change...
sometimes gradually, or more
rapidly.. but seismic, tectonic
changes, are always presaged,
by symptoms, of psychic
prescience, within animals,
especially... humans, too
experience, at times,
symptoms of future tectonic
change... as our larger brain,
and subconscious mind, tends
to discover, future issues,
before they actually become

consciously apprehended. The human mind, is the most sensitive computer, there is, as our intimate appreciation, of our environment, simply can't overlook, future seismic issues... the unconscious usually knows an great deal more, than is consciously known of, as the human mind, is an sort of 'no boundaries,' faculty, we always seem to see, the bottom line... I think, that this is largely because,

parts of our brain, are devoted,
unto tracking trends, and
patterns, too... and thereby
filling us in, on the ways things
are presently going. This is
just part of being human. As I
age, my mind appears, also, to
grow more rigid, and set, in its
views... so any environmental
changes, such as regional
seismic geological change, is
strongly resisted ...talk of
certain areas, of change, such
as any seismic activity

produces, is strongly resisted.

Anyways, our sun is shining brightly, this blustery, mid-

March morning. The wind outside is gusting, at around five to ten miles per hour, so to be comfortable, outside, today, you would probably want an jacket, to break the breeze, as temperatures are still chilly...

at around fifty five, to sixty five degrees fahrenheit, today...

spring is just beginning. The most, sometimes, that I can do,

for myself, will be to go unto
the empty page, in writing... as
this weighing, and sizing things
up, pretty much fills me in,
upon, the present period of
time, as I perceive it... and the
subtractive sort of arriving,
upon the best thinking, and the
most logical expressions, for
my present, I find, is an great
practice, for sort of quietening,
the mind, and finding solitude.
There are so very many paths,
unto emotional release...

writing, or producing, is an
good way, to find your own sort
of private elesieum... as
writing, is usually an solitary
pursuit, you can really break
away, from the general slurry,
by daring to think, in
innovative, new ways, onto the
page... your good ideas, may
well be the good key, which
turns the lock, in someones'
life... an new plan, develops,
and the old, is left behind...
this is what writing means, to

me... so I won't flounder, for long... I'll pick it up, from off of the ground, and get back to work. Getting along, upon an artistic path, is like unto turning your back, to the cold, and damp, and envisioning, into the future. Your words, may appear bland, and flavorless, in the present, but through the lens, of some time... the patina, which only this lends unto an artistic expression... you'll relish the

turning of each page, as such
literature, is the spiritual
architecture, the distillation, of
the day. So, looking back, will
be richest pleasure. This, I
have found to be true.
Anyways, these are ideas,
which can be found, this
pleasant, early spring
afternoon. As I sit writing
these words, now, I ponder,
over my best past present
future outlooks, and
perspectives... pursuing new

thinking, onto my page, has been the focus, of my life... my creative life... for years. As a child, I found, how the sensible formula, for an good life, should always include, the having of original, new sketchings, writings, and music close at hand... as looking back, upon ones' own output, on an media, is an benefit which can't easily be matched... the quality, this brings. So, you see, how 'the

art of writing,' in simplest form, makes for good reading...

I won't let an opportunity, to build an new essay, pass me by... I'll write, and thusly

encapsulate, my present thoughts, feelings, and

perceptions, onto the page.

And, this, then, is an reflective mirror, and sounding board...

useful, in affirming, and in confirming, of the present state of affairs, within my living. So, then this sort of knowing, then

goes along with myself, in my
paths... with the surety, and
knowledge, that I've carefully
weighed, and sized up, the
many facets, of today... and
have given extensive
consideration, unto the ways,
such time, pertains unto
myself. So, and while these
words, appear to be plain, and
unenlightened, even heavy, at
times... with some production,
and good presentation, you'll
yet have an strong showing, of

your own good, innovative
thinking... and, who knows?
With the action of the passage
of months and years, you may
well, find your words speaking,
right unto the heart of things,
as their inner light, or inner
resonance, somehow seems to
complement the time nicely.
This is in the nature, of 'the
lasting expression...' as times,
sometimes shift, and change,
and evolve... the constants,
you can hold onto, within

media, such as texts, musical recordings, and paintings, will appear to be revealed in so many wonderful new ways.

These are things, which living, has shown unto myself. If you want to know, what is being spoken of, within the halls, and corridors, of time, just tune, into the 'inner dialogue,' as it can be found. The pathways, of men, are stronger, more definite, than those of children... this is, also, the

power, of vision, which holds
this planet Earth, in regular,
life sustaining orbit, and axial
tilt... this decisive force of will,
unto life, and regeneration, of
the self. So, do you see, then,
how time, within higher planes,
is an entirely fluid variable...
this is Gods' land, too, so see,
how an single day, is of equal
significance, unto an million
years... as I think, there's only
shades, of time perception,
within heaven... planetary geo-

engineering, is like unto
preparing an meal, to take on
an hiking and camping trip...
such is simply part of the grand
design... the way, you see unto
things... and ensuring you'll be
comfortable as you make
camp, in the evening. This is
awesome, to think about, this
relativity, of all time... as we
allow for this infinite inter
flexibility, of past, present, and
future... the mind we possess,
generally interjoining antiquity,

with modernity, in an ceaseless
fluxing, of spiritual beingness.

As the Earths' turning brings
our sun into sight, in the
eastern sky, I sit enjoying the
completing, of this new writing,
onto my page... While the
recent past, in places, has
been torn, by misdeed, and
calamity... the work I can do for
myself, in the writing, of an
new essay, is an much more
well ordered, and even
measured process. So, in an

somewhat chaotic world, I
cherish all the more, the
cogent expression... which lets
be, the chaos inherent, at
times, within nature, while
never really conceding, unto
such chaos. This is an path, I'll
hopefully never really grow
weary of.

That which I perceive,
and what I know to be,
are often somehow separate
things.

How, in fact, can I perceive

a true reality
within these flowing, morphing
senses?

How can I sift through
the progressive pictures and
meanings
of the mind,
and decide for myself
the honorably right choices
in this clearly changing world?
I do firmly state
that there is a solid earth
beneath the feet of man,
and that really the challenge of

life

lies in finding this place:
Here I talk of you and me,
for as brothers and sisters,
we are challenged together
in this world, I think,
to link our souls
in righteous understanding,
every illusion notwithstanding.

If there is one prosody, I've
come up with, which has most
eased, my mind... which speaks
best, unto the thinker in me...

the need, for 'solid ground,'
which modern people most
want to find... it's this one.

I've read others speaking
around this difficulty, in finding
real symphony, in so many
important areas, today... with
so many contentious issues...
everything, from agriculture, to
industry, to an million different
opinions, on ethics, and
responsible ecology, and
business.... consensus is just
elusive. And with whole new

areas, such as are found in
nanotechnology, quantum
computing, and genetics
appearing each year... it sure
makes sense, that we should
see our way, unto
understanding, amongst
relationships. As so often, this
is just the kind word, or
thoughtful gesture, I wonder, if
aren't we closer to the goal,
than five years ago? Poetry is
the best gift, that there is, for
quickly encompassing

disparate, or divergant ideas,
and for bringing together, the
similitudes, and likenesses, in
far flung images, or concepts.
Everyone knows, how this can
prove useful. The more I think
about the insights shown in
some writings... an folk song,
can say so much more, than an
science thesis... when, amidst
all of the contradictions, and
conundrums, in living, we can
find the strong voice, of an
poet, or poetess, standing

above the rest... the others are shown, and seen, in an whole new light... for after all, what is music really for, in the first place? Joining hearts, and minds, in unison, and in agreement... and in the interest of stimulating new ideas, and discussion... seeing the world anew... through new lenses. The poet, is the strong voice at the beginning, or the ending, which enlightens all of the other voices, revealing new

facets of light, from off of that
which may be tired, and old.
An 'chemical potion,' the poem
accomplishes much, with few
words. So, you can see, the
worth of such. These ideas are
within my mind, as I overview,
this writing... your eyes will
miss so much... if you've
become depressed... even the
novel, new awakening, told of,
is tedieum.. but with an new
view, onto the commonplace,
you'll find so much more, to be

glad about... as status and
success will be measured,
mostly in happiness... not in
material things. Anyways, just
some thoughts. If you've been
working, maybe working too
hard... you'll most value, then,
the variation, in the regimen...
when you'll hopefully, hear,
and see the old, in refreshingly
innovative, new ways. All for
now. Have an pleasant
weekend.

MODERN

WORLDVIEWS

AS I SIT TO WRITE a few thoughts, this temperate, late March afternoon, I'm reflecting on blessings, and the good works, I've been given, to ease my way in life. As life sometimes gives me lemons, I've found the inner strength, and will, to make lemonade, which is good to taste, and won't hurt your stomach. I've thought of so many different facets of the human

experience, to write upon...
and, I've grown, through this
self-analysis. For instance, the
many ways, to envision
heaven, has been an recurring
topic. When at once you
perceive, the supreme
impartiality, of an eternal rest,
you'll not let concerns, on the
Earthly plane, cloud your hope
and faith, in the promises to be
found, through inward looking
lenses. As you probably can
see, this 'inward looking,' has

perks... as such is at once,
both an blessing, and an curse.
With an inwardly higher power,
for instance, you'll arrange just
everything in your life, around
this 'greatest of all gifts...' but
this, in its own right, is an open
(or an closed,) mind, which
means, for some, an sort of
'leaky embargo...' an term I've
seen used, to describe, our
Earth's relationship, with the
hypothetical inhabitants, of the
rest of our pinwheel galaxy...

(the term describes their relationship, unto us... they don't show or reveal much...

usually appearing only surreptitiously, and in the dusky

hours.) For the spiritual adherant, however, the mystics mind, is not really an embargo, at all, from his perspective...

instead such is more of an cell wall membrane... which is

permeable, to some elementals, and not so, unto others. So, the permeability of

the membrane, is not an freakish anomaly, but just an part of the basic cellular function, in the context, of the larger organism... such is as much an part of the day to day living, as eating, and sleeping, and study, is to the college student. So, see the three? With an way of speaking, which might could be styled, 'English prime,' answering the hope, for communicating, subjective truths, in an real, and non-

threatening way, is to give an
nod, unto the healthy,
spiritually minded, thinking,
feeling, dreaming beings, we
all strive to be... while not
denying the anomalous,
extraordinary experience, its
subjective existence. It should
be agreed, somehow, therefore,
that if the cell wall membrane,
meets an powerful, or
impinging agent, in the cellular
matrix... such is probably, an
development, within the larger

organism... whether such is an
human, an puppy dog, or an
dolphin, in the ocean inlet...

(for instance, the larger
organisms' chemistry... if such
has grown more acidic, the
cellular organism, has to adjust
to higher Ph levels, in the
bloodstream... and the
membrane might not want to
let anything through... even
nutrients... so the cell might
starve to death, or become
inflamed, or poisoned.)

Anyways, I think, it's true, that growing up, today, includes the mastering of certain areas of empirical science, and study.... encountering altered states, at an point, and becoming, through observation, and spiritual adherance, an 'mystic eye,' peering into the worlds, of light, color, and sound, which reside, around, and within all life and matter... and finding discernment, between qualities.... and listening to

your own heart... (which is essential, in today's world, with its lack of strong consensus...

you have got to know, what you feel, why you feel it, and be thereby secure in that

knowledge... so that the peeves, and the 'frailties, and

foibles,' of being an writer, don't become overexerted, by one's own self... as elementals,

such as rock sprites, seek to exploit, the 'wounded hero,' in us all... blaming mentalities,

and self-loathing.) To know the nature, of ones' own best past, present, future outlooks, and perspectives... you can pick up your ball-point pen, and notebook, and look within your progressive flowing, of thoughts, onto the empty page. As you look upon, the ranges, and relative intactness of, and nearnesses, and distances of information, you'll be able to weigh, then, and compare, these appearances, and size

up, your own most appropriate
outlooks and perspectives...
and your best written work, will
easily complement, your
portfolio, and provide gainful
self-improvement... and certain
facets of the 'mystics
experience,' will be
omnipresent, within this
process. Writing, from an still
point, within ones' heart, you'll
yet have sensitive outwardly
directed consciousness, of the
spatio spiritual metric, about

your mind, and you'll
necessarily have to
differentiate, between helpful
thinking, and self injurious
thinking. So, and this self
analysis, serves also, as an
weather vane, cueing your
consciousness, into the
appearances, and feel, of the
present time, as it pertains
unto yourself. With
experience, you'll have good
comparative references, as to
how today's 'inner weather,'

appears in relationship unto
other days' mental states, and
you'll thereby grow in
confidence, and in faith in the
time, while improving your
work. So, see the value, of an
inwardly higher power? For
myself, this is creative
writing... but having plumbed
the depths, of my human
experience, in previous
decades, I'm pretty well
versed, in the subjective reality
of certain anomalous

phenomena, and mental states,
in certain instances... say, in
context, with narcotics abuse...
as an twenty year old man, I
was pretty much entangled,
within self-medicating, habitual
patterns... as I exited that
period, of my life, at age 28,
and into my 30s, I had, through
miraculous intervention, gotten
past the serious spiritual
suffering, I had gone through...
this freed, me then, to pursue
those things I had always

wanted to do... piano, and
writing... and to make
sweeping improvements, in my
lifestyle, and character. But
those anomalous states of
mind, we're par for the course,
in the second and third
decades, of my life. So, the
enticements unto maladiction,
are an part of growing up, in
my perspective... nowadays,
even more than 20 years
back... and there will always be
kids, whom are predisposed, to

mental illness, and addiction,
from an family history, and
whom will need extra help...

still others, are mainly
sidetracked, by environmental
factors, and will become 'late
bloomers,' as they grow
conscious, of their problem
areas. And, it's been my
experience, that those
anamolous states, and
phenomena, are sometimes
experienced, in the
maladdicted individual... and

can, like an contamination,
infect the consciousnesses, of
those whom aren't even
directly connected, or whom, in
some way are indirectly
affected, by the problems of an
sick person... the otherwise
healthy, well adjusted adult,
encountering phenomena,
brought on, by being impacted,
by an unhealthy person... like
having to think fast, to dodge,
an close brush, with an
automobile collision... as

sometimes an drunkard gets
behind the wheel, creating an
panic, or an instability, within
the healthy persons
consciousness, until the risk,
has safely passed, or been
averted. So, no, you can't
discount, the reality, of
subjective phenomena, and
altered states of mind, neither
within the addict, nor the
healthy person. Anyways,
these thoughts have occurred
unto myself this early Spring

morning. If I hadn't simply
found the gumption, to capture
these ideas onto lasting media,
they might would have gone
unnoticed... hence, 'stream of
consciousness,' writing,
without expectations, of
success, or failure, is at the
heart of this pathway, to
finding what your
consciousness is really saying
on this day, or any day...
finding hope and affirmation, in
ones' better, higher mind, and

power, and nature, in this way,
is an good path, unto the
blessings and security our
society has to offer. The three
worldviews, I've considered, in
speaking of these things, are:
the spiritual adherants'
worldview, (cleanliness, and
godliness,) the
phenomenologists woldview,
(i.e. ufology,) and the empirical
scientists' worldview, which
accounts for only the
quantifyable, reproducible

observations... and assesses phenomena, based mainly around such observations. And today, I've found, I have to use all three ways of seeing the world, not only in order to create this internet journal... but to be successful at anything, I try to do in living. So, and I don't think there's really any better way, for the mature adult to be... those whom make and set the standards, in our society, I feel, are those, who

have good command, over all three worldviews, and whom have integrated, each into what he or she does, for the society. So, these are my thoughts, upon 'fitting in,' and being an productive member of society... in the midst of subjective experience, and phenomena, present at times within the individual, and in the the larger culture. So, the piece, is self-similar, and self explanatory... I have found

these things to be. As
an amalous, subjective
experience, sometimes comes
up, within individuals, cultures,
and societies... objectivity
becomes more of a part, of
the human experience... as you
see, when the Earth trembles,
beneath our feet, for example,
we wish to be most sure, of our
footing... residing also, within
the most stable, classical art
forms, and pathways. So, the
security, in our lives, is found

mainly within the most tried and true, classically styled and broadly based, concerns. (So, the Giza pyramids, and other such structures, as these, stand for the most lasting, and durable expressions, within our human experience... as the broad, square base, and central apex represents just the most timeless, in all cultures.)

Pyramids, are reminiscent, also, of the natural reaction unto the seismic ground... an

animals feet will instinctually spread widest, as the Earth quakes... surviving, without toppling, or tumbling. There's at least that much, which we know, of ancient peoples... they were sometimes affected, by earthquakes, as people in our worlds today, sometimes are... and in striving for the most permanent, lasting monument, wanted to endure the vast future, with the long view... constructing the most

resilient and stable structures,
which could last the ages. So,
our concerns around such are
nothing new. So, these
thoughts, have arisen, within
my consciousness, today.

Anyways, I hope you see, these
worldviews, and how the
enlightened adult wants to
express command of all three,
in affairs and ongoing today.

The composition process, of
any new writing, is something
of an visceral experience. As

my collective, is strongly
resistive, unto any new
changes, in the appearances,
of things, I'm forwarding... this
resistance to change, is
present, within monolithic art
forms... as the mind tends to
not see, or not wish to see,
room for improvement... small
changes, seem to require an
'act of congress,' to get
published. Anyways, I have
found these things, to be.
Today has been cloudy, here,

and I think that our
temperatures will drop to
freezing or below, by tomorrow
morning. Hopefully, by then,
though, the cloudyness will
have dissipated, and we'll have
plentiful sunshine... so that our
warmer temperatures, can
return. Our flowering trees,
here, have blossomed, this
past week, and our back yard is
complemented, by these
vibrant white, and pink flowers.
The trees across the back tree

line, are very nearly ready, to
burst the bud, as well, and
send out their beautiful light
collecting leaves. So, with this
nights cold snap, we hope to
leave behind us, this winter,
and bring in the northern
summer, here. So, you see,
also, that the newness of the
springtime budding, by its
nature, is an sort of rebirth, of
all beingness... and this time of
the year, is rarely without
upheaval, and tumult. These

are simply things, which I have,
in the past, found to be. As I
am more or less existing within
the newness, and forward
thinking, which spring
represents, so I'm maybe more
or less troubled, in getting
through, and beyond, this time.
Anyways, these are ideas,
which have occurred unto
myself, this good evening. I
hope someone has found
benefit. Have an pleasant new
week.

COMPLETING THE PICTURE

WHEN ONE SITS, TO WRITE and thus to look upon the unfolding day and time, he or she begins, by noting, the feel of the stylus he holds... does such seem small and lightweight within your grasp? Then the writer, probably will have good command, of the ideas, going onto the page... the new writing, is being given greater importance, in his or her inner

heirarchy... then the results,
will be better... the time is
more secure. To go unto the
empty page, in stream of
consciousness fashion, is to get
in step with, and attenuate
unto, an much more
illuminated interior worldview.
The more that one exercises,
his or her finer awarenenses,
and cognition, the more
knowledgable, and confident
you'll become, then, in the
usual ranges, which one finds,

on an ordinary day, in most
circumstances. This
experience, and familiarity,
with writing, as you find it, will
be your currency, and cachet,
into an more prolific pathway.
Anyways, good experience, in
writing, tends to perfect,
itself... you'll begin finding
victory, in this path, as you
clear the hurdles, of the dark
times, of your adolescence,
and progress, into maturity.
You'll find so many false starts

and dead end streets, at the start, but you'll all the while, be 'learning your souls' secret language, of artistry... ' and, once you learn thoroughly, the creative process, which is for yourself, you'll begin to 'break away,' into better work, and better satisfaction, with your work. To know, of ones best past, present, future outlooks, and perspectives, you can go unto the empty page, in discernment... answers, will be

forthcoming. The more that one knows, about his or her own ease, and surety, in composition, the better you'll then feel, about yourself, and the present time... things are as they should be... so the subtle doubts, which sometimes plague the creative, will have less sway, over your heart and mind. And this can really resolve, the vexations of the day... for as one builds, for the future, then greater

symphony, and unitative
consciousness, will tend to
develop within, and expand
outwardly... forming an much
more stable walking path... and
you'll gradually enter into the
most full blessings, the time
can show. You'll see this
effect, as you find things within
your world, coming together, in
positivistic ways... and
appearing to rejoice within
yourself, in the fulfillment, of
dreams, and good

expectations. If ever there's
an anomaly, you'll be much
slower, and more watchful, for
an time... but then, as you find
good answers, and better
reassurance, to be more
abundant... when the important
criteria, appear to be met...
(you've began finding the usual
ranges, within your basics, to
be, such things, as good
hygeine, an healthy appetite,
clear thinking, good moods,
and housework and chores,

being seen unto, in the usual way...) then you'll return, unto your writers pathway, and find your good mind, is completing the picture, in an helpful way. This 'completing the picture,' is an latency, of the soul... for as we see, now, the progressing moment and time, tending to take on an linear path, then your computational mind, and consciousness, will be able to seamlessly integrate the recent past, and present appearances,

into the most intelligent
stepping, along the future...
these footsteps, will be the
most complementary
amendments, and adjustments,
onto the present time... the
most well-adapted, and
tailored, to meet the unfolding
future. So, and then, you see
how time, really is on your
side... the good experiences,
you gain in living, and in the
writers' path, too, will be like
an scholastic education, in

time... and the critical thinking
and self analysis you can apply
unto just everything within
your living, tends to prove, and
perfect, your creative life...
making for, at the very least,
better lifestyle satisfaction,
and hopefully, an more
profesional quality portfolio,
and style. So, and as you see
this process work, for yourself,
time and again, you'll see,
then, the confidence and faith
which builds. Anyways, this is

the gist, of this writers' path,
and creative process. Our
weather, here, has been rainy,
off and on since last night...

our temperatures here are
expected to drop tomorrow, but

I doubt if they will make it
down to the forecast 30 degrees
tomorrow night, which would
be quite chilly for mid-April,
and might even, for some,
prove damaging...

temperatures in the upper 20s
can hurt a crop, at the early

tender stage. The more
knowledge, and experience,
you have in living, the greater
will be the gain, and the
garnering, from both the highs,
and the lows, in living.

Tonight, I sound the depths,
and scan the heights, to
perceive the wispy, tenuous
strands of inspiration, which
can be brought together, in the
composition, of an new written
essay. The music in my
earbuds, is bright, and

pleasant... while suggesting, at the significance, of the present time, in the scheme of things. The tapestry, of months, years, and decades, upon our good Earth, is made so much more tangible, and present, through the ubiquitous allowance, in our lives, of digital technologies. Aside from popularizing the imagery of the past, in the forms of photographs, texts, and ethnic musics, the constant sort of

tabulating, of all computer and digital device input, and output into magnetic, optical, and solid state memory banks, makes the passages of the days' and nights, so very much more real, and viscerally experienced... it could be said, that we're all de facto participants within an research study... into Newtonian physics, and quantum mechanics... and in an sort of elaborate quantizing and

compartmentalizing, of human consciousness, and experience. And, since, people have had to make the standards, conventions, and precedents pretty much as we go along, there has been an resistance, unto progress. We start with an highly controversial technology, with unusual, or unorthodox, or taboo elements... and gradually find the ways, to use more traditional or safer or easier to

obtain materials, and techniques, to get the same good results. 'Necessity is the mother of invention.' This saying holds true, as sometimes, you see, it just necessitates an eccentric visionary mind, to send the rest of the scientific world, clamoring, for engineers, who can build the same technology, which the eccentric genius was given, as if from heaven. And, I think, its just something, to

see, how in the Middle Ages, in Europe, the Holy Bible was the accepted uncontested word of God... the leaders, just took another 1,500 years, to find the most important puzzle piece... namely, that the Earth revolves around the Sun... and not the other way around. In fact, if you said otherwise, in that day, you could be burned at the stake, and a few were. So, see the blind side? So, yes Isaac Newtons' alchemical

writing were deemed 'unfit to print,' by the Church, (and they probably were!) but his contributions, including his establishing of some of the basics of the physical sciences... are still textbook essentials, today. To know of ones' unique past present, future outlooks, and perspectives, you can readily go unto the empty page, in discernment... that which follows, will be revelatory, of

your own good sense, (sensory acuteness,) style, and witticisms, (working knowledge, of 'the way things commonly will tend to go, in most cases, ordinarily.) With these basics seen unto, your written words, will be the 'working models,' around which the symposium revolves and orbits. Now, how might Copernicus have determined, conclusively, that the Earth orbits the Sun? Well, maybe,

he made an working model...
and was able to test it out. He
said, 'Lets suppose, just to be
different, that the Earth spins
on its axis once in
approximately every 24 hours.'
(A day and an night.) 'And lets
also suppose, that the Moon
orbits around the Earth.' 'And
then, lets have it that the
Earth, orbits around the Sun,
and this in approximately 365
days.' (An year.) And as he
worked with his hand-made

model, he plainly saw, that his new theory, fit perfectly, and could simply be substituted, for the Church views, which, since the advent of the printing press, you see, had become codified... printed, as the word of God. (Which, also, wasn't only an advancement for Christianity, but with the profusion, of dialects, and local languages throughout England, the King James Bible, gave unto even common folk, an set,

English way of speaking... so that the barbarism, and ignorance of the Dark Ages, which had followed the Roman Empires' fall, could at last be remedied...) but, creating, also, for an time, an enforceable religion... such that new science, with it's new theories, and ways of seeing... was often suppressed and ridiculed. At the imminency, of the advent of the printing press, refracting telescope, and microscope, and

with the European ocean
explorers, such as De Soto, and
Cortez, and others shrinking
the globe, into definite land
masses... these innovations...
resisted early on, perhaps...
soon liberated, the scribes, and
calligraphers... astrologers, and
soothsayers... and stirring,
also, the swirling wends, of
change... both of the ancient,
and the modern sorts. You may
not see, and appreciate an
thing, unless you write it

down... creatively
incorporating, you own views,
into such things, as which
come up, lets one work
through, and set yourself in
relationship, unto both the
highs, and the lows... so you'll
always be grateful, for the
good insights, and
understandings, which come
your way, by way of writing.

As I look out across the
present, this good Easter
morning, I'm appreciating, the

recent years, and looking
towards the future. As I
prepare, for my first change of
residence, in almost four years,
to morrow morning, I'm
cleaning out papers, and
postcards, which have
collected, on my bookshelves...
the stuff of living, which can be
relinquished, to make
allowance, for an new, smaller
room, in an boarding home,
south of here. Any change of
residence, has both perks, and

trade-offs... and will almost
always be heartily embraced...
and seen unto as being 'all in a
days work...' so no
apprehensions, to speak of.
Anyways, as I dwell, around an
thing, like the creation of an
new written essay... I'll in time,
grow more accustomed unto
just where I'm at, emotionally
speaking, in things, right now.
As I am willing, to allow, my
mind, to follow along idealistic
pathways, and 'rest within

higher matters,' I'll come into full appreciation, of what the good day, and time can show. I avoid strong, harsh chemicals, in my life and ways, and thereby keep, also, my mind and spirit mostly clear, from difficult attachments, unto suffering. To understand, this principle, you should remember, how your consciousness appears to be bounded, by an permeable membrane... which always

allows some elementals, to
pass through, while not
allowing, some others. Since
the anima, and animus, which
comprise, and representate the
visible universe, and give unto
ourselves the wonderful gifts of
language, and verbal speech...
are powerful beings, of great
knowledge, wisdom, insight,
and discernment... one
wouldn't ever wish to allow
oneself to become vulnerable,
unto the energies of the lower

mind. But as we're able to keep our actions, and physical selves, free from poisons, and spiritual malformation, like negative karma, we'll find an ascending path, which can carry most anyone, upward, and more or less over, the challenges of living... the obstacles, and stumbling blocks... the failures, and shortcomings, which tend to create suffering, and dis-ease. To know of my own best past,

present, future outlooks and perspectives, I look within the surface of an empty notebook page, in discernment. You may not consciously appreciate, a thing, unless you can see such upon a page, and therein manually work through, the thing, in language, down the page. You see, having delved, intellectually, into a matter, you'll then be able to know, beyond doubt, that you've looked at, the issues in your

living, and have seen them,
from all angles... and have
weighed, and discerned, the
very best courses, to take...
your self confidence, will grow.

This is important, as
attachment, sometimes forms,
for more or less imaginary
reasons, which will often hold
you back, unless you can use
logic, spiritual discernment,
and good sense, to see beyond,
and through, its grip, upon your
heart. Most attachment, forms

as an result, of an sort of
maladaptive, self-delusional
need to feel and experience
pain. But as you free yourself,
from self-blaming... through
self awareness, knowledge, and
insight, you'll come to
understand human suffering, as
simply an small part, of the
human predicament... not
something for you to take upon
yourself, but to self-responsibly
and carefully avoid. As I look
back through these pages, this

afternoon, I'm impressed, by the abundance of good ideas, and clear thinking, shown throughout. Surely, the reader can find, an place, in these ideas, from which to launch into further thinking. As my ideas, are somewhat commonplace in nature, the reader can, hopefully, find conclusive confirmation, of that which he or she already knows... if this is the best I can show, in this, then so be it.

Well, the weather here, is sunny, and hot, this late April day. I think, our temperatures, shall make it up into the lower eighties, today. Anyways, all for now. Have an pleasant weekend.

**THE FINE ARTS:
THERAPEUTIC
WHOLISM**

TO GO UNTO THE EMPTY PAGE,
in stream of consciousness
fashion, is to look upon the
inner natures, of the present

day, and time... regardless of whether the recent past, has been perceived to have been pleasant, in an good way, or more or less challenging. The facets, of light, which can be seen, amongst your recent past, present, future perspectives, will inform, the writer... allowing, him or her, then, into an more full-fledged appreciation, of the day... and into, also, greater self-confidence, into and along your

future. As you see the
impressions, you glean, in
writing... appearing to affirm,
and uphold that which your
good expectations, of the time,
have already shown.... you'll
find greater symphony, and
unitative consciousness...
yourself, amongst your best
future outlook. This is
important, to see, for as time
passes, you will have it that
past, and present, form an
unbroken continuum, with

your future. Having ball-point pen, and paper, or word-processor, you will find, that the expressions placed upon lasting media, in the present... will speak most directly, of your future... and will want to appear smoothly, with regards, unto such future reflection. See? Ones' future self being, will be reflected, in any new writing... as necessarily, that lasting expression, will remain the same, as time passes... and

the dimensions of your future
times, should have
continnuance, and endurance,
in the same way, as your
past... they should be as one,
and express some balance, and
continnuity. Looking within the
moment, of any good day,
through writing, in this way...
you will find your own self, to
be the common feature,
unifying all of the others... so it
is important, in living, to have
sounded your own depths...

and thoroughly 'learned your songs....,' this can be the gift, shown through time and experience. As a nineteen year old man, I was entirely mystified... confounded... by the really heavy migraines, I was encountering; I had no idea, what was wrong with myself. So I continually self-medicated, this condition, as I had no insight, into the action - consequence relationships, with respects unto the

substances, I put in my body...
I thought, rather dumbly, that I
should take medicine... I was in
pain, after all. Anyways, such
an chemical imbalance, as
which sometimes follows, an
more or less traumatic
experience, in an young
persons' life... adds up, unto
mental anguish... and the
person will tend to self
medicate. (Traumatic
experiences, can be seen to
entangle mortal souls, in most

any arena, of living... and can send him or her spiraling, into isolation, pain, alcoholism, and substance abuse.) Anyways, these are some ideas, around the matter of 'knowing ones' own self.' As an example, of an most humanistic mode, of approaching mental illness, and alternative consciousness... transpersonal psychology, encompasses altered states, and extraordinary experience, and

thereby speaks most
intelligently, unto these issues,
given the nibbanic, deveachaic
consciousness, of the lands of
light, color and sound about all
life, and matter. Mainstream
psychology, can delineate, the
common symptoms, sometimes
seen to accompany, this kind
of fifth dimensional
awareness... such as, I might
would venture, the obsessive
compulsive symptoms... and
over reliance upon habit ... but

it is, in my view, within the roles of the popular folk arts, and media, to most expressly offer good confirmation, and affirmation, of the more wholistic values, and beliefs, which this consciousness develops. So you see, my views of the arts and crafts in general, tend to follow, along these lines... as does this writing, presently. Anyways, these are a few of my ideas, this good early May morning.

Having good insight, into some of the many paths of living, you'll want to put your good mind, to work... so that, in receiving information, from your personalised world time stream, you'll then be able to apply yourself, unto reflecting, this world, from your own unique perspective... sharing your views. When you can offer innovative insights, into the features, of the contemporary day, and times'

popular science, for instance,
you'll share connections,
between concepts, and
understandings, which will be
entirely unique unto yourself...
so this, then, is the reason,
why books, and reading are so
popular in our culture... as
cultivating an good vocabulary,
in an child, for instance, simply
in time allows him or her into
so very many intellectual
areas, which aren't easily
accessable, unto the illiterate.

Allowing, your writers' voice to
freely roam, within the
boundaries, of an notebook
page, or canvas, can lead one,
unto enlightenment, of the
soul... and itself ferment the
knowledges, which only an fifth
dimensional path, or way, can
bring. Once you see this
process at work for yourself,
you'll return unto stream of
consciousness writing, or
painting, or music, time and
again, and so, your portfolio, of

finished works, will in time
grow, and perfect itself.

Anyways, these are some
ideas, around this path, or way,
as I have found it to be. To
know, of ones' own best past,
present, future outlooks, and
perspectives, you can go unto
the empty page, in
discernment... here, you'll find
the bright original qualities,
and lasting goodness, of your
very first impressions, of the
present now... one can never

be in two places, at the same time... you'll always be within your Now. (It may be past, to one soul, or future, unto another, but the Now will be your home for life.) The cool springwater, which flows from your mind, eye, hand relationships, by way of your stylus and notepad... will succienctly enfold, and encapsulate, the present moment... this being also an latency of the mortal station...

as the physical souls which we are, simultaneously act from, and tend to delineate, and encompass, the recent and more distant past and present appearances... our distinct, individual, spiritual natures and consciousnesses, simply appearing to be an part of the manifold eyes and ears, of the vast world... of the universe within... accomodating, such within, and expressing at one ment. So, your views, will be

seen, as within such quality voice. And, most especially, you don't really have to bare your soul... to do this. The most everyday style, when done in the right way, can communicate well, in most any context, as this should be seen, as only within the nature, of 'media writing.' This requires self-knowledge, and an great deal of experience, in learning how to tell fact, from fiction... economy of

expression, from unnecessary
tedium. The respect you give
your readers, will be directly
proportional, unto the respect,
they give you in return. You
shouldn't take them for fools,
nor labor over the obvious... as
most readers employ an
measure of an sort of
'quantum computing,' in
discerning truth and
falsehood... your readers, will
usually perceive far more of
yourself than you might care to

reveal... but its in the knowing
of how to consistently
entertain insightful, innovative
thinking, that you can keep
readers, coming back.

Anyways, our weather, here
has been sunny and cloudless,
for three days... the hot
temperatures, yesterday,
reaching the ninety degree
point... today was slightly
cooler. The farmers and
growers, would, I'm sure,
appreciate an soaking rain,

later in the week.... this would
also lower temperatures, and
make for an nice cool weekend.
As I have recently changed my
place of residence... getting to
know the people, and fauna
about here, has been of
foremost importance. The bird
feeder I've placed behind this
dwelling, has been frequented,
by an group of six or seven
purple martins... and just after
sunrise this morning, an
solitary hermit thrush,

appeared on the porch railing,
to have the wild bird seed.
Cardinals, and bluebirds, have
also regularly come close, for
the food. As I sit, finishing this
essay, this sunny, hot spring
morning, I'm remembering
previous writing sessions... and
enjoying, the light music, in the
background. The nicest thing
about, this sort of essaying, is
that I can just write whatever
comes to mind... I don't have
to stay with an particular

subject, or topic... I can just let it be stream of consciousness. As not for profit, this writing, is an hobby, which I take seriously. So, I'm very gifted, in not having to write around an set theme, or topic. As an disabled person, I have some free time, and I don't really have to earn an living. Since I worked for pay, in my younger years, and only quit as my symptoms became too much of an challenge, due to my mental

illness... I therefore qualified for my disability insurance, and haven't worked, since about age 30. The 'heavy migraines,' I made mention of above, I think, can well be described as, my mind brains pre science... (prescience,) which has been seen by myself, to pertain unto seismic, or tectonic issues, of most any sort... and really is an neurosis, brought on by over thinking, and worrying too much. As any sort of field of

living, whether such is
generational... familial... local
community, or extended
community... church and
religion... civic... can
experience seismic or tectonic
issues, from time unto time, in
subtle, or ouvert ways...
parents divorce, or an
grandparent gets deathly ill....
well, this creates worry, upon
worry... and I am just so
succeptable, unto worrying... I
sometimes worry over social

gaffes, and faux faux, which won't even happen for another three days... this has brought me unto an exceedingly fluidic and omni dimensional concept of time... I can see, how the arts and literature, and 'dream time,' of an society which hasn't even been conceived of, as yet, could conceivably reach back in time, unto our present... and this has really taken me unto an appreciation of how the mythologies, of

peoples whose civilizations
existed much sooner after the
last great deluge, in time, than
ourselves, may very well, have
partly had an dream
connection, unto our present
day and time. This is
sometimes spoken of as
reverse causation. It's just
that, this hyper conscious
binary time, we presently live
in, has shared the planet, and
been forced to transcend, and
deal with ancient strife and

very old geopolitical differences... so, I guess it sort of stands to reason, that our dream life, could have reached backwards in time, from the future, unto an civilization, like the Phoenician, or the Minoan... setting an vast mythological context, and backdrop, in an day and age, which wasn't really very technologically advanced, at all. And this is just amazing to think about. Prior to this latest deluge,

somewhere around 10,000 to 15,000 years ago... before, also the deep ice age, which had enfolded the planet, for perhaps an period of time lasting between perhaps 75,000 100,000 years back... I believe that there were other epochs, perhaps very much like our own, existing upon the continental land masses, off and on, going back, for tens of millions of years. So, these are my thoughts, upon ancient

history... you won't find these accounts, in history textbooks, however... they have, however, been safely relegated, unto the cyber sphere, and with stratigraphic geological data, which can be located online, occasionally showing out of place artifacts, and human archaeological remains, such as forged metal, or chiseled rock... these objects are so out of place, and truly examining the soil and rock content, at

deeper layers, is so exceedingly difficult, however... that these findings aren't at the university library.

What the geological records reveal, however, evidences planetary climate temperature spikes, appearing just prior unto the glacial periods, alternating at approximately 100,000 year intervals, with the temperate climate periods, lasting about the same length as the glacial... on an planet

wide scale... its the geologic records, which are really far more telling, than the archaeological. (The lengths of time, here are so vast, that all evidence of people 30 million years ago, mostly would have been repeatedly ground to sand, in countless seismic upheaval, and frictional fissure.) Anyways, these are my thoughts, upon that. These, again, aren't scientific essays, which I write... my

writing is much more like an
sort of free wheeling
conjecture. All for now, have
an pleasant weekend.

WHY I WRITE

WHEN ONE SITS TO WRITE, and
thus to look beneath the
surface layers of his or her
mind, he wants to have an
good arrangement of starting
thoughts, or opening ideas, to
use to get the ball rolling.
Journaling, or essaying, is
worth doing, for its own sake,

as there's just no better way,
to acquaint oneself, unto ones'
own inner feelings, upon this,
or any good day. The more I
think, about the good worth
and value which has come into
my life, thru way of writing, the
more self affirmation, will tend
to develop within, and
influence my wellbeing, and the
good thoughts, one has about
his or herself. With your
writing, you can readily find
good qualities, within most any

day, which you will live. So, do you see how by writing your good thinking down, you'll not only grow your portfolio, but increase, your own wholistic grasp, upon things in general.

And, while this kind of self expression, sometimes increases, stress in your living, during more abundant days, you'll find that the good work on your pages, lends unto your being so very much, even as in giving unto others, an

entertaining read, or album play... and the term I've used to describe this improvement, in standing, is 'value added,' self improvement. So see? Through benefitting another willing soul, one finds his own self to be appreciated, solely for what it gives back... an good musical experience, or interesting, or informative or illuminating reading, in some interesting way. And the perks, then which you'll find, it's been

my experience, will outweigh
the occasional failure. So, do
you see, how positive self help
is an attainable goal...

especially, when you are
willing, to make written efforts,
an component of your living.

You may not have paid much
attention to these words, here,
about making at least some
journaling, as time goes by,
integral unto your living... for
they were transparent. But
you'll find, that beginning an

way of your own... and
nurturing, any new written
thought, and cultivating this
way of placing the occasional,
and regular looking, within
oneself, and heart, and mind,
into your own lifeways, and
personal patterns, through all
of the tries, at writing, which
some folks need, to learn to
play the feminine role, in
writing... and in the learning to
let pen be moved, by only
subtlest, of discernment, you'll

find lifestyle improvement, in
just countless good ways.

Beginning with an strong idea...

any of your good, original
strong ideas... then making
many tries, at following this
early beginning with an few

more thoughts, in flowing
fashion, as in lines of spoken
word... you'll be able to set in

place, an good regimen, of

looking within, by way of
writing... as an coping strategy,
which is 100% better in quality

than in always skipping, self-work... when nothing good is accomplished. Your writing should really only be an assist, unto your life and path... it should never subtract, from your worth, nor value... as it would be an illogical enterprise, for you to actually do. In fact, myself, I find that the stressors, in my life, will increase exponentially, when my writing is difficult for others to get, or appears to be 'half-

baked.' So, and so very many factors, will go into making an writing sucessful, so taking your time is important in developing, any new written output, so that you'll be most readily able, to best neutralize, the sometimes acidic, or caustic chemicals which sometimes arise, through your stylus... before, they are written. So, always use the linear time variable, in composition. Myself, rather

than in speaking of alchemical
transmutation, I tend to look at
this, as the controlled
harnessing of the free energy
latent in my relationship,
within the present moment, as
I have construed it to be... the
letting of nature, do the work,
through the turning, cyclic,
spinning natures, of
everything, within this physical
plane. See, and, you'll see this
principle, at work, when you
just haven't any great

speaking, or oration, in your mind, and just really wish to make incremental changes, unto your artistic portfolio. So, if you think that there's any need to write an lengthy essay, all in one sitting, I think you're mistaken. Instead, bring your heart and mind, unto contentment, so that you might gradually approach the completed article, over several days of incremental adding unto. And, this way, you'll

avoid ever biting off too much material, (some of which may not wish to go down, onto the page, at all.) If there's one thing, which is most fascinating, in living with ones' own mind, it's got to be the subconscious reaches, and the ways of how ideas, appear to linger unseen about, ones' self... and arise, in concert with their chosen moments, like bubbles, in an glass of champagne. But, we only

become aware of their
existence, as they appear to
reach the surface. So, it
stands to reason, that we
should stay in touch with our
feelings... and refrain from
placing subconscious
darknesses above ones' own
self. So, writing, and
journaling, can be the best
craft to pursue... whether or
not your early essays, are in
tempo, with your living... you'll
get to know, how you fit within

the day and time... so, stream of consciousness writing is not for everyone. But anyone, I feel, can, in time, learn the discernment, to avoid stepping wrongly, in writing. And, this is an acquired ability which you can take on, within time, and experience. There will be the butterfly moth, which dumbly goes into the white hot lantern flame... as there will be the occasional wintery wind, which sends one directly into his or

her subconscious blind spot...

but there will be greater
endurance within the resilient.

'The advantageous, find an
year to be long... but the
resourceful make do for
themselves.' So, and wise
discernment, is the answer to
this. Today, I look unto my own
written material, for my best
reading. But, as an teen, I
looked else where... my simple
projects, to myself, appeared
disorganized, and chaotic...

even uninspired. But if I put my best into a study today, I can usually make it work.

Things in your artists' path might come easily, and gracefully, for you, over years of time; A change of residence, sometimes upsets an established artist on his or her way... however, with compassion shown, you can pull through. "Where the one is weak, others in the culture, will be stronger." As quantum

physics has been able to
adeptly prove, one here cannot
observe a thing... an quantum
wave particle, for instance,
there... without modifying its
state, in some way... so it
should be clear, how we do,
over time, become so
interwoven, amongst our
chosen environment, and
world. So, hence this
difficulty, in any change of
residence. It can be done, but
rarely without some strife.

And, here, too, couldn't it be said, that the worlds, of media production... audio, visual, and text... are an excellent realm, or arena, for these types of artistic failures, to be seen, and worked out? Or, maybe, this is really saying too much. However you feel, about your own chosen path or avocation... you will eventually discover, how any walk of life, has its own highs, and lows... and, wise discernment reveals,

how there are, and will be, in
living, guiding lights, along the
way... and the smoothest
sailing, around, the clouds.
You may go years and years of
unsuccessful living, before the
wise move, which opens the
doors, of insight, and
understanding. As one who
has known both the dark end of
the street, and the bright side
of the road... the time, spent in
Hades, when seen with
perspective, and experience,

serves to confirm, and to
qualify, one for the better
days... when greater freedom,
is discovered... from the
shackles, of sin and pain. Well,
the June Solstice, has arrived.
My reading, has shown me, how
the megalithic structures, and
monuments, scattered around
the globe, generally all have
some provision, for the Solstice
sunlight, to shine exactly
through... an portal, in the
rock, or notch... an intentional

alignment, which confirms...

ancient man, surely knew of
the seasonal cross quarters, at
least as well as we ourselves

do, today. Anyways, our
weather, here today, looks like
patchy clouds early, blue skies
by midday, and an chance of
rainshowers, throughout the
day. This I've related to my

reader before: My Grandmom

once told me... and I still
believe her, (none the worse
for wear and tear!) 'We're all

writing an scripture, in our
words... thoughts... deeds...

actions... 'The Gospel

According to You.'

I've remembered this, also; While

the winds of change, which

sometimes sweep the land...

and the tumultuous waves of

this ocean inlet... sometimes

threaten to carry me, and my

own, out to sea... consciously

knowing, to return always, unto

quietude, and stillness... and to

'enquire, of the beyond...' for

answers, regarding our unique
arrangements... we've found
graceful endurance, and
continnuance. I hope you can,
too. Anyways, all for now.
Have an good new week.

**MORE
THOUGHTS
UPON WRITING**

LOOKING WITHIN, ONESELF, in
my opinion, invokes an path,
way, or practice... external
unto your physical being... like
an craft. Whether this takes

the form of an trade... like
wood working, or house
painting... or just something
more like unto an handicraft...
such as pottery, or pen and ink
portraiture... wherever your
latent abilities, are strongest...
this will be the portal for
yourself, into conscious
interaction within your higher
mind sphere. And, this is just
such an important concern, for
an young person. Parents, I
feel, should encourage, in kids,

these sorts of special talents
and abilities, somewhat before,
internet and cell phones are
introduced, unto the child. For
instance, providing plenty of
youth reading, for the young...
and on up into teenage years,
incorporating science...
history... geography... civics...
as the youth will eventually
read and absorb this
information... long before he or
she ever gets so distracted by
personality cults... I myself,

had some strong 20th century American classic literature on my bookshelf... but I was much more interested, in the Hardy Boys. The reading of Robert A. Heinlein, however, eventually led me unto the science fiction fantasty vignettes painted in the works, of J.R.R. Tolkien, and Frank Herbert... these, really being the ones I began moving towards, necessairily... as my great desire to write... and my own personality peculiarities

began appearing. I became more interested in 'What are 20th century writers really like?' But, regardless of personality issues, I had, by age of fifteen, an strong bedrock of, an good sense, of what the early to mid 20th century was really like... complete, but outdated encyclopedia sets... three of them... complemented my first fourteen years of development. I was always interested in

learning history, and science...

filing these bits, and
impressions of these studies,
within my mind... I intuitively,
knew... was the best thing I
could do for my ten year old
self. But, the more I tried, to
write, from an full fledged, or
mature perspective... the more
that the work, of adulthood...
which lay ahead... made my
creations appear lost, and
chaotic. Road trips, and
pubescent romantic fantasy,

made my gawky appearance, to
myself, seem most
unattractive... I wearied, of
social get togethers quickly,
and just 'had to be alone.'

After so many childhood
dreams... I still had nothing but
pie in the sky, and unrealized
ambition... and hope was
dwindling. So, reading, was my
main escape, into the pre
conceived imaginary lands, of
established writers. But this
escapism, led me also, into

substance abuse... as an way
to escape my mental pains and
anguish. This isn't really,
something, which can much be
spoken of... but an chemical
imbalance, by itself, is enough
for an nineteen year old to
worry about... with pressures of
leaving the nest, worldly
callings... the awakening of the
youth, unto his or her own
mind, and consciousness, can
really, additionally open up an
'esoteric tradition,' of riddles,

for the young person, to learn to solve. Anyways, the gist of what I'm saying, is that, the chemistry changes, brought into my life, as I entered the decade of my twenties, weren't really that much... when seen in comparison unto the awakening, of an youth unto his or her third eye, and learning to heed, and respond unto, the spiritual relationships... I was to find within my own mind, and heart,

by about age twenty three. So,
these relationships, allowed for
me to develop the finer
qualities of my arts crafts...
piano recording... writing...
graphic design... and
photography.. I wouldn't have
taken on the graces sufficient
to make anything work... If I
would have remained
subtracted in the quest for
spiritual growth... I would have
remained within the childhood
characteristics of an most

uncivilized, even problematic youth... whom simply did what his feeling, however infantile, told him to do. But I did, awoken, however. So, and the natural changes which this esoteric path worked, in my twenty five year old self... brought back unto my otherwise good mind, my proficiency, at the typewriter keyboard, as I began tapping, my youthful fascination, with short story writing... poetic

expressions, began flowing,
through my writers' stylus...

appearing to be psychic
automatism... I was given the
workings, of an edition, as
seeds, of nearly complete
poems... which I but had to
bring unto completion, to have
an work to call my own. These
35 or so pieces, somehow
catalyzed an serious foray, into
the art of writing itself... the
playing of the feminine role...
and learning to heed the

subtlest of guidances, from
within the heart of me, in an
discernment, of the best word
choice selections... I began an
lifelong study of our English
language, and the deep,
entertwining connections,
amongst souls, and the words
they make use of to
communicate, and representate
themselves. The fissure, which
had opened beneath my feet,
as an mid teenager, didn't spell
doom, for my self... but such

did begin to catalyze an array
of changes, which brought me,
ultimately, unto the 'never
ending inner story', the
forgiveness.. of the awakened
twenty first century
spiritualists worldview. Mind,
spirit, soul, and imagination,
but had to grow, and become
harmonious, amongst both, the
cruxes and central truths, of
my existance... and the
mystics odyssey... the time
spent in the 'graveyard,' or

within the underworld, of
subcultural, broken down
mansions, of the soul... and the
eventual embracing of an path
unto forgiveness, and
redemption. So, the esoteric
school, which was given, unto,
or chosen through my spirit
and soul, carried myself, I feel,
across the same landscapes,
which mystics, and aspirants
have traversed, to free
themselves, from the shackles,
of sin and pain... across all

ages... the esoteric tradition.

Had I integrated, the strategies, my parents had shown unto me, and kept always the good ties, unto an group home, or boarding home relationship... and ironically, spiritual awakening... then, additional loss and heartache, might never would have occurred. But I wanted to be an hermit. So, I pursued, the gradual theme of enlightenment.... unto and into

the degree of living experience,
which can't help but respond
and understand knowledably,
unto mental states, and
phenomena... which indeed,
held me within submission, for
years... the obstacles, unto
knowledge, for myself, were
just too dense, as an twenty
five year old... but with
passage of time, came the
'subtle lights,' which shed
gradual understanding, into my
mind and heart. I awoke one

morning, to find, the suffering
and spiritual pain had
departed, leaving me ready
and able to pursue, higher
cognition, and music... I but
had to let the willpower, to
be... take root. See? Had it
not been, for the rudimentary
beginnings, of an writers' path,
which had been placed, within
my heart, I might not would
have even survived my first
suicide attempt. So, the
earliest writings, which came

through my stylus, since my pre teen youth, were vitally intrinsic, unto the surviving, of the crisis, of that same youth. So, for myself, I just happened to have found the strength, to pull through... but this was no accident. So, anyways, today, there's just an sense, of an 'state of grace,' which may, on an turn be reinforced, by authority, and law... so, but 'most things don't matter to me.' (In an very general

sense!) So, these early beginnings, were there, when, I needed to make an new start, in life, two years after... for they helped to encourage, myself, and reinforce hope, within my heart. So, and after the hard work, and attentiveness, that has been necessary, to go this distance, in time, the best, yet, which I'm given is still an 'state of grace,' within which to dwell. So, we've found graceful

endurance, and continnuance.

So, if you cherish the
symphony, which can be found,
through harmonious living... if
this is the only way to be...

then you'll most love,
attending unto the small
things, in your living. And,
when the skies are clear... and
there's just not too much heat,
from the sun... you'll find that
anything you need doing, can
be done fine. On an pier, upon
the local lake, at the start of

this month... I photographed an
blue heron, looking across at
myself, from the nearby shore.

He was standing, in front of
some patches of trumpet
vines... taking me, and my
camera in. I got two really
good pictures, before he moved
on unto better fishing up the
lake. Our local avian culture,
has been thriving, behind this
boarding home. I purchased an
bag of parakeet and finch seed,
at an dollar store, back in May.

The local wild birds weren't having it, so they stopped visiting. I figured this out, too... and procured a bag of wild bird seed... sunflower seeds, and cracked corn, make cardinals, and martins very happy. Well, in other words, our birds are back... bringing so very much life and friendship, into the otherwise ordinary back yard, here. I hope to be able enough to photograph, a sunset, with

some beautiful clouds, later in the day, or Monday, if the weather will allow. These dramatic atmosphere and light effects, really make an sunset special. Does one, then, feel any better? Allowing your own most inspirational dreamweaving, to accompany, and complement, an flowing, mythic, instrumental music, this can bring forth, the best, strongest dreaming, and imagining language. Maybe,

you'll too, find that your mind
and perceptions are uplifted,
into your own higher mind
sphere... that you've traveled
farther, in time and space,
than might have literally been
encompassed, within the
writing, of itself. This has to be
the place, unto which I was
flung, following the production,
of my last musical audio
book... before, time had
caught me up, with where my
music had arrived... and when

our more serious weather, had developed. And looking back, upon the work, is, as always, awesome, and magical... but I have become quite impressed, also, by the beautiful natural musics, I've been able to save, to recording, from mother nature. As bird songs, crickets, and cicada, and bullfrog, and green frog... and the ever changing wind, and local aural ambience, are an richly textured sonic tapestry, unto

themselves... I've found much material... which doesn't make harsh demands, upon the listener, nor really be anything other than just the music that was already there, to start with. Anyways, our sunshine, is sweltering, and relentless, this good late June afternoon... only a few clouds making hazy, the sky. Anyways, I send this writing along unto yourself, now. Have a pleasant new week.

THOUGHTS FOR THE DAY

WHEN I WISH TO DELVE

BENEATH the surfaces, of the present day, and time... I might can go unto the empty page, in writing. The more I worry, about some things, the worse they begin to appear, in my mind. So, putting stress and personal issues below the level of your usual topics for discussion, can help yourself to exist most gracefully, in the

modern world, as it is, where
distant conflicts, sometimes
appear to reach into our lives...
even into our domain of
interaction. So, lessening the
occassions, in which these
troubles, can enter our minds
and consciousnesses, can
really help to restore balance,
unto those whom feel affected,
or negatively touched, in some
way. Anyways, you can see the
importance of being conscious,
of what we allow into our

minds, and psyches, in this way. "Too much of anything is never an good thing"

Information society culture, is an good example. You'll find much greater symphony, in staying upon your straight way... when your seeing and perceiving is kept closer, within an placid, un attached kind of way... when you're attentiveness, is focused upon your here and now... when you've quietened, the strife,

and distraction, which worries over distant calamity, and loss, generally brings. 'The controlled harnessing, of a thing, over time, tends to open the door wider, and wider.' So, in thinking of renewable energy, I honestly think, there's a great deal of promise, within the 'laser' concept. Laser, is an acronym, standing for 'Light Amplification by Stimulated Emission of Radiation.' (This is

such of an pure way, of
harnessing light... and whom
could argue, with the ascertainment,
that that, this way may provide
an much more focused
intensity, of candlepower, than
diffuse lamplight... certainly
nothing like the raging, chaotic
rapids, of an hydroelectric dam
project... as dams, can fissure,
in an earthquake... sending an
400 foot wall of water, down
into the valley... not to
mention, the altering of the

wetlands, in such drastic way,
as to turn them into housing
projects... shopping outlets.)

Anyways, these are a few
ideas, around the subject, of
good mental and emotional
hygiene. Can you think of any
others? As our summer, here,
is in full stride... we have
entered in to one of our
blocking systems, of rain, over
our region... with each day,
seeing at least one or two good
showers. These 'blocking

systems,' seem to typify much of our weather here in this region, in the summer... winter, as well, finding extended rains.

Correspondingly, drought conditions, are found in some places, on our North America...

cycles of stagnant high pressure, which tend to drive moisture and low pressure, around, rather than allow it to bring rain through. So, these are the basic weather conditions, commonly found in

our land. To go unto the empty
page, in stream of
consciousness fashion, is to
attenuate unto, and get in step
with, an kind of universal
consensus reality... an larger
sphere, of classical motifs, and
metaphors... all seeming to
point one unto the best past,
present, future outlooks, and
perspectives, for yourself. Are
these, then, but symbols, for
the ever changing 'masks of
God?' I can easily see, how, in

going unto the empty page,
early today... and attenuating,
with the best writing, for that
present time... then returning,

maybe, after lunch... and
acquiring, some further cogent
expression... from that slightly
more advanced, perspective...

and then returning,

incrementally, over several
days... you'll eventually fill out
an completed essay... you'll
see, mediumistic writing, of
this kind, really hinges, largely,

upon the sub-cultural fabric,
about oneself, changing and
morphing, over time, to meet
the ever changing moment...

the lesson coming, in
remembering, how our artistic
paths, such as surrealism, and
stream of consciousness
writing, are gifts, which are
shown, unto individuals... as
we teach ourselves to be self-
motivated... graces, of God,
which aren't necessarily in any
way, guaranteed. You'll

remember this, the next time,
you feel wronged, or slighted...
before you verbally lash out,
for isn't this earthly station,
here, as the good people we
are, an 'state of grace,'
anyway? The healthy, safe
lives we're given (Oh, but this
fails to mention the vigilant,
thankless jobs done by local
police departments, fire and
rescue departments, and civil
servants, throughout the
civilized world.) There's an

Bible verse, I can remember...
pertaining unto how, we should
think... "Whatsoever things are
good, are pure, are righteous,
and true... think on these
things." So, and I've let this
guide, be an rule, I follow.

Anytime I begin feeling
overwhelmed, by distant
events, and strife... I know,
then, that it's time to
disconnect, from the
information venue. Because,
worrying over such strife just

amounts unto unnecessary
labor. To know of what this, or
any day is trying to convey,
unto myself (apart from current
events,) I can go unto the
empty page, in writing, and
look inward. Answers will be
forthcoming. Perhaps, for
yourself, you've developed, an
rhythm, of going unto the
empty page, whenever, you
wish, to connect, with your
higher power. Or maybe, you
so taken by, the surface

appearances, of people, places,
and things, within your culture,
that you find difficulty, in
really ever beginning an rhythm
of practice... or maybe, you
just lack motivation... learning
to know, and to value, the
freedom we have, in writing...
whenever doubt, and negativity
surfaces... for it's the down
times, which most expressly,
allow for the beginning of new
works, onto the page... but the
hard part, of course, lies in

breaking through, the stagnant
sort of 'writers' block,' which
stands between novice writers,
and the forward moving
project... when one is happiest,
and at his or her most
productive. Within this wealth
of nurturance, you'll find, (as
you begin really regularly
resourcing, the interior
consciousness, in managing
your personal life, over time...)
how you'll come to appreciate
the simple splendors, of human

consciousness.... and you'll
have done with, your questing,
and searching... for answers, in
living... you'll find them freely
flowing inwardly, unto
yourself... when your heart and
spirit, is in step, with the
truths, they contain... and the
lessons upon which they are
based. At any rate, the
lessons, of knowing to 'be
ones' own best mother,' and
show yourself the way, unto
richer inner fulfillment, is

really the prize, in this life...

for myself... spoken of by
sages, and teachers, through
all of time... this philosophers'
stone, once you come unto
terms, with the truths of what
such can do for yourself, and
cease, your searching and
questing, for things beyond
your own self... will then go
with yourself, as entrance and
allowance, into simply, the
fullest richest living
experience, we as mortals may

ever discover. Belief in this principle, is as much an blessing, as any this earthly station may ever show unto yourself. Anyways... these thoughts, are within my mind, this good early morning. With good things to say, an direction, forward, out of the gloom and darkness, of blaming mentalities, there's better hope, for an brighter tomorrow. Here, I'm reminded, of the unseen lands, within

which our physical, material, mortal, earthly plane, exists. And, I'm here reassured, that this dual relationship, between spirit, and matter, can be thought of, at best, as an balance... and through the Western Christian lenses, as I tend to see, I'm given, through the good graces of God, an appreciation, for the all-powerful, yet benevolent guiding spirit, expressing throughout, and all around and

within, all life, and matter, and
extending, through the
universe. So, if there could be
an relief, for the imbalance,
and loss, sometimes found
within individuals, as this can
sometimes be seen, in cases of
serious psychic disease, like
maybe, as in u f ology... this
spiritual wholism, as I've
expressed it, can be important.
('I'm okay, you're okay,' maybe
being the distillation, of such.)
The great mind, or collective

unconsciousness, of mankind...
is such the ground, or rather,
the flower, of our being? At
any rate... when we know and
feel, that the heavens are in
place, for good reasons, and
have some understanding, for
how things in this material,
earthly sphere, also happen for
reasons, however corrupt, or
criminal such sick minds, and
societal ailments, may be...
you'll probably have good
belief, within the "I'm okay,

you're okay," thesis... you're probably, for example, not going to be so quick, to complain, to your doctor, about your aches and pains... when you know, the doctor's supposed to help you with that very thing... what's he going to do? Well he'll give you an prescription pain medication... which could be addictive... habit forming... and prescription pill abuse, is just one of the big problems in our

lands' healthcare system. So,
see, then what I'm saying?
(Not squandering, the good day
and time... not floundering, and
giving everyone around an ear
full of your own troubles, and
grief... knowing, not to make
worry, where none is called
for... examples of the benefits
of this way...) "We only see,
what we wish to see." So,
listening, and conforming, unto
whomever others expect you to
be, isn't always the best for

yourself. Just in being whom
you are... the person you
desire to be... can be so much
more important. To know of
just what is beneath the
surface appearance, within
your world... you can readily go
unto the empty page, in
discernment. This should fill
you in, upon the best past,
present, future outlooks,
presently. Some guys, in this
life, will sense, that they have
an mind... there's just an lot

upstairs... they will doggedly pursue, it, and seek to learn more of its qualities... even if this means, embarrassing their friends, and family, by habitually breaking the controlled substances laws, of the land... but as the New Testament points out, "Knock, and the door shall be opened..." "Seek, and you shall find." People have had much to say bout this. "Be careful what you pray for," is

one good example of this.

"Because, you just might get it." Anyways, I'm hoping that our mild, sunny weather, here, stays around for a few more days. While it's still hot, in the direct sunlight... the shadows, are cool... pleasant. I'd also like to be able to finish this essay, today, or tomorrow... as there have been so many negative tidings, in the larger world, for at least the past three months... this kind of

'stream of consciousness,'
prosody, has been very slow, in
coming together... this article
has been slow, in developing.

But as I get an favorable
breeze, at my back, I'll make
more definite progress.
Anyways, today is Sunday, the
sky is clear - no clouds, and
with an wend gracefully
swaying the tree boughs,
berhaps more rain is moving
through later, in the week. To
know of what this, or any good

day is trying to say, through
my ballpoint... I can, return
unto the empty page, in
consideration, of the full range
of music appreciation, which an
time can provide. With this
'full-range,' of benefits, I'm
accustomed unto, in mind...
how does today's' listening
compare? Does one's
experience of music, appear to
be reassuring... comforting... at
least of the qualities, of bliss
one would consciously guess,

or want to think, thereof? So,
things, in general, are good?
Well, then, I've hereby spread
an little happiness, and maybe
shined an light, into an
darkening corner. And this may
be the best I may ever aspire
unto. Anyways, all for now.
Have an good new week.

